KINGS OF KĀSHMĪRA

A Translation of the Sanskrita Work Rajataranggini of Kahlana Pandita, Jonaraja Shrivara, and of Prajyabhatta & Shuka

Volume III

Jogesh Chunder Dutt

Unlike the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs and the Chinese, the Indians had no tradition of historical writing. While Indian literature provides a great deal of material for the reconstruction of Indian history, neither Sanskrit nor any other Indian literature included history as one of its main branches.

The only exception to this rule is Kahlana's Rājataraṅgiṇi—a history of Kashmir. Considering the poverty of historical records in India, the value of this rare historical work of singular significance can scarcely be exaggerated.

Every great social and religious revolution, and every great historical event which transpired in India have left their impress on the history of Kashmir. By narrating this history, Kahlana provides us with a historical sourcebook of inestimable value.

The present work is the first English translation of this unique masterpiece. A short resume of the Sanskrit original published by H. H. Wilson was the only available English rendering, but his work in addition to being incomplete, was flawed by the mixing up of inaccurate additions he had gathered from Persian translations of Kahlana.

(Contd. on the next flap)

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(A Translation of the Sanskrita Work of Jonarāja, Shrīvara and of Prājyabhaṭṭa and Shuka)

(Vol. III)

Jogesh Chunder Dutt

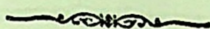
MITTAL PUBLICATIONS
NEW DELHI-110059 (INDIA)

First Published in 1898
Reproduced in India 1990

Published by K.M. Mittal for Mittal Publications,
A-1/8, Mohan Garden, New Delhi-110059

Printed in India at D.B. OFFSET WORKS

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PREFACE.

It is some satisfaction to the translator to be able to bring his self-imposed labours to an end. In volumes I. and II. of this work which were published in 1879 and 1887, respectively, he completed the translation of Kahlaṇa's work. Pandit Durgāprasāda of Jayapore has published an excellent edition of Kahlaṇa's work, and the translator regrets that he was unable to profit by it as the edition was published subsequent to his translation. The narration left by Kahlaṇa, who may be called the father of Indian history, was taken up by Jonarāja. He again was followed by his pupil Shrīvara: and Shrīvara's work was continued by Prājyabhaṭṭa. It is not generally known that Prājyabhaṭṭa left his work incomplete, and that it was taken up by Shuka who brought the account of Kashmīra to the time when the country was conquered by Akbar, and it ceased to be an independent kingdom. The works of all these authors have been translated in the volume now presented to the public. To judge from the imperfect texts of these works published by the General Committee of Public Instruction,

and the Asiatic Society of Bengal, it seems that the later authors have greatly improved Kahlaṇa's method of writing history. They are clear and perspicuous, and events are narrated consecutively, so that the whole narration runs in one continuous flow. The writers however could not forget that they were poets as well as historians, and consequently they interspersed their accounts with flowers of poesy and rhetorical flourishes!

It is to be regretted that the last of the works mentioned above has been very carelessly edited. Portions of the narrative have got inserted in wrong places so as to interrupt the flow of the narrative and to render the meaning in those places unintelligible. The translator has tried his best to put these intruding fragments into their proper places. He has however not been able to find the proper place of three unimportant and uninteresting stories which he has put in appendices.

It must be mentioned that valuable as the writings of these authors are from a historical point of view, in the absence of any other history of the country they relate to, we cannot unhasitatingly accept their estimation of persons and events when we remember that they were, what may be called, court pandits, and depended on the smiles of kings, whose accounts they wrote, for almost everything they had in the world. It is not unlikely that they often had to read out their writings in court. We almost always find that they begin the account of a king by extolling his virtues to the skies, and we may be sure that they never wrote their

censures on any king till he was dead or deposed. As court pandits they had in full measure the vice of such people,—fulsome adulation of their patrons.—They did not hesitate to raise Mahomedan princes not only above the ancient heroes of their country, whom as Hindus they must have revered, but even above the gods of the Hindus. A strict impartiality of opinion cannot be expected from such writers. A true history cannot be written when the writer has a purpose to serve other than writing a true history. There is however no reason to disbelieve the correctness of their accounts, irrespective of the writers' views regarding the events narrated.

No one can be more alive to the defects of the translation than the translator himself. He is however the first to translate these valuable records into English, and he hopes that the public will view his performance with the indulgence due to a first attempt of difficult work. He trusts it will form the ground work for translations which will no doubt be more scholarly than his, especially when undertaken by a European scholar like Dr. Stein of Lahore. A European commands much greater resources in this country than what a native of the country may hope to do.

In conclusion the translator begs to offer his best thanks to his teacher Pandit Ālokanāth Nyāyabhūṣhaṇa with whom he read the Rājataraṅgiṇī almost from the beginning to the end. He is also deeply obliged

to his brother Mr. Romesh C. Dutt, C. I. E. for very valuable help rendered in connection with this translation, as in many other things which the world will perhaps never know.

CALCUTTA,
1st July 1898. J. C. DUTT.

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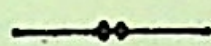
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KINGS OF KASHMĪRA.

VOL. III.



SECOND SERIES.

ONE HALF of Hara's person was united with one half of Parvatī's, as if they had become one through mutual affection. The other halves of their persons, adored in the three worlds, have disappeared as if in sorrow, because they could not unite. May the united figure be auspicious to you. May Gaṇesha with his ample form, dispensing joy and plenty every day to all around remove all difficulties from your path.

ShrīGonarda and other virtuous and meretorious kings ruled the kingdom of Kashmīra from the beginning of the Kali Yuga. But for a long time they were under an evil influence which lasted, like the darkness of the winter night, and no one knew of the kingdom, as no sun of poesy arose to disperse the gloom. Then the Brāhmaṇa Kalhaṇa with lucid words imparted the freshness of youth to the old accounts of the kings down to the reign of Jayasimha. It is owing to the fault of the country or to the misfortune of the succeed-

ing kings that no one since then has revived the succeeding kings by the nectar like words of a poet. Now the spotless king ShrīJainollābhadena reigns, and Jonarāja is ready to describe the royal line. As a tree which promiseth fruits is planted to remove the wants of the traveller, so is this poem composed to remove the grief of kings lest their glory be forgotten. And as the tree is grown by water, and without any artificial heat, so should this poem be carefully cherished by the good with the cool nectar of mildness. These past kings were sunk in the sea of oblivion, and ShrīJainollābhadena wished, out of a tender regard, to rescue them. He employed for the purpose the noble hearted ShrīShiryyabhaṭṭa, chief of all the courts of justice. I received orders from him, and I have now ventured to complete the story of the kingly line. My attempt is not dictated by a desire to obtain the fame of a poet; for, vast is the difference between my words, poor and meagre as water in dried ginger, and the flowing waves of poesy. Can a reed, imitating only the shadow of a lotus, equal the lotus? My poor sense is like a gourd, hollow and light, and relying on it, alas! I am attempting to cross the river of the story of kings. My feebleness in describing the merits of kings should not be blamed, for do not women, devoid of beauty, walk in pride when bedecked with jewellery? My subject, worthy of a poet, sustains and purifies me, even as the water of the Ganges, though it

seems but ordinary water, purifies him who drinks it. I have made only an outline of the history of kings; let the skilful and artistic poets adorn it: a wheel rubs down jewels, it is a finer instrument that can impart beauty to the gems. The good and the noble peruse the works of writers without solicitation; does the moon await solicitation before diffusing nectar on the earth? But the evil minded, even when propitiated, do not cease to find faults; the charcoal, even when washed by nectar, never attains whiteness. The desire that others should see my work has long departed from my heart, for it is an unworthy desire to wish for the approbation of others. The beauty of a common song and that of the Sañskṛita language appear alike to the unskilful; even as the monkey mistakes red seeds for sparks of fire in winter. The ignorant are not affected by listening to poetry; it is those alone who have strength of teeth, that perceive the sweetness of the sugarcane in their mouth. Even the pure minded and the meritorious are filled with thoughts of envy when a composition embellished with sense and sweetness is placed before them. Fate is foremost among those who cannot bear to see the prosperity of others; Fate has stained the moon with spots, and Fate has filled the learned with envy, as with a consuming disease. Fate is therefore an object of reproach. Let my work which is mingled with that of Kalhaṇa Paṇḍita be accepted, for even

the water of a reedy marsh is taken for drink when it has mingled with the water of a river.

There was a prosperous king, the son of Sussala, who delighted the world and respected the gods and the twice born. Though he was known to ride the elephant alone, yet, O! Wonderful! Prosperity always rested on Jayasiṃha. He was brought up by the goddess of learning, as by his mother, and he enjoyed the company of the goddess of fortune. They abided in him together, like a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law, and did not display hostility towards each other. Once upon a time he received into his court Malla born of the family of Susharmmā the king of Trigartta. Malla had been banished from his country by his enemies, and had come here with a view to obtain a livelihood. Medicinal herbs are every-where regarded as mere grass, and jewels as mere stones; and men of merit too, who have travelled in foreign countries, are treated as ordinary men, until they excite the heart of the people by great deeds and distinguished achievements. When the king marched to subdue the kingdom of the Yavanas, Malla became the favourite of the soldiers on account of his great valor. Strong in his courage Mallachandra went at night to the camp of his enemy inorder to ascertain the number of the king of the Turuṣhkas's soldiers that had survived slaughter. There where even a breath of wind could not enter, where the place was guarded by powerful sol-

diers, Malla went in among the enemy's troops, no doubt by the force of incantations and charms. But afraid of committing a sin by any hostile act towards those who were sleeping, he did not kill the king of the Yavanas, but only placed a pair of shoes, marked with his own name, on the head of the king, as his turban. The enemy recognized the shoes, took them with him and went to the camp of the king of Kashmīra and surrendered to him his fortune, as if he yielded to him his fame. In the year 30, in the month of Phālguṇa, on the twelfth day of the dark moon, the king died in the midst of his prosperity, and greatly gladdened the eyes of celestial damsels.

Then the indolent people annointed his son Paramāṇuka, even as the days of the month of Māgha which scatter the leaves of trees, annoint the Kunda tree. The king neglected the duty of protecting his subjects and also of making foreign conquests, and he began to accumulate wealth, such as would never be exhausted. But the wealth of the king was like that of a Brāhmaṇa who follows the injunctions of the Vedas: he could neither give it away to others nor enjoy it himself; and it was robbed by the two cheats Prayāga and Janaka. These men were devoid of truth, and they caused their servants to assume the form of Rākṣhasas, and night after night they used to frighten the king by strange performances. These evil minded ministers pretended affection for the king, and induced him to

spend his money to save his life from the Rākṣhasas. On one full moon night in the month of Chaitra, a dependant of theirs was stationed at Bhiṣhāyaka dressed as a Rākṣhasa chief, adorned with precious jewels but covered with grass. And as the signal was given, he stood forth in the presence of men, blessed the king, and took away his ornaments, and retired into the forest by night. Then these two men told the king that since the Rākṣhasa chief had accepted the king's offerings and had blessed him, his kingdom would be without danger. Thus the wily men frightened the worthless king like a child, and robbed him of all his wealth. The king, after reigning for nine years, six months, and ten days, died on the eighth bright lunar day of Bhādra, in the year 40.

Then his son named Varttideva reigned. He died on the tenth bright lunar day of Bhādra, in the year 47.

For want of a worthy successor the citizens elected one named Vopyadeva their king. He was like the Rākṣhasa chief covered with grass, and to him homage was paid. Once this foolish king felt happy at the sight of large blocks of stone, and he ordered his ministers to increase the size of the smaller ones by making them drink the milk of beasts! On one occasion this foolish prince heard of the greatness of the shrine of Sureshvarī, and, accompanied by his ministers, came there by boat. He made faces on the water, and was angry at seeing his face disfigured in the re-

flection; and he thereupon struck the water with his palm, so that his jewel ring fell into the water. When asked where the royal jewel seal was, he pointed to the ripple of the water and said that it was in the ripple. He was the very mode' of a dunce. He reigned for nine years, four months, and two and half days.

His younger brother Jassaka was also a great dunce; and though he did not wish to have on him the weight of the kingdom, he was annointed king by the Lavanyas who wished their own aggrandisement. The parrot which imitates the human voice is caught but not the crow; stony soil is not ploughed and dug like fertile land; and stones are not powdered to dust like rock-salt. The very faults of some persons are advantageous to them like merits. There were two Brāhmaṇa brothers named Kṣhukṣha and Bhīma. By fraudulent means they earned the affection of the king, and then they became disobedient. They thought that as they were rich and powerful, the king would not be able to check them, and so they did not endeavour to strengthen their party by taking in other men. And it was only the power of the Lavanyas, and not any other apprehension, that kept them from attaining the regal state. Alas! That a sweet but unwholesome dish should ever be taken! Alas! That a young but false woman should ever inspire love in man by her embraces and her show of affection For they both bring affliction, and if unchecked, cause death by their poison.

The wife of Kṣhukṣha became disgusted with him as he, owing to old age, had lost his vigour; and she killed him by poison and received Bhīma to her embraces. Owing to her intimacy with her husband's brother, her body came to be marked with white patches; but her sin was lightened by her gifts to Mādhava and other gods. The king after ruling the country for eighteen years, and ten days died on the tenth lunar day of dark moon, in the month of Māgha, in the year 74.

Then his son ShrīJagadeva, who was powerful, yet humble, contributed, like the month of Chaitra, to the delight of the people. He looked with an equal eye on the servants of the state who had been contending with one another; even as the evening finds the blue and the white lotus alike. He was well versed in science, and as a surgeon extracts a dart, he rooted out the evil laws of the country. He was a person of great merit, and penetrated like a dart in the mind of men; but evil counsels prevailed, and he was expelled from the country by the ministers. As Rāma received his friend, the king of the monkeys, in the wilderness, so did he, in his exile, receive his discriminating minister, Guṇarāhula. In the hope of rising again to power, the king and the minister came back to Kashmīra like the sun and the moon, and the people wondered at their deeds. Unwilling to relinquish the power they had so long enjoyed, the enemies of the king prepared to fight; but they fell under the devices and the prowess

of the king and his minister, even as the insects fall into the fire. The king conquered the country and enjoyed the fortune that smiled on him and the royal umbrella and the Chāmara; and ShrīGuṇākararāhula also enjoyed prosperity, without these royal insignia. The disinterested king built a temple at Rajjupura and adorned it with a silver umbrella. Then the wicked Padma, lord of Dvāra, pretending affection for the king, as if he were a friend, secretly gave him poison and killed him. After ruling the country for fourteen years, six months, and three days, the king died on the fourteenth day of the dark moon, in the month of Chaitra, in the year 89.

His son Rājadeva had gone to Kāshṭhavāṭa in fear, but he was brought back by the enemies of the lord of Dvāra. And when Rājadeva had entered a fort named Salhaṇa, Padma, of wicked design, surrounded him with troops, even as a serpent is surrounded by a magic line. The lord of Dvāra had in the meantime received a present of a curious pair of shoes, and in his curiosity to see it he was off his guard, and was killed by a Chaṇḍāla in a scuffle. Then the Bhaṭṭas annointed Rājadeva king, with the sound of kettle drum and conch shell, and innumerable feudatory chiefs bowed to him, and he bestowed favours on servants. The great king apportioned work among the chief men of the Lavanyas in the same manner as before, and they worked like relatives living together.

The powerful Balāḍhyachandra, lord of Lahara, with his soldiers usurped power over half of Shrīnagara, and the king was unable to cope with him. This powerful man caused a maṭha to be built within the city, even like an embodyment of his virtues, and marked the maṭha with his name. In the meantime the Bhaṭṭas had been insulted by the king, and for a long time they held consultation to find some one with a mild temper among the Khasha tribe, whom they would elect king. It was then determined to plunder the Bhaṭṭas, and then was heard from among them the cry, "I am not a Bhaṭṭa," "I am not a Bhatta." At this time, namely in the year 950 of the Saka era. Vimalāchāryya corrected the mistake that every 976th month would be considered an unclean month.* The disinterested king Rājadeva who was like the moon, signalized his prosperity by building Rājapurī and Rājolaka. He died after reigning for twenty three years, three months, and twenty seven days.

His son Saṅgrāmadeva became the king, and he terrified his enemies as the lion does the elephants. He made his younger brother Sūryya his viceroy, out of affection, but this wicked conspirator, tempted by the lust of enjoyment, thought of rebellion. Afraid of the king who had heard of his intention, he entered

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* This sentence appears here to be quite foreign to the text, and has probably been inserted by mistake from some other place.

the territory of Chandra, the lord of Lahara, with a view to rise against his brother. Strange! That at this time when the fierce Sūryya joined Chandra, this earthly sun, together with the moon, was eclipsed like the sun in the sky.

Tuṅga, the lord of Shamāla, proudly carried Sūryya by his side, but the king went against him and humbled him. Sūryya then went by a road devoid of the sun and the moon, and deserted by his dissolute attendants, was captured, and caused to be killed by the king. The sons of Kalhaṇa were evil men, they rose in power; and the king, who was anxions to save his royal state, feared them as serpents. And when the kinsmen of the sons of Kalhaṇa attained power, the king lost all hopes and took shelter with the peaceful lord of Rājapurī. When the king had thus retired to a distance, the Ḍāmaras began to suck the very life-blood of the people. Deserted by the wise king and by Brāhmaṇas, the kingdom was for a long time devoured by the Ḍomvas, even like food polluted by the touch of low people. The king was sheltered in the kingdom of another, his own country was in anarchy, and no one thought that his re-appearance was near at hand. He overcame his enemies however in battle near Rājapurī, but did not kill the sons of Kalhaṇa because they were Brāhmaṇas; and thus he gained his kingdom and attained virtue. At Vijayeshvara the king built a house named Shrīvishāla, containing twenty one rooms for

the habitation of cows and Brāhmaṇas. But the king was hated by the secret agents of his enemies, the sons of Kalhaṇa who were intent on plunder, even as a lamp is hated by thieves intent on theft. Beneficent to poets, as the kalpa tree with its extended branches, the king was cut down by the evil minded and wicked sons of Kalhaṇa. Yḥshaka, a learned poet, made the king the hero of his composition, and it was like the necklace, an ornament for the learned. The king, who was a benefactor of his country, was slain on the fifth lunar day of Bhādra, in the year 28, after ruling the kingdom for sixteen years and ten days.

His son Rāmadeva then executed the murderers of his father and entrusted the duty of governing the people to Prithvīrāja. The king built a fort at Sallara on the right side of Ledarī. It was marked with his name, and was like a monument of his fame. When preparations were made for the subjugation of Shamālā, the temple of Vishṇu at Utpalapura had been broken through carelessness. This temple was now renewed. Alas! Vidhātā has not given a flower to the sandal tree, nor fruit to the champaka; and he gave no offspring to this king. The king adopted as his own, the son of a certain Brāhmaṇa who inhabited Bhishāyakapura. The strong affection that existed between the king and his adopted child was like that of a father for his own son; even as a good painting is like the object painted.

The queen ShrīSamudrā was like the full blown daughter of the sea, and she built within the city a maṭha marked with her name, on the banks of the Vitastā. The king reigned for twenty one years, one month, and thirteen days, and died in the year 49.

His successor, Lakṣhmaṇadeva, filled with the lore of the six branches of learning, supported with difficulty, the weight of the kingdom. A Brāhmaṇa by birth, he did not part with the qualifications of his own caste, though he was made a Kṣhatriya. A painted stone does not take the beauty of a jewel. Mahilā, his stainless queen, built a new maṭha, marked with her name, on the banks of the Vitastā, by the side of her mother-in-law's maṭha. The Kajjala, a dark and fierce Turuṣhka came to Maṇḍala from outside, and destroyed the king who was the eye of his subjects. He reigned for thirteen years, three months, and twelve days, and died at the end of the month of Pauṣha of the year 62.

Owing to the commotion caused by Kajjala, Siṃhadeva became the king of Ladarī only. He was harassed by Saṃgrāmachandra, lord of Lahara. When Saṃgrāmachandra died, Siṃhadeva, a lion among men, ruled the kingdom reduced in size, and built a maṭha within the city. The virtuous Siṃhadeva, during the ascendency of the constellation Leo, associated himself with his religious preceptor and established an image of Nṛiśiṃha at Dhyānoḍḍāra. The image set up, and the king who set it up, the preceptor who helped

him in the act, and the constellation under which the act was done, all bore the name of lion. One day the king caused the god Vijayeshvara to be bathed in milk purchased with one lakh pieces of gold (nishka), and attained purification by his religious act. Shrī Saṅkarasvamī was the religious preceptor of the king, and the king gave him, as the fee of his tuition, the lordship over eighteen maṭhas. When the king rose from his bed he always chanted the following verse :—"I bow to Saṅkara the lord of Gaurī, whose eyes are pure as fire, whose feet are worshipped by the learned, and who is bedecked with the crescent of the moon." A verse, such as this, smoothed his path to the future world, and like an offering to the goddess of speech, instructed the soul. Once upon a time the king passed orders to punish a man for his daughter's evil character, but revoked those orders at the request of Iḍāgalī, a dancing girl.

By keeping company with bad men the king became devoid of his belief in God. His nurse had a daughter who was like the mirror of the god of love, and on this mirror the king's image was reflected! Her husband Darya, with the help of Kāmasūha, killed the haughty king with whom his subjects had now become annoyed. The king reigned for fourteen years, five months, and twenty seven days, and died in the summer of the year 77.

Then his brother Sūhadeva, though not of very active

habits, subjugated the whole of Kashmīra, with the help of Kāmasūha. Many people came from various quarters and resorted to the king for service, even as black bees resort to the flower tree. Likė a second Arjjuna, the king established his authority on the borders of Pañchagahvara, and his son Vabhruvāhana built the town of Garbharapura.

Kurushāha was born of noble family, and the mark of the bow string on his arm, bright as fame, was beautious as sun rise on the summit of a hill. He had three eyes; it was as if to proclaim to the people that his children, the famed Enamukhī and others would rule in Kashmīra, and that the rulers of that country were a portion of the three eyed Hara. From him was born Tāharāja whose quivering bow string was often pulled to the ear. Then was born Shahamera, the ardour of whose prowess was like the summer sun, and the fire of whose volour was excited by the tears of his enemy's wives. Once on a time, Shahmera was wandering in a wood, and his eyes were at first intent on game, but was eventually closed in sleep. In his dream the great goddess told him in words of nectar that the kingdom of Kashmīra would come to his progeny. In the year 89, in the shaka year 1235, he slowly came into Kashmīra. He came with his relatives, and the king of Kashmīra greatly favoured him by giving him a salary, even as the mango tree favours the black bees.

At this time, Ḍalacha, commander of the army of the great king Karmmasena, came to Kashmīra, as comes a lion into the cave of the deer. He brought with him sixty thousand mounted force, as if intending to conquer and bestow as many villages to his army. The bad king intended to send back Ḍalcha by granting him a subsidy, and imposed a tax on the people of all castes. The Brāhmaṇas, as if to expiate, by the sacrifice of their lives, the sin of having received gifts before from such a king, determined to die by fasting.

At this time the Kālamānya Bhoṭṭas [Bhuteas], who had become the enemies of Vakatanya, deceitfully killed him with his friends and relatives. But one of Vakatanya's sons, named Riñchaṇa, respected for his great intellect, escaped the massacre by chance, and was to the Kālamānyas what the fire is to the forest. He joined Vyāla, Ṭakka, and others who had combined together in council, and determined to crush the poor witted Kālamānyas. Riñchaṇa sent word to the Kālamānyas through a messenger that he had been robbed of all his wealth, and asked to be enrolled as a servant of the Kālamānyas. Riñchaṇa, a lion among men, hid his arms in the sands of a river bank, and waited to drink the blood of the Kālamānyas, not to receive their wages. The Kālamānyas came unarmed, and Vyāla and others, with their fire like axes which had been hid in sand, destroyed them like grass. Thus having cleansed the treason

against his father in the blood of the enemies, Riñchaṇa came to Kashmīra with his friends through fear of the many enemies that yet remained. In order to destroy the prosperity of Rāmachandra, who was like the sun on earth in his fullness, Riñcha, like a Rāhu, was suffered to rise in the blue sky. Ḍalacha, like a fire brand, harassed the country, and the people of Kashmīra became like insects in that fire. Ḍalcha and Riñcha blockaded the town in the east and in the north, and the people first fled towards the west and then in the direction of Yama [south]. Ḍalcha was like a billow in the water, and on the hill, Riñcha was like a tempest, while the chief men in the town, the prosperous and the rich, were struck with fear. As the kite swoops on the young ones of the birds thrown out of their nests, so the swift army of Riñchana seized the people of Kashmīra. Riñchana obtained wealth, plentiful as water, from the Bhoṭṭas, by selling the people of Kashmīra, and reared himself like a cloud, and covered all sides. At this time Ḍalcha destroyed innumerable gods, and afraid of the excessive cold of Kashmīra, went out by a good military road. When Ḍalcha had left the place, those people of Kashmīra who had escaped capture, issued out of their strongholds, as mice do out of their holes. When the violence caused by the Rākṣhasa Ḍalcha ceased the son found not his father, nor the father his son, nor did brothers meet their brothers. Kashmīra became almost like a region

before the creation, a vast field with few men, without food, and full of grass. Ḍalcha took away the strong men from the country, and Riñchana established his supremacy there; when darkness covers the earth, unchaste women find it to their advantage.

The king was now completely freed from the Rāhu like Ḍalcha, but Riñchana like the lofty, high crested mountain of the setting sun sought to block his way. When the people saw the glowing Riñchana stationed on the mountain that touched the sky, no one doubted that the decline of the king's power was nigh. Riñchana intended to pounce upon the city like a royal hawk on a piece of meat, but Rāmachandra, the moon of his dynasty, opposed him at every step. Riñchana deceitfully sent a few Bhoṭṭas every day who came into the fort of Lahara under the pretence of selling clothes. And when the Bhoṭṭa people had thus entered Lahara, Riñchana caused their weapons to drink the honey like blood of Rāmachandra. The queen Koṭā was as the Kalpa creeper in the garden of Rāmachandra's household; but now the strong armed Riñchana planted her on his own breast. The king left the city in fear of Shrī Riñchana. A Brāhmaṇa's curse destroys a race like fire, nor is there a spot where scions of that race can grow. Struck with fear, the king, like a jackal, entered a large cavern in Maṇḍala. How should a sinful man meet death in battle? The cloud like enemy poured the blood of the king's forces in battle, and dried up

the tears in the eyes of the Brāhmaṇas whom the king had fined! This Rākṣhasa of a king, under the pretence of protecting the country, devoured it for nineteen years, three months, and twenty five days.

The country was weary of trouble and disorder, and ShrīRiñchana Suratrāṇa gave it rest under the shelter of his arm. When the dark days disappeared, the people of Kashmīra witnessed again all the festivities which they had beheld under their former kings. In every place the Lavanyas remained quiet as lamps, but trembled at the power of the king, like lamps in the morning breeze. A division was made among them by the secret devices of the king, even as an arrow is sent into a reft. Strange that the unity among the Lavanyas was thus relaxed. Easily like the birds in the sky, the king roamed in that thorny wood where even the god of love had became bewildered. The king knew very well how to bestow his favours on all, but he never forgave the wicked, although he might be his son or minister or friend; it was thus that he served his people's weal. After having destroyed his prosperous and powerful enemies and having placed the royal umbrella over his head, Riñchana went to Āchchhoda lake.

Now Timi, brother of Ṭukka, feeling weary in the way, took some milk from a milk-woman in a village by force, and drank it. The milk-woman instantly informed the king of it; and when questioned by the king, Timi was struck with fear and denied what he

had done. The milk-woman, who was suspected of falsehood, did not lose her presence of mind. The king then caused Timi's stomach to be cut open in order to ascertain the truth, and from the severed stomach milk issued in a stream. The face of the milk-woman was gladdened at this act of the king. There were two men living at Vānabala, they had two mares which gave birth to two foals, similar in appearance, in a wood. One of the mares lost its yonng which was seized by a lion, but owing to the similarity in appearance, behaved towards the other as if it were its own offspring. Both the owners of the mares claimed the foal as their property, and unable to settle the dispute, went to the king. The king listened to their contention, and caused his own men to bring the two mares and the foal to him. The foal jumped about, playfully, owing to its young age, and went to some distance, while its mother and its nurse both signified their affection for it and neighed. The courtiers were unable to give any opinion, and the two owners accused each other. The king took the two mares and the young one in a boat to the middle of the Vitastā. Then the wise king threw the foal into the river from the boat; whereupon its mother instantly jumped into the river after it, while the other only neighed. Thus when the difficult suit was settled, the people thought that the golden age had returned.

The king asked ShrīDevasvāmī to initiate him in

the mantras of Shiva, but as he was a Bhoṭṭa, Devasvāmī feared that the king was unworthy of such initiation, and did not favour him. Vyālarāja, in his regard for truth, became to the king as his younger brother, his son, kinsman, minister, companion, and friend. Vyāla was not influenced by the king's acts, but the king was influenced by those of Vyāla. The mind is not influenced by the actions of the body, but the body is influenced by the workings of the mind. The inclinations of the king, who was like the sun to the world, were reflected on Vyāla who was well versed in the Sāstras and was possessed of good taste, and destroyed the impenetrable darkness of the world; even as do the rays of the sun when reflected on the watery moon.

At this time ṢhrīUdyānadeva of Gandhāra, impelled by fear, and also intending to take advantage of the king's weakness, thus directed Ṭukka and others :—" While the king is yet alive, you should enter the city which he is ruling with prudence with a view to acquire fame. Vyāla is enjoying there the prosperity which you have earned even at the risk of your lives, even as the tongue enjoys what the hands acquire by their industry. As Mahādeva besmearing his body with ashes, and discarding golden ornaments induces snakes to coil round him, even so the king, who possesses plenty of riches, is raising Vyāla to power, and neglects you though belonging to a high caste. Afraid of your

valour, he killed Timi, simply for taking some milk, as one kills a *timi* (whale)." This message alianated Ṭukka and other Shukkalaṅkitas from the king, and they conjointly attacked him at Viṃshaprastha. Vyāla struck them with his sword, and expelled out of them their pride begotten of wealth. The king fainted, and his enemies believed that he had been killed, and that they had obtained the victory. Their wrath was assuaged, and ambitious of seizing the kingdom, they entered the capital. The king, afraid of receiving another blow, had for a short time remained like one dead; but when he saw that the enemies had proceeded to some distance, he got up. By the time that these men of little sense had reached the capital, they saw the king who had recovered from his swoon, and was approaching them. Then these impudent and poor witted men became afflicted with sorrow, and asked one another whether the king had not been killed by one of them, and they quarreled among themselves. They robbed the palace and became angry with one another, and they accomplished their own destruction,—a work which the king should have done. The haughty king then impaled the survivors, thus he lifted them high, but down they went. The angry king ripped open by the sword the wombs of his enemies' wives in the fort, who were with child, as one tears open beans by the finger nail. The violence of the king's mind inflamed by the treason of his enemies was thus pacified by the destruction

of their descendants; but the wound caused by their sword on his head was not healed. As one, who has dreamt an evil dream, is relieved of his fear on awaking, so was the world was relieved of fear and obtained peace after witnessing for a while the deeds of Ṭukka.

The king was pleased with Shahamera who was not implicated in the treason, and he placed in his hands his son Haidara together with the child's mother Koṭā, for the purpose of bringing up the prince. Nourished by queen Koṭā and brought up under the care of Shahamera, the child grew in beauty, even as a tree brings forth new leaves when nourished by rains and protected by shade.

The king caused a town to be built after his own name, and it was surrounded by a moat, as if by the disgrace of his late mishap. As the sun shines for a time on the world, on a cloudy day in the month of Paushạ, so did the king shine again for a few months. In the dewy season, the wound on the king's head became worse, in consequence of nervous disorder brought on by the inclemency of the cold. The king had relieved many people of their heads, but alas! his head became worse. On the eleventh lunar day of the month of Paushạ, in the year 99, the physician Death relieved the king of his death pangs. King Riñchana went to heaven after having ruled the country for three years, one month, and nineteen days.

His son Haidara being young was not coronated

by Shahamera, and as Shahamera had not the necessary strength, he did not himself rule the kingdom. The Lavanyas, though they had risen against Riñchana, did not oppose the wise Sahamera, as he was the chief of his tribe; and Shahamera bestowed on Udayanadeva the country of Kashmīra, together with queen ShrīKoṭā who was like the goddess of victory incarnate. The exalted but fickle goddess of Royal Fortune, who is sought by men of worth, left Riñchana and went to the present king, as if she descended from a high station to a low one. The kīng then gratified Jyaṃshāra and Allesha, two sons of Shahmera, by bestowing on them the lordship of Kramarājya and other places. At this time queen Koṭā was all powerful; she was, as it were, the mind, and the king, the body, who carried out her orders. The Lavanyas, who had like stars been hidden by the rays of the sun like Riñchana, now shone out during the reign of the present king, as at nightfall. Why should it cause any regret that the Lavanyas attacked the possessions of the feeble king whose very house was in the power of Koṭā? The king did not molest the country of the Lavanyas or the abode of the Chaṇḍālas, but like one versed in the Vedas, he spent his time in bathing, in penance, and in prayer. How shall I describe his faith in God who dressed himself like a hermit, and who tied bells in the neck of his horses, through fear lest worms should be crushed to death. To god Vishṇu he gave all the golden ornaments in his trea-

sury, making them into a crown and necklace for the deity.

At this time the proud Achala, whom the lord of Mugdhapura had supplied with soldiers, forcibly entered Kashmīra, like another Ḍalcha. Achala attacked the country and filled all sides with his partisans, but the king did not deal with him as Indra dealt with the mountain (*achala*) which harassed the world with its wings. When the army of Achala reached Bhīmānaka, the king was humbled and speedily fled to the country of the Bhoṭṭas. Then ShrīKoṭā sent a letter to Achala through the ministers stating that, as the country was without a king, he might govern the kingdom as if he were the head of the dynasty, and asking him to send away the soldiers who were not his own, and not to harass the country needlessly. Achala was deceived, and he sent away the army of his ally. The foolish Achala who had sent away his army was then detained by the ministers on pretence of celebration of festivities in the way. In the meantime queen ShrīKoṭā set up one Riñchana, a Bhoṭṭa, as king, with a view to protect her subjects in the capital. All the friends of Achala sorrowed for a long time over his want of sense, as a widow sorrows over the death of her child born after her husband's death. The fear of king Udayanadeva now abated; he spent a day in the worship of Tuṣhāraliṅga and returned to his own country from the country of the Bhoṭṭas. The king destroyed Riñchana in the capital;

and Koṭā respectfully received him with her head bent down, even as the eastern hill receives the gloom-dispelling full moon on its head.

Shahamera had brought up the son of Riñchana, and owing to his affection for the boy he was an eye-sore to the king. But the queen was equally disposed towards both her sons, and the king, through fear of the queen, did not harm Shahmera though he was an object of animosity to him. During the dreadful time of the troubles caused by Achala, the people, in fear, had taken shelter of Shahmera, and Shahmera did not deem the king even as grass. He frightened the king day and night by holding up Heidara before him, even as one frightens a bird by holding up his hawk.

Strange that this believer in Alla became the saviour of the people. As a dried up river allows men to cross it, and gives them shelter on its banks ; even so this believer in Alla, calm and active, protected the terrified subjects. Shahmera had two grandsons of great merit, named Shirḥshāṭaka and Hiṃda, and they beautified all sides like the sun and the moon. Proud on account of his connection with the lord of Dvāra, and prepared even to disobey the orders of the king, Shahmera was like the gate of danger to those who served the king. He had bestowed the daughter of Alleshvara on Lusta the lord of Dvāra, and had conquered ShrīSaṅkarapura, and thus magnified the fear of the king. His son Jyṃsara was a man of business, and Bashailākashūra

married Jyṃsara's daughter and obtained the lordship of Bhāṅgila. Shahmera, who was as a lion among men; and who had achieved many victories and won the goddess of Fortune, kept the turbulent province of Shamālā under control, even as Nṛisiṃha, who could assume many forms, the lord of Lakṣhmī, controlled the Daityas. Deep as the sea wherein abides the goddess of Victory, and terrific in his power, Shahmera taxed the people of Karāla. His fame smiled on him, and he thought of the conflagration of Vijayeshapura of king Kalasa. In order to secure his possessions, Shahmera fortified the Chakradhara hill, and showed to the people that his works were imperishable. Shahmera marked out the lord of Kampana, and gave him a large fortune, and obtained a spotless fame, even as one obtains a marriage present. Then Shahmera accepted the daughter of the lord of Koṭa whom he welcomed. The lord of Koṭa was as the first actor on the stage of kings. The irreligious Lavanyas were brought under his subjection; some by conciliation and others through disunion caused among themselves, some by gifts and others through fear. The Lavanya people bore his daughters like garlands, but they knew not that his daughters were like life destroying serpents of deadly poison. The Lavanyas were brought under the control of Rājavīji, and they were all brought under the power of the king, as elephants submit to the power of the lion.

As a tree in a marsh is overcome by lotus-covered

water, so was the king overcome by Shahamera. And as if overpowered by loss of authority everywhere out side his palace, the king relinquished his life along with his fame. On the Shivarātri night, on the thirteenth lunar day, in the year 14, that forbearing king left the world polluted with the touch of Shahmera.

Then ShrīKoṭā, out of fear of Shahmera, kept the death of the king a secret for four days, suppressing her own feelings. She discarded her eldest son lest Shahamera should rule the kingdom through him, and she discarded the other son also because he was only a boy. Grieved for her sons, bewildered by the infirmity of old age, and annoyed at being kept shut up, the queen ShrīKoṭā, supported by the Lavanyas, comforted [ruled] the country as if it was her co-widow. All the ministers,—Shahamera and others,—remembered the benefits they had previously received, and bowed to her as to the cresent of the moon. As the summer rain allays dust and heat, and nourishes plants, even so she brought back prosperity to the subjects.

The queen feared that Shahmera would destroy her prosperity, and with a view to check his rise she bestowed honors on BhaṭṭaBhikṣhaṇa. It was through his intelligence that the queen managed to perform her duties, as one crosses by a boat the dreadful ocean which is difficult to traverse. Shahmera could not in his heart tolerate the ascendency of Bhikṣhaṇa who was helped by Koṭā, for the proud can scarcely bear

equality even of his shadow. Fire manifests itself by heat and smoke, but no sign of anger manifested itself in that wise man. The wise Shahamera pretended illness and caused it to be known that his end was near. Queen Koṭā then sent BhaṭṭaBhikṣhaṇa with Avatāra and others to see him. They found people at the door discussing whether perspiration was good for one who suffered from beliousness; and these people prevented the Bhaṭṭa's party from entering. Bhikṣhaṇa and Avatāra, however, went in to Shahmera, but their protecting deities did not enter with them, as if on account of the difficulty in getting admission. Shahmera at first complained to them in detail of his illness, and when the proper time arrived, he buried their own weapon in their bodies, and thus allayed the illness of his mind. Blood issued from their heads, and water came out of their eyes; their lives left their bodies, and the rancor which Shahmera had felt, left his mind. Shahmera was bathed in their blood as one bathes after recovery from illness; their two heads were like the two halves of a vessel, and their wounds were like the marks of the lamp. Queen Koṭā was determined to besiege Shahmera, and she was capable of doing so; but her evil minded ministers deterred her from doing it, and reminded her that Shahmera and Bhikṣhṇa had brought up her boys, and that it was Fate that had killed the one by making the other an instrument. That inorder to assuage the grief which had

arisen from the death of a Brāhmaṇa, the senseless Shahmera would sacrifice the lives of others in the blazing fire of his anger.

As the canal nourishes cultivated fields with water, so did the queen nourish the people by bestowing much wealth on them. She was to the kingdom what the moon is to the blue lotus; and to the enemy she was what that luminary is to the white lotus. On one occasion she marched against the lord of Kampana, with the intention to fight, because he had disobeyed her orders. But the lord of Kampana captured her in a mountain defile and put her in prison, even as one catches a bird in its nest and puts it in a cage. Her best minister named Kumārabhaṭṭa pretended to quarrel with her other ministers with a view to release her. He took with him a young student who carried in his hand a water vessel, and who resembled the queen in his appearance except that he was a man. The wise Kumārabhaṭṭa went over to the lord of Kampana, praised his intelligence, and admired his magnanimity and beautiful appearance. "O lord!" he said "by obeying the orders of a female we live with our heads humbled, but you have this day made our manhood triumph. With your permission I, your servant, will go to the prison, and by reproving and consoling her by turns, I will take out her money and give it to my lord. She has accumulated money, being a woman, and being unable to part with it

of her own inclination." The lord of Kampana was thus deceived and suffered Kumārabhaṭṭa to go to the prison. The evening, which paints the world so skilfully, now approached, as if to see queen Koṭā come out of her prison. Accompanied by the boy who carried water for his evening prayer, Kumārabhaṭṭa entered the prison, and the grief of the queen left it. He left the boy dressed in the queen's garments, and made Koṭā to follow him wearing the dress of the boy, and thus issued from the prison.

Shahmera, who had thus risen by art, was not devoid of circumspection; the wise, when they are in enmity with the powerful, never remain indifferent. Koṭā was neither favourable to, nor angry with the powerful Shahmera. Enmity attended with want of circumspection is the first germ of destruction. Once on a time when the queen had gone to Jayāpīḍapura on some business, the powerful Shahamera possessed himself of the capital. And when the Lavanya people were subdued by the strong Shahamera, the qneen closed the gate of Koṭṭa, in the hope of thwarting her enemy. The strong and the wise Shahamera, a lion among men, closed the front of the cavern-like fort, and Koṭā like a she-jackal was struck with fear. The fascinating Shahamera sent word to the queen through his messengers, stating that she might sit with him on the throne, and on his breast, with the goddess of Royalty, and that she might live in his heart with the

virtue of forbearance. The queen was won by his assiduity, and he took possession of the Koṭṭa country and of queen Koṭā. He spent one night with her in the same bed, and when he rose in the morning, he caused her to be captured by the Tīkṣhṇas. Then on the tenth bright lunar day, in the month of Shrāvaṇa, in the year 15, the queen dropped from her kingdom like a star from the sky, Shahmera who was as the kalpa tree to his kinsmen and relatives, and wise in his actions, and chief among the warriors, imprisoned the two sons of the queen. The results of our acts manifest themselves in every direction, and generate wisdom or ignorance. The influence of *kárma* is surging with the influences of time and of local circumstances and leads to results. I bow to the god of *karma*, be it Soul or Shiva or Hari or Brahmā or Buddha or Jina.

Shahamera then overawed the Lavanya people, spread his fame on all sides. He took the country into his hand, placed the goddess of Fortune on his breast, and put Koṭā in prison. The king then assuaged the troubles of Kashmīra and changed its condition, and called himself ShrīShaṃsadena. The scar of the bow string on his mighty arm was like the smoke, issuing from the flame of his power, which could have burnt all sides like a forest. The king removed the suspicions of his ministers, but the ministers could not remove his circumspection; as the diamond pierces

jewels, but the jewels pierce not the diamond. The king who had won fame worthy of praise, caused the Rajputs who were at Kāṣhṭhavāṭa to flee through fear. His fame increased, and he wisely placed on his two sons, who were not inferior to him, the burden of the kingdom. He reigned for five years, and three days, and died on the full moon day of Aṣhāḍha, in the year 18.

Then Jaṃsara protected the country at Satīsara, undiminished in prosperity and obeyed by the principal feudatory princes. Like the two pillars that support a gate, the strength and the intellect of the king's younger brother supported the kingdom, and they became objects of apprehension. He was not inferior to the king in making gifts or in receiving presents, in awarding punishments or favours on the people, in undertaking pleasure trips or in the luxuries of the table. The king ceased to trust him as he had trusted before, and the mind of the young prince was inflamed by the people around him. When the Rajputs heard that the king's mind was alienated from his brother, they instantly communicated the fact to the young prince. And when hostility was inevitable, the rash young prince left the protection of the Rajputs and went excited to their chief town Avantinagara. The king accompanied by his soldiers efficient in war, took shelter in Utpalapura and sent the following message to his brother :—"If you have not under estimated my affec-

tion by the instigation of wicked men, why do you not tremble in fear of the censure of the people? The wishes of the king who has gone to heaven [our father] to protect each other should be obeyed. Think of this and turn your affection again towards me." After the king had sent a messenger with this intimation to his brother, he sent his son to kill the lord of Kampana. The king's messenger was detained on the pretence that the young prince had gone to hunt, while the prince, whose treason had by this time become known, went to kill his brother's son. Lakṣhmabhaṭṭa became anxious as the messenger did not return for a long time. He went to the king and said that, since the messenger was delaying he feared that the king's brother was bent on rebellion, and had gone to kill the king's son. He also said that, in order to fraustrate the king's design, the messenger was no doubt detained on some pretence or other, such as that the young prince was bathing or eating or sleeping. He proposed that as soon as the king's brother repaired to ShrīDevasarasa, they should destroy Avantipura which would then be left without any protector; the king's victory would then he complete. The powerful king agreed to the proposal. He went to Avantipura with his efficient soldiers, and besieged the town; so that the river Vitastā, the current of which was blocked up by dead bodies, flowed backward, as if to inform Alleshvara of the slaughter of his men. Meanwhile Allesh-

vara defeated his brother's son and returned. Jaṃsara, who was resting from the toils of battle, fled. The wise Alleshvara came to an agreement with the king that hostilities should cease between the brothers for two months. Allesha left his soldiers and Avantipura behind, and went to Ikṣhikā by the Kṣhīrī road. Jaṃsara, beaming in splendour, left the protection of the capital in the hands of his own minister Sayyarāja, and went to Kramarājya. But the young prince alienated Sayyarāja from the king by promises of gifts and honors, and got possession of the city by artifice. The king, now king only in name, died after having suffered troubles for one year and ten months in the kingdom of Kashmīra. Then Alāvadena [Allesha ?] knowing that the time was unsuited for further disputes, immediately bestowed the lordship of Dvāra on his [third] brother, inorder to smooth all difficulties. Jaṃsara had caused a bridge to be built to cross the river at Sujjapura, but did not devise means to cross over his dangers. He had excavated a tank and raised buildings by its side, close to the mountains, as resting places for travellers. For this beautiful act of improving his own country, Shrī-Shivasvāmika had obtained from him the lordship of Dvāra.

Once upon a time the prince was wandering for amusement in the forest of Vākpuṣhṭā when he saw a circle of the Yoginīs in the cavern of a mountain. His friends Udayashrī and Chandraḍāmara also saw them ;

for what is not visible to those who follow great men? Small things like bells tremble and make a noise, but great things like the minds of valiant heroes remain unmoved. They wished that the Yoginīs might not disappear, as they were anxious to see them and to speak to them. The heroes then alighted from their horses and were not afraid of the Yoginīs. Shining in their formidable strength, these valiant men proceeded slowly and silently, and approached the Yoginīs. The leader of the Yoginīs recognized the prince from a distance and sent him a cup of liquor with incantation and blessing. The king drank his fill; Chandra partook of what remained, and though pleased with it, he left a portion for the sake of Udayashrī. Udayashrī was much gratified with the drink, and owing to some fatality, forgot the groom of the horses and left nothing. They were pleased with the strange sights they saw. The Yoginī, who understood omens, thus said to the prince with clasped hands: "your kingdom will remain entire, and Chandra will enjoy a part of your wealth, and Udayashrī, as long he lives, will be blessed with undying prosperity; but the groom bereft of our favour will be soon left bereft of life." Thus she foretold the future, and vanished with the other Yoginīs, and then the life of the keeper of horses departed.

It is owing to the merit of the subjects that such kings are born, who raise the prosperity of the kingdom, and deliver the people sunk in the gloom of injustice.

The king abolished the evil custom under which a childless widow, though unchaste obtained a share of her husband's property from her father-in-law. The great and wise king made Jayāpiḍapura his capital, and built at SrīRiñchanapura, an edifice named Budhagira. In the year 19, a famine of unprecedented severity, the effect of the sins of men, harassed the suffering people. Having ruled the kingdom for twelve years, eight months, and thirteen days, the king died in the month of Chaitra, in the year 30.

The halting description of the reigns of bad kings now gives place to an account of the very powerful Shāhāvadīna [Sahab-ud-din]. When he became king, the country ceased to remember the prosperity and dangers, the pleasures and afflictions of the time of Lalitāditya. As the sky, after the departure of the different seasons, obtains the bright sun in summer, so the earth passed under the rule of many kings, and obtained this sovereign at last. The king did not repair to the city of the sinful Jayāpīḍa. Adorned with pearls and necklace, this king was the most prominent among all kings, past and future, as the central jewel is prominent in a necklace. Though he obtained victory at every step yet the fire of his valor was not satiated, even as the ocean receives rivers from all directions, and is not satiated. He counted as lost those brief periods of time in which he obtained no victory. The march with his army was as dear to him

as a young wife is to an old man. Deer-eyed women attracted not his mind, nor the pleasures of drinking, nor the light of moon. Only the march with his army occupied the king's attention. Neither heat nor cold, nor evening nor night, neither hunger nor thirst obstructed his march. When this proud king was on his march, he found no difficulty in crossing unfordable rivers, inaccessible mountains and barren deserts. In his conquering expeditions, the king first went to the north which had never been conquered by previous kings, and which was peopled by the Pārasīkas. He took Chandra, Laulaka, and Shūra with him for help, even as the world conquering Kāma takes the spring, wine, and woman as his auxiliaries. This destroyer of the proud filled his soldiers with strength, his enemies with grief, and all sides with dust. Ụdabhāṇḍapura, ruled by Govindakhāna, was first entered by his arrows and then by his soldiers. When the army of the king reached the top of the mountain, his opponents, descended from the high peak in fear. The ruler of Sindhu unable to make presents befitting the king, presented his own daughter to him. The weight of the country of the Gāndhārās was added to the king's glory; but strange! that the weight of fear lowered the hearts of those people. The powerful king destroyed the pride of the country of the Shiṅgas but did not destroy their swords. On hearing the lion-roar raised by the army of the lion like king, Gajinīpurī [the elephant city] fell

bereft of pride, and struck with fear. At Ashṭanagara the veda-readers and the Kṣhatriyas wept through fear, as if the smoke from the fire of their youth and valor, which was extinguished, affected their eyes. When the king had robbed the wealth and the fame of Purushavīra, the name of that country lost its meaning. The women in the villages assigned to the Brāhmaṇas shed tears, as if they offered water to the dead and food to the living. When the leaders of the cavalry had gone away on the pretext of repairing to the banks ofthe Ghoṣhadhātu river, the king administered a severe chastisement to Udakpati.

Returning thence, he marched southward, and assuaged the toil of the journey in the waters of the Shatadrū. He harassed Udakpati who had arrived after plundering Ḍhillī, and blocked his way. He then bestowed horses and clothes on petty kings and sent them to their countries, and they looked as if they were the embodiment of the king's fame. The king of Susharmmapura apprehended danger from the king of Kashmīra, and he forsook the pride of his fort and sought the protection of the queen. It was owing to the humility, not to the pride of the Bhauṭṭas, that the king's horses, eager to ascend the mountains, were checked. The king arrived at the banks of the Sindhu which he found difficult to cross, but the gods smoothed the waves of the river. This strange fact has been heard from elderly men. Thus in his unceasing en-

deavour to conquer other countries, his own became to him as a foreign land, and foreign countries became his own. Thus having filled all sides with his valor, he entered Kashmîra and instituted festivities to delight the eyes of the citizens.

In the course of our narration, we are describing the superhuman abilities of this king, and shall perhaps be considered by future generations to be flatterers. Once, when the king was marching to a distant country, he heard of a woman beautiful like an Apsarā, with eyes like those of the deer, and became eager to enjoy her. He deceived his followers by some device, and alone entered the country where she lived, and like a second Kandarpa fascinated her by his wit. He drank the nectar from her lips and quenched the desire of his heart. When his soldiers missed him, they feared that he was killed by some enemy, and lost their reason in their anger. They searched for him, and when they saw his horse tethered in the courtyard of a house, they thought that he had been overcome by his enemies. Without any armour, the soldiers blockaded the house with a view to fight with Shauryyasvāmī and Anugā. But on hearing a voice like the roar of a lion from within the house, their hearts that knew no fear were softened with gladness, their faces were subdued with awe, and their heads were bent with good sense. The king caused many columns of victory to be raised, proclaiming his great deeds, in places where his enemies had been destroyed

like sacrificial beasts in the flame of his prowess. In the management of the affairs of his own country he depended on his two ministers Koṭabhaṭṭa and Udayashrī, and in battle he depended on Chandraḍāmara and Laula. Koṭasharmmā was like the moon in the sea like dynasty of Devasharmmā. Indifferent to worldly concerns, he left the wealth repeatedly bestowed on him by the king, and retired to a forest.

Surely it was to display the prowess of the king that on a certain occasion a calamity befell, troubling his subjects grievously. In the year 36, a cruel inundation distressed the subjects. What the sun is to the kumuda flower, or a hero to his enemies, so was the inundation to the city and the trees. The city was under water, but the mighty inundation still increased and reached the hills which shed tears in the shape of waterfalls. There was not a tree, not a boundary mark, not a bridge, not a house, that stood in the way of the inundation, which it did not destroy. The king, who never took shelter in a hill fort in fear of an enemy, now frequently resorted to such forts through fear of the inundation. It subsided within a few days, as if dried up by the prowess of the king; but the king wished to build a town on a hill in fear of another inundation. He consulted his queen named Lakshmī and built a celebrated town which equalled his own greatness; and the people saw before them, at the base of the Himālaya, the town of Shārikā, inhabited by virtuous men, even like Alakā, at the

base of the Sumeru. At the junction of the Vitastā and the Sindhu, he built a town after his own name, and the town was reflected in the waters, as if it had hid itself in the river through modesty. Loladāmara, on whom fortune shone steadily, built a town after his own name, and the high edifices were like glory amassed. The ever restless world soared upwards [in the shape of hills] as if to reach the heavens, and thus [casting its shadow on the town] deprived it of the rays of the sun.

Lāsā was the daughter of queen Lakṣhmī's sister and was brought up by the queen. Her image was now reflected on the mirror of the king's heart. He was for a long time held by ties of respect to Lakṣhmî, but those ties were snapped by the passion inflamed by the beauty of Lāsā. The goddess of Fortune had, with the image of Kṛiṣhṇa, taken her seat in the bosom of the king, and the fortunate Lāsā was now allowed a place by her side. The shadow is not cast in the direction of the sun, for the sun enjoys the glory of the day, and the shadow brings darkness and destroys the beauty of the sun. It has been well said that women have four times the intellect of men, and none can frame crooked and penetrating devices better than they. The chaste Lakṣhmī, though she was the daughter of a common Bhalla named Avatāra, became displeased with the king who had become attached to Lā.ā; and she went in anger to the king of Sindhu who was her countryman. But the king of Kashmīra, out of shame, though not out of deep affec-

tion, brought her back. The she-elephant of the wilderness, when her agony caused by heat is relieved by the water of a lotus-tank, nevertheless troubles the water, and rudely shakes the mosses and the lotuses in the tank. Even so Lāsā, the beloved of the king, behaved ungratefully towards Lakṣhmī, the sister of her mother, and who had nourished her like a mother ;—as the full moon which is nourished by the bright fortnight terminates and destroys that fortnight. The kumuda flower is destined to bloom by night ; otherwise the night, like a wicked woman could have destroyed it by the help of the mọon which destroys the wakefulness of the world.

Once upon a time Lā-ā, in the enjoyment of her prosperity, thus spoke to the king with the wile of a serpent : and the king listened with anxiety, and his breath dulled the splendour of his lips. "If the sun had not by its rays expanded the lotus, who would have cared to destroy it through jealousy ? Who cares to destroy the moss ? Unable to bear the favours bestowed on me, your queen is devising for my destruction. The queen watches me through her spies, and out of her enmity, has directed Udayashrī, who has become her favourite by his services, to employ magic against me." But the wise king replied to her that Udayashrī was inimical to the gods, and could not therefore perform magic. Lā-ā repeated the charge ; and in order to convince her of her mistake, the king thus addressed Udayashrī : "O ! Udayashrī ! The

treasury has become empty by excessive expenditure, but the people ask the king for every thing, as if he was the kalpa tree. There is one way which is apparent to me, for making money. By cutting up the huge brass image of ShrīJayeshvarī and turning it into coin marked with my name, we may meet the required expenses, and deeds of deathless fame may be done." The mean minded minister thus replied to the king : "The idea is a good one, but the image is light, how much can we obtain from it ? Rather let the image of the great Buddha be coined into money." On another day, after the necessary preparations had been made, and Lāsā had been convinced [that Udayashrī was not a believer in the gods], the king thus said privately to that minister : "Past generations have set up images to obtain fame and earn merit, and you propose to demolish them ! Some have obtained renown by setting up images of gods, others, by worshipping them, some, by duly maintaining them ; and some, by demolishing them ! How great is the enormity of such a deed ! Sagara became famous by creating the sea and the rivers, and grieving for Sagara's sons, Bhagīratha obtained fame by bringing down the Ganges. Jealous of Indra's fame, Duṣhmanta acquired renown by conquering the world ; and Rāma, by killing Rāvaṇa when the latter had purloined Sītā. King Shāhāvadīna, it will be said, plundered the image of a god ; and this fact, dreadful as Yama, will make the men in future tremble. When the king had spoken thus, Udayashrī held down his head,

as if seeking for a hole in the ground, wishing to go down into the interior of the earth.

When the sun rises in the sky he causes harm to his sons, the Saturn and other planets. So when Lāsā reported against the sons of the king, the king, at her instigation and out of his affection for her, exiled the princes from their own country, as if they were his enemies. They went to the assistance of the lord of Yoginīpura, and displayed their prowess by superhuman acts.

As advised, the king killed the rebellious Hindukas,* and the rebellious Shekandhara and other mlechchhas, to whom he had assigned salaries out of his generosity. Alarmed by wicked men, the hero Madanalāvika prepared to rise against the king, but was prevented by his soldiers. Accustomed to hunting, the king made a quick march with his soldiers, and removed the beautiful bridge of boats over the Sindhu which was like a moat.

The heroic king, with the steady courage of a lion, wandered at Khaḍganagarī in pursuit of game, and he ran after a lion. Riding a horse, the king ran past the den, followed only by Madana who was much devoted to him. The lion, with its mane erect, threw down the brave and lion like king, who was alone, and who struggled for a long time. The hero Madanalāvika soon alighted

* This is the first instance where the term "Hindu" is used in this book.

from his horse, and killed the lion with his sword. The grateful king whose life was thus saved, rewarded him with wealth ; but apprehending the death of Madanalāvika at the hands of wicked men, he wisely sent him forthwith to the king of Ḍillī on pretence of marriage.

Once upon a time a man named Sharkarasūha saw in a dream a great city of gold which shone like champaka flowers blown in the sky. He dreamt that he entered into house after house, but he found them all empty. In a palace however he found a woman of radiant beauty. He asked her why she was living alone but fearless in that great city, like the crescent of the moon in the sky ; and he enquired whose city it was, why it was tenantless, and whose body was lying before her. She replied, that, like a beauteous woman whose husband was dead, or like the night without moon, that city belonged to the king of the Gandharbbas ; and the king, in order to govern the country of Kashmīra, had left his body there, and with all his ministers had descended on earth. He was known in the three worlds by the name of Shāhāvadīna, and that she alone was staying there to keep watch over the body. She said, that, after completing his work on earth, the king would return within three months to protect his own city. When Sharkarasūha awoke, he was sunk in excessive wonder and grief and meditation, and he narrated his dream to the king. The king thought to himself that there was no cause for fear if the dream turned out to

be false, and if it proved true, he would attain superhuman power; and so the king was not troubled with grief. The king then sent letters to his sons, who were at a distance, to come to him, but they did not come. This wise sovereign then placed the Hindukas in their own posts, and on the fourteenth lunar day of the bright moon of the month of Jaishṭha, in the year 49, he cheered celestial beauties by his embraces.

King Kumbhadīna succeeded; his orders were placed on the heads of kings, his bounty delighted their hearts, and his praise was on their lips. He captivated the hearts of all, even like the sun when he is in the equinox, and is neither too powerful nor too weak.

Those whom the late king had sent to reconnoitre Lohara had run away in fear of the lord of that country. All the luminous plants become dull when the moon sets, and the sun-jewel loses its brilliancy at the setting of the sun. With a view to attack Lohara, king Kumbhadīna sent the powerful Ḍāmara Lolaka from the city, and Lolaka surrounded the hill of Lohara on all sides. The lives of the great men who devote themselves to their master's work are like grass. The lord of the fort, unable to defend it, sent Brāhmaṇa messengers to the Ḍāmara chief, in order to deliver it up. But the Ḍāmara, who had kept his temper even in the heat of battle, believed the messengers to be spies in the garb of Brāhmaṇs, and he chastised them. Brāhmaṇas were as gods to the lord of Lohara, and when he heard that

punishment had been inflicted on Brāhmaṇas, he took courage, held out the fort, and did not despair of his life. And when he and his people found that death awaited them whether they fought or fled, they resolved on battle which is the avocation of Kṣhatriyas. Terrible in battle, they discharged their arrows and stones, and as they descended from the hill of Lohara, their fame ascended to the skies. Lola the Ḍāmara chief was struck by stones and perished with his deeds, for who can escape the decrees of fate? The stones discharged by the enemy covered the Ḍāmara Lolaka, so that he was not deprived of burial, the last rite of the Yavanas.

King Shāhāvadīna had exiled his own sons, but just before his death, he had invited them to return by letters written with his own hand. The eldest and the most meritorious among them, the prince named Hassana, came to Mahendramaṇḍala, and met with no opposition. Here he heard of the death of his father, and shed floods of tears, even as the pearl oyster sheds pearls, and as if he thereby offered water to the dead. The following letter of his father's brother, the king Kumbhadīna of Kashmīra, made this pure minded prince continue his march, and prevented him from retracing his steps: "King Shāhāvadīna has left us, his servants, out of his friendship for Indra, and has departed to heaven. He has left us to seek the company of the celestial Apsarās, and we have performed the funeral rites which you should have done;

and we have held the kingdom on our head according to the orders of the departed king, the wisest of men, in order to protect these realms strung together, like a garland, by his policy. By going to exile under the orders of your father, and now returning by his desire, you have filled your country with fame, like Rāma. By your own merit you have obtained honor, and will earn yet more. Accept the post of the heir-apparent, and lighten the weight that is on me. Your fortitude, the company of courtiers and friends, and the duty of protecting the people will soon assuage your grief. As the dead derive no pleasure from fame, even so great men who live in foreign lands derive no pleasure from wealth. You are the image of him who has gone to heaven; show yourself to us, and relieve us of the sorrow we feel for him. Let the people of a foreign country no more point you out with their finger, as they do an ordinary person, and say 'this is the son of Shāhāvadīna'. Do not look up for favour to princes who are dependant on me and who receive my favours; do not slight the wealth of Kashmīra. As the serpent, which supports the world, places its weight on the Meru mountain, even so shall I place the weight of the kingdom on you and enjoy repose and wealth. So long as I rule the subjects, you will live in the same dignity which king Shāhāvadīna bestowed on me. Do not therefore decline our request and thereby disappoint [your mother] Lakṣhmī who acts according to the advice of Udayashrī and other ministers."

The prince did not know that kings are guided by other men as elephants are guided by their ears. He read the letter and descended along the road to Kashmīra. He was, as it were, forbidden to enter that country by the clouds which gathered before him, and thundered. He shed a lustre on the road to Kashmīra as he entered it, but the instigations of the wicked poisoned the ears of the king. Wicked ministers are to the world what the fire is to the forest. Some of them in their ambition to rise, agitate the mind of the king, as crocodiles agitate the sea. Some, in their pride, shake the king as the wind shakes the tops of plants. When prince Hassana had entered Kashmīra, the wicked thus said to king Kumbhadīna:—"The wisdom of the king is superior to that of others, the ministers may, nevertheless, be permitted to speak to enable him to decide what is beneficial and what is harmful. Even sovereigns, who comprised in them a portion of Indra and of the rulers of the four directions of the sky and the four corners of the universe, were injured by the members of their own family. A brother is like a black serpent which is known to live on air and whose course is tortuous; such a brother's touch is destruction. Who can then be safe from danger? The prince will not be satisfied with wealth or submit to you; the fire does not become cool by coming in contact with cold objects. Do not think that he being alone can do no harm to thee who art a king. What is the king of

elephants with his herd in the presence of a lion? But it would not be wise by our advice to destroy his power, for the sensible Udayashrī, out of regard for his late master, guards the prince. O! Chief of kings! Hassana is not a fit object of your favour, nor is he to be cast off; he will become proud if you favour him, and will cause you harm if you cast him off; as a man of spirit he will never forgive a wrong. Does not the submarine fire always heat the sea? Imprison him therefore and remove the anxiety of the people,—those who are anxious for the king and also those who are not." As water becomes unsuitable for drink if it flows into a lake from a dirty pool, even so the king became estranged from Hassana by the words of the wicked.

The king noticed the strange and haughty conduct of the prince, he marked it, he heard of it, and he felt it, but as the prince was his brother's son, the king did not imprison him out of affection. Udayashrī noticed that the king was vexed with the prince, and thus said to the prince's nurse, the widow of Loladāmara. "Ḍāmara Lolaka died, out of his affection for his late master, and he did not tarnish his honor by serving a new and wicked master. There is no hope of obtaining wealth from the present evil minded king, and the life of Hassana who was brought up by you is in danger. Ask the king therefore to accept the wealth which you possess, so that this avaricious man may come

to your house. When he is once in your house we will kill him or seize him by force, and then the prince will prosper." It so happened that this plan was revealed to the king; Udayashrī became alarmed, and caused Hassana to flee. Men like him are precious like the philosopher's stone, and are worthy of praise in this world, for he remanied fixed in his resolution, and he caused another to flee. He was engaged in an undertaking than which nothing could be more desperate; and he was detected in it, but the forgiving king did not behead him. Udayashrī's faults were concealed in his worth, and he passed his days, pure in appearance, like a lotus in the mud. Though the moon-jewel be at a distance from the moon, and concealed in water, does it not even then emit moisture when embraced by the rays of the moon? Thus thought Udayashrī to himself, and he felt a desire to go to the prince; but the king, who had heard of his treason, placed him in prison; and, as if instigated by the gods who seemed to know his purpose and that of his instructor, slew him in anger. The elephant which crushes the lotus, the wind that breaks the sandal tree, and the king who destroys good men deserve censure in the three worlds. This world is like a garden, and men are the flowers, and it is in their words that praise which is like perfume, is sought. As the blind man, who has lost his hands and feet, becomes excessively timid, even so prince Hassana became timid at the death of Udayashrī. The evil minded Khasha

chiefs were glad at the reward bestowed on them by their master, and even attempted to kill prince Hassana.

When the enemies were confounded and dispirited, and they melted away, the wisdom of the king became like a light to the people. Then on the banks of the Vitastā he built a town marked with his name, and the lofty golden umbrella placed upon it seemed, by its beauty, to mock the skies. The king saw that the people died of famine every year and he performed a Jajña in the month of Bhādra, and distributed large gifts.

In the old age of this king, the hair about his ears became white, as if by listening to the nectar like words of good men. But the king was not yet blessed with a boy who would have been an ornament to the family, a rock of support to the world, and a destroyer of the enemy's prosperity. At last there came a yogí named Brahmanātha from Kashmíra, and through his favour, the king obtained a son after a time. The queen gave birth to a son who was the ornament of the family and the delight of his father, who was like a feast after a fast, a subverter of darkness, and a destroyer of the eyes of enemies. The king of the world saw the child who was like the abode of love, and he named it Shriṅgāra. In the festivities which were held on the occasion, the king, out of the gladness of his heart, ordered the imprisoned to be released, and it is strange that the boats in the bridge of boats were still kept chained. The queen gave birth to another boy, named Haivata, whose beauty rebuked the

moon. It was a spot in the character of the king, as there is a spot in the moon, that he took unto him as his wife the dame world, although she was of his family. On the second day of the dark moon, in the month of Bhādra, in the year 65, king Kumbhadīna, the chief among kings, died. The queen was sunk in sorrow, and the two princes were infants, the subjects were therefore without a master and were struck with fear. The profuse tears of the queen were like the rains in the rainy season, and the ministers were like fish therein.

Uddaka and Sāhaka consoled the heroic queen. They said, that it was useless to indulge in grief, that one must have patience under such a misfortune, and that the evil minded people were rising in the kingdom which was without a strong ruler and without a king. They then crowned the elder Shekandhara [Sekender] as king of this great kingdom. By the order of the new king, Uddaka treacherously burnt Mahammada, son of Sāha, and his own daughter and son-in-law to death. The huge whale unwittingly devours its spawn, and the bee which is destined to perish when its hive will be robbed of honey, destroys its own mother. What wicked deed will not foolish men do under temptations,—their senses perplexed, and knowing that at the end they will be consumed by fire? The prosperity of the great queen ShrīShobhā was worthy of admiration. She beautified the world with a golden liṅga, and the heaven with the mark of her own virtue.

Uddaka apprehended that as he had destroyed the king's friend, he would be killed, and he removed the king's brother by poison. He had sworn to Sāhaka that he would by his own sword cut his own throat before rising against Sāhaka. By such assurance, he obtained the confidence of Sāhaka and killed him. To the evil minded, whose destruction is near, their evil deed becomes the harbinger of their death. The king was apprehensive that he would be killed like his brother, but he had now grown up, and he made his party strong. But the proud Udda, who had returned after conquering the Bhauṭṭas, was unable to brook the advancement of others, and he killed Khuñjyārāja, brother of Shrī Shobhā. Uddaka then ordered Mammaka, a dependant of his, to create a disturbance at Dvāra, and discarding the king's affection for him, he went in pride to Helara. He heard that Laddarāja and others were following the king, bow in hand, and were prepared for battle in some deserted place. They whose destruction is nigh think themselves to be sensible men, and generally mistake their own shadow for ghosts. The soldiers of Udda had come prepared for fight, but when they saw some she-buffaloes on the other side of the Vitastā, they mistook them for horses, and fled. The king pursued them, and at night captured Uddaka at Vitastāpura, but was afraid of a disturbance in the city and returned. Though Uddaka deserved to be killed, the king cast him into prison out of pity. But Uddaka

was stained with the sin of treachery against those who had confided in him, he feared death from the king who was mild on account of his kindness, and he cut his throat by his own sword. As the king of birds kills serpents, and the lion kills jackals, so the king of the world killed the guards placed on him. Kingdom and the safety of his body and mind and his personal freedom were preserved to the king even like the fruits of penance performed in the midst of five fires.

The king dispelled the gathering gloom of the pride of other kings, and commenced his march which alas! terrified Indra. His great prowess coloured the world red, but made colourless the nails of the sorrowing wives of hostile kings. At this time the king of the mlechchhas had plundered Ḍillī and made it like a widow deprived of ornaments and without a protector. When the king of the mlechchhas returned, he was afraid of the king of Kashmīra, and gave him two large elephants as presents. The elephants exuded moisture as they passed and the line marked by the moisture was the boundary of the kingdom of Kashmīra which the king of the mlechchhas himself seemed to demarkate. The two big elephants looked like peaks of the Himālaya, and Agastya became angry, apprehending that the Vindhya mountain was rising in dimension. When they crossed the Vitastā, they saw their own reflection in the water, and became angry, mistaking the shadows for rival elephants. They were proud of

their rounded foreheads which mocked the beauty of the bosoms of the king's wives. They were stabled in the elephant stable which was like a prison to them.

The bountiful king not only satisfied those who asked, with gift of gold, but even distributed it of his own accord. When he made gifts, his hands hung down and were contracted, for he felt abashed at the praises of those who asked, and obtained what they asked. Who can describe his gifts? He dipped his hand in water before making a gift, and his hand looked like a lotus under the water. The lines on his thumb were like barley grains, but they did not sprout by being constantly drenched in water; because, I imagine, of their constant contact with the handle of the sword.

It was perhaps owing to the sins of the subjects that the king had a fondness for the Yavanas, even as a boy has a fondness for mud. Many Yavanas left other sovereigns and took shelter under this king who was renowned for charity, even as bees leave the flowers and settle on elephants. As the bright moon is among the stars, so was Mahammada of Mera country among these Yavanas; and although he was a boy, he became their chief by learning. The king waited on him daily, humble as a servant, and like a student he daily took his lessons from him. He placed Mahammada before him, and was attentive to him like a slave. As the wind destroys the trees, and the locusts the shāli crop, so did the Yavanas destroy the usages of Kashmīra. Attracted by

the gifts and honors which the king bestowed, and by his kindness, the mlechchhas entered Kashmīra, even as locusts enter a good field of corn.

On a certain occasion the king subdued the king of Udabhāṇḍapura, and being pleased with his daughter Shrī Merā, obtained her as the goddess of victory incarnate. She was surely a goddess, born in the family of Shāhi, and her son was destined, on a future day, to consolidate Kashmīra destroyed by the mlechchhas. That boy named Shrī Jainollābhadīna was like virtue incarnate in the Kali Yuga and like the king of hermits, he became the king's favourite.

A certain wily alchemist named Mahādeva gave some drug to the king and spoke to him of alchemy, and said that the golden Meru was indebted to the king for having constantly borne the weight of the world, and had through Mahādeva, bestowed much gold on him. But his alchemy did not remove Mahādeva's poverty. He deluded the sight by deception, and exhibited gold in the crucible, and the delusion lasted for a long time. But the king by his strong sense detected the trick, and told Mahādeva of it. Alarmed at this discovery, Mahādeva committed suicide.

Laddarāja the physician Shaṅkara, and Bhaṭṭa Sūha were the councillors of the king and were intimate with him. Three sons were born to queen Merā, beautiful as Cupid, and like Virtue, Wealth, and Desire personified; and they were adorned with the names of Mera-

khāna, Shāhikhāna, and Mahmadakhāna, as the three worlds are beautified by the waves of the Ganges. The sons of queen Shovā were adopted children, and were therefore banished. One of them, Piruja, was, however, not banished from the city by the king. On the side of Pradyumna hill, the king built a town, even like the town of Alakā reflected on the Mānasa lake, and inhabited by virtuous people. The Yavanas, who had accumulated wealth, were indifferent as to the king's treasure, whether it was large or small. The kingdom of Kashmīra was polluted by the evil practices of the mlechchhas, and the Brāhmaṇas, the mantras, and the gods relinquished their power. The gods who used to make the glory of their prowess manifest, even as fireflies manifest their light, now hid their glory on account of the country's sin. When the gods withdrew their glory, their images became mere stones, and the mantras, mere letters. Owing to the sin of the Kali yuga, the merits of those who did virtuous acts were lost, and the gods deserted the images, even as serpents cast off their skins. As a crystal becomes red or white or black by the reflection of the object that is near it, even so, the king became changed. Sūhabhaṭṭa who disregarded the acts enjoined by the Vedas, and was instructed by the mlechchhas, instigated the king to break down the images of gods. The good fortune of the subjects left them, and so the king forgot his kingly duties and took a delight, day and night, in breaking

images. Of the tree of misgovernment [which was now planted] Harṣhadeva the Turuṣhka was the seedling, sinfulness was the root and the terrible devastations caused by the Lavanyas were the leaves. Its flower was Ḍalacha the king of the mlechchhas ; and its fruits were the daily troubles of the king who broke images at the instigations of the mlechchhas. He broke the images of Mārttaṇḍa, Viṣhaya, Īshāna, Chakrabhṛit, and Tripureshvara; but what can be said of the evil that came on him by the breaking of the Sheṣha ? When Sureshvarī, Varāha, and others were broken, the world trembled, as if through fear, but not so the mind of the wicked king. There was no city, no town, no village, no wood, where Sūha the Turuṣhka left the temples of gods unbroken. Of the images which once had existed, the name alone was left, and Sūhabhaṭṭa then felt the satisfaction which one feels on recovering from illness. Sūhabhaṭṭa with the leaders of the army tried to destroy the caste of the people ; it was like a boy eating the unwholesome food. The Brāhmaṇas declared that they would die if they lost their caste, and Sūhabhaṭṭa subjected them to a heavy fine because they held to their caste. At the time when his dependents who belonged to the Brāhmaṇa and other castes forsook their caste, ambitious to obtain the favour of the king, Shrī Siṃha and Bhaṭṭakasthūṭa, two merchants, became worthy of praise, and Shrī Nirmmalāchāryyavaryya deserved praise in the three worlds. Nirmmalāchāryya

varyya gave up all his property, as if it was worthless as grass, but did not by accepting the king's favour pollute his own caste. It is an established rule, that the master is responsible for the fault of his servant, and therefore for the fault of Sūhabhaṭṭa Death became angry with the king. Having coronated his eldest son, king Shekandhara died on the eighth lunar day of Jaiṣhṭha, in the year 89.

Ālishāha, then, like the moon, when his sun-like father was set, dispelled the world's darkness which came at nightfall. He was a boy and unfit for the joys of love, but the goddess of fortune, born in the family, bent herself down and embraced him again and again. The other kings bowed to this boy as they had done to the late king. He who is bitten by a serpent does not venture to assail a rope. Sūhabhaṭṭa had devoted all his energies to doing mischief to the gods, and he therefore became chief among the king's ministers. Ladda the Mārgapati had, suspecting nothing, left aside his arms but he was siezed with all his sons except Mahammada. When the powerful Mahammada, who knew well about the roads of the country, heard about the capture of Ladda, he fled by the hill road of Bhāṅgila. Shaṅkara, the physician, was besieged, but he remained fearless, and the intellect of the armed men though sharp was fruitless against him, and did not afflict him. The lion which proudly overlooks danger may set his foot in a trap, but it is strange that the

bird which can see from a distance should also be entrapped.

When Mahammada heard of these events, he was anxious, and wished that he could come to Kashmīra in a day, and day and night he felt ill at ease as a poor man feels for his daughter. In order to give himself a little rest, Mahammada entered the house of Govinda, whom he trusted, in the country of Durddaṇḍa. The cloud which is born of smoke quenches the fire, the fire which is born of the friction of trees destroys the forest, the poison tree dries up the land on which it grows, and thus the people, overpowered with covetousness, behave with enmity even towards those who do them good. When Mahammada the Mārgapati, arrived at the house of Govinda the Khasha suspecting nothing, the latter thus communed within himself for a time :—The minister Sūhabhaṭṭa, with a view to prevent a tumult in the kingdom, had opposed the evil minded Mahammada who was getting up a faction in the country, and this sinful and powerless man who was trying to create a disturbance in the kingdom had that day, out of fear, entered his place ;—it did not appear therefore to the Khasha that Mahammada deserved protection. In the meantime, the shrewed men who had been sent by Sūhabhaṭṭa in search for Mahammada came to the house of Govinda the chief of the Khashas ; and that wicked minded man violated the ties of friendship, and the duty of protection to one who seeks shelter, and

betrayed his friend Mahammada. As a hunter binds a sleeping lion, so did the Khasha bind him, as if he had been an animal, and left him ; and those who had come in search of him soon took him to Kashmīra. As the monkey strikes the serpent rendered powerless by incantations, and as the hunter scatters the mane of a lion that is dead, even so a strong man may insult one who is tied down, but what does he gain by it but censure? Fearing that the captive should run away, they placed the honorable, but insulted Mahammada in the great fort at Bahūrūpa. The new cloud at night raises the hopes of travellers bound for a distant country by the light of its lightning but finally overpowers them ; the lion inspires confidence in his victims by looking backward before he springs on them. The Saturn moves in a curve when it overthrows the Ram and other constellations, so does Fate by a propicious look inspire confidence in the sinful, but overwhelms them in the end. Mahammada was consoled by Shāha, a female servant, and was romoved from his place of confinement by the sons of his nurse. Mahammada, when he was covered with perspiration, deceived his sentinels by pretending to go to bathe. He entered the bath, and thence he escaped. He then reached the place where an opening had been cut by the sons of his nurse, and he went out, as a swan does from one great island of this earth to another. There was a waterfall at Jampā deafening the ear as if in

anger, and Mahammada left the fort which looked like a precipice. The stones and the guard could not prevent his departure, while the noise of the waterfall drowned the clanking of the chain in his feet. The sons of his nurse then broke his chain, and they thought that they broke thereby the friendship between Sūhabhaṭṭa and his friends. Sūhabhaṭṭa feared that the old Mārgapati would escape as Mahammada had done, and though he had robbed the old man of his money, he killed him on the way. When the Mārgapati was killed by the evil minded Sūhabhaṭṭa, all the people blamed the latter, and wept as at the death of their father. Sūhabhaṭṭa, for fear of the people, went about every night under the guidance of skilful men, like a bird fallen from its nest. To this helpless man the day was as night and the night as day. Surely when fate becomes unpropitious every thing turns out wrong. As a fisherman becomes sorry when a large fish leaps out of his boat and escapes, so was Sūhabhaṭṭa at the escape of Mahammada from the prison; and he often thought of Mahammada.

The people had nursed and protected Piruja, and when they beheld him, they thought that he was Shikandhara who had gone to heaven. Though Piruja was the son of Shikandhara by his wife Shobhādevī, Shikandhara had exiled him from his own country, inorder to prevent a commotion. He was a prince and was welcomed by the king of the north; and he now

came back bringing with him Mahammada, inorder to conquer the people of Kashmīra. When Sūha heard that Piruja had come with the Turushka soldiers, he sent ShrīLadda and Gauraka to oppose him. The Turushka army was destroyed by the wisdom of Shrī Laddarāja and by the valor of Gauraka, even as disease is destroyed by gift and prayer. Relieved of fear, the minister Sūha made Laddarāja, lord of Kampana, and Gaurabhaṭṭa, lord of Kramarājya. As in the evening which darkens the mountains, neither the sun nor the moon is visible, so when Sūhabhaṭṭa, who had made himself felt by the king, became powerful, neither the king nor the heir-apparent could raise his head.

The hawk kills other birds, the lion destroys other animals, the Vajra-jewel pierces other jewels, and the brilliant sun throws about the planets like flowers, and thus destruction seems ever to be caused in this world by one's own people. Though the king ShrīShikandhara was often instigated by Sūha to persecute the twice-born, he, whose purpose was tempered by kindness, fixed with some dfficulty, a limit to the advance of the great sea of the Yavanas. But Sūha passed the limit by levying fines on the twice-born. As the night prevents people from seeing any thing but darkness, so this evil minded man forbade ceremonies and processions during the new moon. He became envious, and apprehended that the twice-born who had become fearless would keep up their caste by going over to foreign countries;

he therefore ordered all the guards on the roads not to allow passage to any one without a written passport. Then as the fisherman torments fish in an enclosed river, so this low born man tormented the twice-born in the country. The Brāhmaṇas burnt themselves in the flaming fire through fear of committing sin, and through fear of him who was like the heat of the fire; and thus they escaped. Struck by fear some Brāhmaṇas killed themselves by means of poison, some by the rope, others by drowning themselves in water, others again by falling from a precipice, and others burnt themselves. The country was contaminated by hatred, and the king's favourite (Sūha) could not prevent one man in a thousand from committing suicide. This wicked man disliked the weight of the kingdom which was hard to be borne, but he delighted in the cries of the twice-born, which gave him pleasure. A multitude of Brāhmaṇas who prided on their caste fled from the country through bye-roads, as the main roads were closed, even as men flee under ground when the doors of their houses are closed. Even as men depart from this world, so did the Brāhmaṇas flee to foreign countries, the son leaving his father behind, and the father leaving his son, to the Death like Sūha who sorrowed at the escape of the Brāhmaṇas. The difficult country through which they passed, the scanty food, painful illness, and the torments of hell during life time removed from the minds of the Brāhmaṇas the fear of hell.

Oppressed by various calamities, such as encounter with the enemy, fear of snakes, fierce heat, and scanty food, many Brāhmaṇas perished on the way, and thus obtained relief. Where was then their bath, their meditation, their austerity, and where was then their prayer? The Brāhmaṇas wandered about in villages begging, and thus spent their time. The wrong which was done to the Brāhmaṇas proved beneficial to them, since exiled by Sūha, the twice-born removed their sins by visiting holy places. Some twice born men who were anxious to save their wives, emaciated by want of food, did not depart to foreign countries, but wandered about in Kashmīra wearing the dress of the mlechchhas. Sūha withheld the allowances of the twice born with a view to extinguish learning, and they, in expectation of a mouthful of food, went from house to house, putting out their tongues like dogs. It was out of his devotion to the religion of the Turuṣhkas, not out of antipathy towards the twice-born, that he oppressed the Brāhmaṇas; and hence his victims did not much complain. This was what Sūhabhaṭṭa told them inorder to remove the impression which his actions created that he had antipathy towards the Brāhmaṇas.

The Brāhmaṇas, the supporters of the world, had taken refuge of Ratnākara inorder to preserve their party, and this little Brāhmaṇa became the favourite of Sūhabhaṭṭa. But Malānoddīna, the great guru of

the Yavanas, feared that Ratnākara would rise in rebellion, and caused him to be arrested. From the time that Malānoddīna arrived in the kingdom which was then without chāmara and umbrella, the desire of enjoyment did not leave Sūhabhaṭṭa even in dream. But enjoyments are the fruits of austerities, and the vain desire of enjoyments was painful to Sūhabhaṭṭa like the disease of the eye. The ministers attained or lost rank and honour according to the will of the powerful Sūhabhaṭṭa, even as the duration of the seasons laden with fruits is under the control of the sun. When Shāhikhāna saw that wisdom and power were centered in one person, he became alarmed and anxious, and did not sleep. When he saw the serpent like Sūha, with his poisonous appearance, he was surrounded by darkness which he could not illumine. Sūhabhaṭṭa spent three or four years oppressing the twice-born, reviling the Sāstras, thinking of rebellion, and undergoing medical treatment for his disease. As if sent by the virtues of the people, and gathering strength from the sins of Sūhabhaṭṭa, his consumption, which defied treatment, withered him up. What could not the sun-jewel have effected if its fire had not been quenched at the rising of the moon when the moisture of the moon-jewel allays the heat of the earth? Why did he not live for another three or four years and witness in this world the effect of his own sins at the time when Shāhikhāna rose to power.

When Sūhabhaṭṭa was living, Laddarāja had fled

through fear, and Haṃsa and Gaura, captured him after allowing him a little respite. But when Sūha died they were incited by th : lust of royal power to fight against each other, even as two bulls are attracted by a cow and engage themselves in breaking each other's horns. At the time when Laddarāja was released from prison by Haṃsa, Gaurabhaṭṭa died in battle and gladdened the hearts of the celestial females. Fortune, ever moving as the elephant's ear, now abandoned her fickleness, and settled on Haṃsa in the absence of a more deserving object, even as an unchaste woman clings to an old husband. But Shāhikhāna, though a boy, did not brook the pride of Haṃsa, as the new moon does not brook the darkness increasing during the dark fortnight. The wise heir apparent (Shāhikhāna) held a council of the Ṭhakkuras, and killed in battle Haṃsabhaṭṭa who had killed Laddarāja. The love of the people flowed towards Shāhikhāna, as the water flows downwards. As black bees disregard the Kunda flower and go to mango blossom, so the Royal Fortune felt a desire to embrace the heir apparent, now flushed with victory. But the time has not yet come for the prince to be a king, and Royal Fortune remained therefore in a state of suspense. Owing to the excessive love of the subjects which the prince enjoyed, and owing also to his cleverness, the king bestowed on him the management of the kingdom out of affection. Then Merakaṃsāra, the evil minded Turushka, guided the powers of the prince as

the iron rod guides an elephant blinded by madness. Men could not for a long time pollute the king's mind by dark and evil counsel, as the dark clouds cannot pollute the Mānasa lake. The king was affectionate towards his devoted and able younger brother (the heir apparent), and was also affectionate towards those who sought shelter with him; but urged by evil minded men he became uneasy.

The king at last wished to go on pilgrimage, and for the protection of the people, he thus addressed the heir apparent and his servants:—"Wealth cannot be had because those who ask for it will be glad to have it; our mind becomes corrupt without meditation and without offerings to the dead, and our body becomes polluted without pilgrimages to holy places. I have placed the weight of the kingdom on you as on the world supporting elephants, and am, like a second Ananta Nāga, anxious to serve Nārāyaṇa." Agitated with affection, as the sea with the Mandāra hill, Shāhikhāna replied to the king with this speech, sweet as the new moon:—"Let thy untimely desire to go to pilgrimage, which is of doubtful good, abandon thee; rule thy subjects and thus win the sure gate to fame and virtue. If you, a warrior, cruelly leave this heriditory kingdom after having ruled it for a long time, it will be thought that you leave it for want of ability to rule. If you are anxious to go on pilgrimage, then what work shall be left to us, whose duty it is to serve you?"

When the heir apparent had thus expressed himself, the king of men made the following speech graced by his smile:—"The little virtue that is earned by merely ruling the subject people, is like a chemical compound, composed of many components. You are like my arm, though not joined to me in person; wherefore then should the people think of my incapacity when they behold your prowess? And if you do not carry out my order, my hopes which are placed on you will be at an end." The king said thus, and was resolved to go on pilgrimage, and after a long time made the heir apparent accept the weight of the kingdom, and blessed him saying,—long may he reign under the name of ShrīJainollābhadīna!

In the hope of visiting holy places, the king went out of his own country, but not from the prince's heart which was blessed with love which like a bolt held fast the king. The prince gave out valuable jewels from the treasury, and beautiful horses, and for two nights he followed his brother. Wicked people spoke to the king on the way, about the troubles of the journey, the difficulty of attaining virtue, and the small merit of visiting shrines, and thus removed from the king's mind his respect for holy places. The proud king of Madra thought of the reproach which his son-in-law [the king of Kashmīra] would incur, [by going on pilgrimage], and caused him to return from the holy place of Hāra. When the autumn season, like a season of good luck,

arrived, the king of Madra took the king with him and returned to Kashmīra. Glad at the return of his brother, but angry at the approach of the army of the ally the king of Madra, Shāhikhāna became sunk in joy and displeasure at the same time. But the noble minded prince cast aside his anger, and out of his affection for his brother, gave up the kingdom. When the day expires, the sun gives up his radiance to the fire, and in the morning the fire returns it to the sun and becomes an object of praise, and worshippers pour on it the offering of new ghee during the day and thus increase its power. As the breeze carries with it the scent of flowers, even so the prince was accompanied by all the Ṭhakkuras who were the lords of the country, and he went out of Kashmīra. Left by the Ṭhakkuras, the army of Madra descended into Kashmīra in peace, like a river without alligators.

The king Ālishāha now ascended his wide ancestral throne, but did not win the hearts of good men. If the bright sun does not set, how can the moon with its visible spots ascend? When a powerless and feeble man is thoughtlessly raised to power by a warrior, he thinks the victory due to his own valour, and considers the universe as a blade of straw. As monkeys disturb a shady garden by breaking the branches of trees, so did the Turuṣhkas the servants of the king, disturb the kingdom. The Yavana Merakaṃsāra caused a commotion in the kingdom, uninvited by the king.

As the black bee pollutes the closing lotus, so did this barbarian pollute the wives of the citizens, who were taken to him for his enjoyment. As mountain elephants, with their long trunks, and blinded by madness, agitate and pollute a tank, so did the Turushkas agitate the country and spread alarm. The people of Kashmīra became possessed of Rakshasas who could not be prevented by the council of the ministers from doing evil, and who did not cease to oppress even in the day time. It is better for a kingdom to be without a king than with such a king. It is better for the ear to be without an ornament than with an iron pendant. Lofty houses, excellent horses, fine dresses, large gems, —all that adorned the king were now wrested by the Yavanas. This inert king reigned for five or six months more, not through his merit, but through the fullness of the sins of the subjects. The smoke continues to cause injury and annoyance until the fire glows brighter and spreads its flame;—the smoke withers flowers, obscures all sides, weakens the eyes, and intercepts the rays of the sun.

The king did not wish to repay the debt for the kingdom bestowed on him by Shrī Shikandhara, but was anxious to increase his fortune, and urged by envy towards Mahendra, the lord of the Khuhkhuras sent messengers to Shāhikhāna and asked him to come away to his own country. If the alligator did not come out of the water, and the crow did not leave the lofty

tree, and the rat did not quit his hole in the forest, how could these be killed? The king, in his anger, marched against Jasratha for giving shelter to the heir-apparent who was hostile to the king. The king was eager to overcome Jasratha, the chief among the strong, and his eagerness was not checked by his ministers whose influence was overshadowed by that of the mlechchhas. The envoys and those who profited by dissensions informed the king by letters of the rising prosperity of the heir-apparent, and increased by their advice, his eagerness for battle. The monarch was flattered by the Yavanas who hoped to obtain his favour, but his soldiers lost courage at the triumph of the heir-apparent, and they became alarmed and blamed the king's attempt. As the king of Kashmīra marched, the sun shone against him, and the chiefs who were friendly to him did not join him. The mlechchha army, maddened with pride, saw darkness personified in the dust that was raised by them. The king became furious, and caused Rājapurī and other countries, which he should have taken under his protection, to be harassed by plunder, as if they had been his enemy's territories. When the king arrived at a place named Mudgaravyāla, the king of Madra who was very powerful, sent him the following message :—"Though in your camp there be infantry possessed of wealth, and swift horses, and warriors skilled in fight, yet be not confident in your war against the world renowned artifices of the Khuḥkhuras, We know their artifices in battle, for

serpents, not others, know the ways of serpents. So long as we do not come to your help, you should remain stationary in the mountain." But blinded by pride, the wicked chief of the Yavanas believed that the king of Madra had sent the message inorder to gain renown for himself. The foolish king then descended from the hill, as from his high dignity, and his banners waved in the air as if they trembled in fear of the army of the king of the Khuḥkhuras. By the charge of the cavalry, the earth was filled with dust, and Vāsuki was overwhelmed with fear. The sandy ground was dug up by the hoofs of horses and drenched in blood ; and the warriors sacrificed their lives in battle, in their valor. As the waves in the sea break the force of the air, so in this sea of battle the king was overpowered by misfortune.

Brahmā displays his mercy by bidding the sun rise when the world is merged in darkness, by causing the advent of the spring when the joys of earth are destroyed by the cold wind of winter, and by sending a perfect and blameless king when the world is disturbed with fear by a wicked king. The sinless Shrī Jainollābhadīna, flushed with success, entered Kashmīra like propitious Fate. This king called forth words of praise from the lips of good people, and filled all sides with the sound of the kettledrum, and entered the capital, but not before he had entered into the hearts of the people. When the king bathed during his corona-

tion, the minds of his subjects were washed clean; and when he displayed his royal umbrella, the power of his enemies became still. His wise policy was like the sugar in the juice of the sugarcane, and it removed the people's thirst for the good kings of old. The king revived the disregarded laws of previous kings, as the spring revives the plants destroyed by the winter. His prowess and his wise policy vied with each other in overcoming his enemies who were hard to subdue; and sometimes his prowess and sometimes his policy prevailed. Beauty dwelt in his person, and the goddess of learning on his lips, Fortune rested in his breast, and Patience in his mind; and when Fame saw this, she spread his reputation afar. The king's virtuous mode of government in the Kaliyuga became glorious like the very middle of the Satyayuga. The younger brother of the king of Kashmīra named ShrīMahat Madakhāna became his partner in royalty, his councellor in matters of policy and a judge in the investigation of the Shāstras. What more need he said of ShrīMahat Madakhāna than that through the king's influence he became like the king, save only that he had not the royal umbrella and chāmara. What the spring is to Cupid, what the master's favourite is to other servants, that was the king of the Khuḥkhuras to the monarch,—the most beloved of all who served him.

As the fruit of his obtaining the kingdom, the king thought it proper to abolish evil practices from the

country ruined by the mlechchhas; whereupon his favourite officers awarded to the oppressors the punishment that was due to them fearlessly, openly, and without asking for the king's orders. The king sowed the seeds of fame on all sides, planted prosperity in good men and happiness in the people, and then uprooted his enemies. In this way he reversed the usual agricultural process [of uprooting wild plants first, and sowing and planting afterwards.] The sun is always powerful, and the moon is always mild, and as if to surpass them at once, the king combined both these qualifications in himself. How shall I describe all his innumerable virtues in this condensed narrative? Can the king of the elephants find room in the hole of the jackal? I therefore paint his virtues in this book, as the Himālaya or the three worlds are painted in a picture, or as the sun is reflected in a mirror. As the cold and the heat are of equal power in the early part of summer, or as the days and nights are equal when the sun is in the equinox, so the king looked with equal eyes on his own as on others. As the traders do not allow any inequality in their scales, so the king did not brook inequality [in his administration.] As the lion does not attack other animals in the peaceful hermitage of saints, so the Turuṣhkas, who were much alarmed, did not now oppress the Brāhmaṇas as they had done before. Brilliant as the sun, the king bestowed his favours on men of merit [Brāhmaṇas] whose very existence had been endangered

by the moon-like Sūha, the very source of evil. Possessed of merit and appreciating merit in others, the king encouraged learning; and the stream of learning which had run downward, like a canal which breaks through a gap, now began to flow smoothly once more. He was the destroyer of evils, and he preserved by various means the good usages of Kashmīra, even as a physician helps our digestive functions by medicines. As if to purify the earth polluted by the touch of Sūhabhaṭṭa, the king kindled the fire of his prowess which lighted up the great firmament. He pursued his policy in five different ways, and his enemies, as if to defeat his purpose, dissolved themselves into the five elements, (died.) To praise him for having conquered his external foes, would be to reproach a monarch who had conquered the ever present internal foes (the passions).

Though great in his strength, the king of the world undertook expeditions only when there was an enemy to overcome. The sun marches through the sky only to overcome the moon and stars. Powerful as he was, he did not wish to conquer others for the thirst of wealth: the lion does not kill elephants for the sake of meat. His enemies in the hilly regions were subjected, as if for their purification, to five fires, *viz.*:—the sun, the forest fire, the king's prowess, the fire of grief, and the fire of fatigue. Although a dweller of this earth the king never went astray, even as the moon when full never rises but when the night begins. The politic

king levied taxes from his poor subjects that they might not perish through their pride. The Fame of his enemies along with their Royal Fortune, sacrificed herself in the fire of the king's prowess at the extinction of their own.

Once on a time, Jasratha, oppressed by the king of Ḍhillī took shelter under the king, and he protected him as the mountain protects darkness in its caves from the sun.

During the time when this restrainer of the wicked ruled the country, there lived a Brāhmaṇa at Jayāpiḍapura. He had a cow which was the very embodyment of the hope of the gods. The cow once broke away from him and fled, either in quest of corn in villages, or by the will of fate. The Brāhmaṇa went to Maḍavarājya, to bathe in a shrine, and there recognised his cow, the marks of which animal he knew. He knew that the cow was his, and he followed the animal in the evening and quarrelled with the master of the house to which it went. The master of the house was urged by cupidity, and the Brāhmaṇa was certain that the animal was his, so their quarrel did not cease, and they took their dispute before the king's court. There they were unable to meet each other's arguments, and the king threw some water-nuts before the cow inorder to test their claims. The cow had been accustomed to eat the nuts in its younger days, it smelled them and ate them with alacrity like fruits; but its calves did not eat them for a long time. The

people who had not been able to determine the case, praised the skill of the king, and the king caused the pretender to be punished by the twice born, even as one deserving of punishment is punished.

Though the king was kind hearted, yet for the sake of his people he would not forgive even his son, or a minister, or a friend if he were guilty. Mereshāya the Yavana was once drunk and killed his wife without any fault, and though he was the king's favourite, yet the king caused him to be executed. He who was like Indra on earth humiliated his enemies and honored those who were saintly and wise. He was graced with power, kindness, and wisdom in a greater degree than any other king that had reigned before. Cupid causes *apachitā* (suffering) to parted lovers, but the king who was graceful as Cupid paid *apachitā* (honors) to the wise. Beauty and fierceness were blended in the king. Where except in the sea can be seen both poison and nectar, both water and fire together? Judges used to take money from the plaintiffs and the defendants since a long time, but the practice was disallowed by the good and virtuous king.

There was a Brāhmaṇa named Laularāja who for some reason sold a plot of level land out of ten pieces which he possessed, and the sale was effected in writing. Laularāja died in the year of sale, after telling his young son Nonarāja and others of the transaction. Nonarāja and the others were weak, and consequently the powerful purchasers took possession of the other nine plots though

they were not sold. They were powerful and for a long time kept possession of the ten plots, but inorder to secure them legally they forged entries in the document. Before the time of this king who was a careful judge, they had caused the words 'ten pieces of level land have been sold' to be written by Nonarāja's son. I was in the court, and was grieved that the land was thus forcibly taken possession of. Then by the king's orders the litigants brought the document, and the judicious king read it and threw it in water. [Half of a couplet appears to be wanting here.] The newly written letters were effaced and the old ones remained showing that one piece of level land had been sold. The king then caused it to be read by his courtiers. Thus the king's fame spread on all sides. I obtained some land,* the forgerer received severe punishment, the subjects were happy, and the wicked remained in fear.

The moon, when full, is sometimes afraid of Rāhu ; the cloud which gives rain sometimes strikes us with terror and hurls thunderbolts on trees ; and even so the Creator, who creates good men for the delight of the world, sometimes causes apprehension by sending diseases. At one time a poisonous boil gave much pain to the king in his forearm, and to his subjects in their hearts. As flowers are not obtainable in the month of Māgha on account of the mischief

* The wanting portion would perhaps have showed the share the author had in deciding the case for which he obtained land.

caused by snow, even so physicians who knew about poisons could not, at that time, be found in the country, owing to the oppression of the mlechchhas. The servants of the king at last found out Shivabhaṭṭa who knew the antidotes of poisons, and who performed religious sacrifices; even as travellers discover a well in a desert. He was well versed in the art of healing, but out of fear of the mlechchhas he, for a long time, delayed to come. When he arrived, the king gave him encouragement, and he completely cured the king of the poisonous boil, even as an elephant uproots a poisonous tree. When that boil was healed, the fame of the physician increased with the comfort of the king, and the gladness of the people. The king was pleased and gave him much wealth, but Shivabhaṭṭa did not look at wealth, even as a man who has conquered his passions does not look at beautiful women. [Here a part of a line is wanting, the probable meaning is that] He spent the gold and silver in payment of fines by which the twice-born preserved the purity of their caste.

The king caused rest-houses for travellers to be built at the out skirts of villages, and they were supported by the villages; and he caused shelters to be built within forests. The buildings which were raised for the deceased females of the twice-born stood at every place, as if in them the females of that caste laughed at Sūhabhaṭṭa. Thus the king, with unabated kindness, saved the world oppressed by the mlechchhas, even

as Nārāyaṇa saved the world oppressed by the Dānavās. The king humbled those who were high and raised up the lowly, and he thus levelled the world inorder to sow the seed of his fame. The king had vowed not to touch the wives of others, but he broke the vow when he embraced the goddess of Fortune who had belonged to others before.

Then the king, who had gone through all the circumstances of life, and who knew all things, placed Tilakāchāryya the Buddhist, in the highest position. Shivabhaṭṭa, Tilaka, and Siṃha the astrologer, became the steps by which Brāhmaṇas rose to appointments. As the kokila increases his passion by tasting the juice of fruits, even so the king developed his finer sentiments by serving the principal Brāhmaṇas. Shrīmāna Karpurabhaṭṭa, the preserver of lives, (physician) drew men of worth into the celebrated court of the king by his merit. Rupyabhaṭṭa could, without the labour of calculation, but by merely observing the course of the planets in the past year, know their position in the year to come. At times ShrīRāmānanda's explanation of steam in the country of Darada. * * * *

The kings of Gāndhāra, Sindhu, Madra, and Adri, of this king * * * * At this time the king of Khuḥkhura defeated and captured Māladeva the king of Madra, but the king caused him to be released.* The

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**** Asterisks signify that a part is wanting in the original text.

king, the king of Rājapurī * * * * soon opposed the march of Raṇasūha and caused him to roll on the ground. The king of Udabhāṇḍapura, though supported by the king of Sindhu, was repeatedly overthrown by the king, like a pebble, and was then cast down. Once upon a time the king dyed his arrows in the hot blood of the people in the Gogga country in the land of the Bhauṭṭas ; and he pleased his own people by his virtues. Having won the battle in the country of Shayā, the king saved the golden image of Buddha from the Yavanas by issuing severe orders. * * * * The power of the king was like a test stone for the power of the Bhauṭṭas. The king destroyed the beauty of the city of Lūta. The hearts of the Bhauṭṭas which were empty, were filled with the fear of the king, but their treasury where wealth had been accumulated since a long time remained empty. The kind hearted king, though engaged in endless wars, made due enquiries after his subjects, even as a cultivator does after the shālī crop. His bow was unable to brook equality with the bow of Nārāyaṇa or of Mahādeva, but it was not much used, as his work was accomplished from a distance.

Nosrata, son of Laddarāja had been favoured by the king but was now sent into exile, though his wealth was not confiscated, as the king considered him to be a rebel. A Yavana named Sadaula came from the country of Makka (Mecca) and arrived before the king bringing with him many books. The king loved men of

merit and he appeared before him, but the man was boasting of his own qualifications. * * * The judicious sovereign soon perceived that the man was as void of qualifications as a drum is empty within. But that sea of mercy, that lord of the life of the world, did not withdraw his favour from the mlechchha beggar, although void of merit, even as the father does not withdraw his affection from his son. Like the darkness of the night, and like nocturnal lightning, the many vices of this wicked man frightened the people. At this time, a great hermit who had conquered his passions seated himself on a high pillar inorder to obtain emancipation by the practice of yoga. For nine days he sat on the pillar with closed eyes and without food, and by his blessing the queen gave birth to a son. Thus he sat there at yoga, and on the ninth day, the great festivity on account of the birth of the prince took place. Ṣadaula became jealous at seeing the hermit constantly favoured, and having lost his senses by intoxication from wine, he killed the hermit by arrows with the help of mlechchhas. At the sight of the deed, the warm and sorrowful tears of the people fell on the ground, and their censure fell on the king. When the king heard of the act, he drowned himself, as if for purifying his person, in the sea of fear, shame, anger, and surprise, and in the thought of what he should do. On that day, when his first son was born, the king did not bathe, nor eat, nor speak, nor do anything. On the next day the king

consulted his religious guide and learned men versed in law, and he learnt that Sadaula deserved to be killed. Sadaula was not killed, owing to king's kindness, but the king ordered him to ride on an ass with his face towards the tail, and to be led about every market place, his beard drenched with human urine, his head shaved, every one spitting on him, and his hands tied with the entrails of the dead man. The punishment was like death to him though he was alive ; and pure flowers from heaven which perfumed all sides fell on the king as well as the blessings of the citizens, for this act of justice.

Like Dasharatha, the king had four sons given unto him, and they were the delight of the people, and were born of the two daughters of the king of Madra. The eldest was named Ādāmakhāna, the second, Hejyākhāna, the younger ones were named Jassarathakhāna, and Baherāmakhāna.

The Mandara hill churned the sea of cream, and recovered the nectar and the precious stones, which were lying useless before, and brought them to use by bestowing them on proper persons. That Mandara hill, worthy of praise, is the king of the mountains. Even like him the king obtained wonderful fame by joining a waterfall to a stream, and the rivers which had been dry became filled with water. The king caused the canal which ran along the field to be extended to the lands at Utpalapura, and he thus made both the canal and the lands useful. He caused a canal to be carried down to the desert of

Nandashaila, and thus made the people think of the Chakradhara in the midst of the sea. This beneficent king held high his unsullied fame and made the country of Karāla a theme of praise by means of a canal. In Karāla, the king built Jainapurī where the Brāhmaṇas had their rent free villages, and where women had necklaces. The king, whose history is pleasant, caused a canal to be constructed in the lands of Avantipura, and the canal was rich in shāli crop. When the water of the Ganges was made to unite by a mountain channel with the Mānaṣa lake, was the water of the Ganges purified by that of the Mānasa, or the Mānasa lake purified by the water of the Ganges? The king embellished the Mānasa lake by building a town on its side, and its image was reflected on the lake and looked as if it were another town. This prosperous king connected Suyyapura with the bank of the Vitastā, and thus removed the great trouble which the land had experienced from heat. He built Jainanagarī, rich with maṭhas, provided with rent free lands for Brāhmaṇas, and with market places, extending from Pradyumna hill to Amareshapura. That town with its high stone built houses of the Nāgas, was reflected on the Jainagaṅgā, as if it rose from the water to conquer the heaven. The pious king of unsullied fame, forgot the joys of worshipping the feet of Hari in the favour of the god Raṇasvāmī and Jainagaṅgā. On the other side of Suyyapura, he built a town named Snānagiri, and adorned with houses, it became equal to Kailāsa hill,

The king whose fame had extended on all sides and was widely known, and who had subdued his enemies, built a royal city named Siddhipurī at Siddhakṣheira, in Sureshvarī; and above the palace he built the two temples of Mārttaṇḍa and Amaranātha which illumined the distant sky. In former times Suyyarāja had sought to increase the prosperity of the country. Since then several kings had passed away, but owing to the poverty of the people's virtue, there was not the least increase; nor did plenty put forth twigs, or flowers, or fruits by the strength of religious penance. But owing to the purity of the religious penance of Shrī Jainollābhadīna, prosperity was sood attained; or how else could the prosperity be accounted for? When the virtues of the previous kings had worn off, they fell, but this king [so multiplied his acts of merit] by obtaining this kingdom, as to secure another in the next life. The land was previously dependent on the rain [for its crops], but the king made it dependent on the river; and he granted rent free lands to Brāhmaṇas. At Barāhakṣhetra, Vijaya [kṣhetra] and Īshānaka the great king opened houses of charity, and thereby caused even Indra to tremble. In places, where lands were sold, the king opened offices inorder to note the sale on Bhūrja bark, so that the sale might not be subsequently denied.

King Jayāpīḍa had, by the favour of the Nāgas, discovered a hill of copper, and the hill yielded him that metal as a tribute. During this reign, the earth gave

out from its mines, jewels such as are difficult to be found, and such as humble the pride of the ruby. These jewels are known by the name of Jainamaṇi. During this reign the people collected from the sandy banks of rivers, gold which humbled the pride of talc and which resembled termeric in color. Pressed by the people, the king caused an order to be inscribed on a copper plate, to the effect that future kings should take only a sixth part of the gold obtained from rivers. The Ḍāmara Kācha, superintendent of the capital, built in the city a stone bridge one krosha in length, on the road which was difficult to traverse. Thus the virtuous king not only raised himself from mire, but delivered all men within the city from mud by the construction of the bridge. Shivabhaṭṭa built large maṭhas in various localities, and the other ministers of the king also built many religious houses.

As two powerful elephants, elated with pride, are ever ready to agitate the water in a tank, and in their madness fight with their trunks, and perish within a short time; even so Sayedha and Shūra, born of the same family, sons of the king's nurse, were unable to brook each other's prosperity; and endeavoured to do harm to each other. The king, however, assuaged their anger, and they felt affection and kindness towards each other; but they killed a man, [as described below], and prepared themselves for a commotion. Masoda Ṭhakkura, was pierced, in presence of the king, by the taunts of

Shūra, which were sharp as arrows, and casting away his weapons went unarmed at night, attended by a limited number of followers; Shūra finding him in a defenceless condition killed him. His brother, Vinna Ṭhakkura, celebrated for his valour, demanded permission from the kind hearted king to kill Shūra. The Ṭhakkura then killed Shūra with his followers, and thus increased his fame and relieved his mind.

The king honored the saints to such an extent, that even the king of Madra and others attended on them like dogs. The king took his instructions about religious penances and about the pleasures of life from both superior and inferior hermits, and gave them ear-pendants, vessels of gold, and clothes. Indṛa, the conqueror of the three worlds, is not satisfied with the fame he acquired by cutting off the wings of mountains, by obscuring the sun in clouds, and by performing a hundred religious sacrifices, but he also displays in unsubstantial clouds, composed of smoke, air, and water, the lustre of his person in varied tints,—yellow, white, black, red, and green. Likewise, the king, who appreciated courage, desired, for the sake of obtaining fame, to perform what was beyond the power of the past sovereigns, and what will be beyond the ability of future kings. Time is endless, and great is the expanse of the world, so that some future kings in some distant country may believe it possible for them to perform such worthy and enterprising acts, and accomplish deeds which may almost rival his. The

king was not pleased to hear of the deeds of enterprise achieved by past kings in inaccessible mountains or lakes. And as the poet arranges words according to the sound, so did the king act according to the advice of merchants in pursuit of wealth. The king was anxious to make oblations to the fire, and leaving all other thoughts aside, he heard Nīlapurāṇa and other sāstras read by the paṇḍitas.

For a long time the king had conceived that this world was to the universe what the face is to the body; and that Kashmīra was the principal portion of this world as the eyes are of the face, and that the line of mountains around were like eyelashes. Inside, like the eyeball, was located the Mahāpadma lake where large lotuses grew, and like the * * * * If the lake could be filled up and gradually built upon by any means, the kingdom * * * * This prince of lakes, whose fathomless waters extended over twenty eight kroshas, like the great purposes of great men * * * * In order to accomplish his purpose the king went by a boat to the middle of the lake, even as a yogi attains the Supreme Soul by means of his own. * * * * Previous kings did not go to the great Mahāpadma lake constantly agitated by waves, through fear that the boat might be demolished. It was either by the power of penance, or by his patience, or on account of the greatness of his aim, that the king moved in the waters of the lake as easily as he would on land. What the mind can conceive can be

worked out after a time; but what the ordinary mind cannot conceive is possible to genius alone. The good king could not at first settle what to do, but he at last devised means to convert the lake into land. He thought of filling up that lake, by conveying stones in carts and throwing them into it one above another, even as a sea is filled up by peaks of mountains. The waggons, if built of pine planks with iron clasps, would not, he thought, break or wear off.

The eager king then returned and sought the help of old men, and they came to him. As the Sudarshana chakra encircles Dvārikā, even so was the peaceful capital of this king encircled by these men. The presiding god of his city * * * * the Mahapadma lake. * * * * He protected the people of the four castes as if they were his sons * * * * It was owing to the influence of the Kaliyuga that the people of the country followed evil practices day by day and yet prospered. * * * * Then as the fruit of their evil practices, and owing to adverse fortune, the lord of the Nāgas became angry, even as a good man does on receiving an offence. In a dream he said to a potter who had not left off his good usages, that he would drown the citizens who had adopted evil practices. When the potter told the people in the morning that the Nāga would drown them for their evil practices he was laughed at by all the citizens, as if he was an irrational beast. Then the Nāga agitated the lake by his hundred hoods, and the roar of the water

seemed like that of an enemy who had surrounded the city. Then the Brāhmaṇas chanted their incantations and bowed to the Nāgas, and boys began to cry; but like the king of death the king of the Nāgas neither felt fear nor pity. The boys clasped the necks of their mothers in fear, and the mothers shed tears, as if they worshipped the lord of the Nāgas with pearls. [As the water rose], the children got up from the feet of their mothers to their lap, then to their shoulders, and then to their head, and finally departed from them even as life departs from the body; and the agitated water of the inundation clasped the trembling limbs of the women like a lover. It covered every thing, small and large, thin and thick, little and great, and spread itself over all like darkness. The lord of the Nāgas, unable to brook the touch of the wicked who were drowned in that fathomless water, stayed like a good man in the woods. Kāliya was the name of the lord of the Nāgas, and his head when pressed by the feet of Nārāyaṇa received the impression of the feet, and hence he obtained the name of Mahāpadma. The king heard some one telling him in a dream that he was an incarnation of Nārāyaṇa and that his purpose to reconstruct Kashmīra which lay in ruin would be fulfilled. For a short time he revolved in his mind as to how he could accomplish the work. The Nāga did not refrain from punishing the city for the evil practices of the people; why should a great being like him put up with a wrong

when even an inferior being does not. Thus informed by the lord of the Nāgas [in a dream] the king thought to himself that he would raise the land like an umbrella, and make it beautiful as a jewelled cup. * * * *

In that great land which would be raised in the midst of the billowy lake, in that holy and lonely spot, the hermits would attain emancipation. With stones carried in strong waggons the king filled up the centre of the billowy lake which was fathomless before. When the middle of the lake became land the king built on it * * * * Jainalaṅkā * * * * It was on one extremity of this very lake that king Jayāpīḍa had raised land by the help of the king of the Rākṣhasas. If in the dewy season the lotus plants, the water nuts, and the kavuka plants be uprooted, the foundation of Shrī Jayāpīḍakoṭa can be seen in the bottomless gulf. On the margin of the billowy lake were Suyyakuṇḍalaka and many other villages with traces of large houses. The king now built the rich town of Jainalaṅkā in a deep part of the lake where even hills would be drowned, and he appointed a superintendent of the town * * * * Rūpyabhāṇḍa, a man of beaming intelligence, decorated the palace gates * * * * At Kramarājya, he built Suratrāṇapura graced with houses that humbled the pride of the peaks of the Himālaya. The king, who had subdued his enemies, built Jainakoṭṭa with houses all around and adorned with silk banners above the buildings. It was through the king's orders and by the intelligence of

Rūpyabhāṇḍa that delapidated buildings were repaired and new ones constructed. On the margin of the Mahāpadma lake the king, whose epithet was Jaina, built two towns named Jainakuṇḍala and Jainapattana; and there were planted the creeping fennel which bore tender leaves and beautiful roots, and by which the towns were adorned. O! how mild were even the punishments which he inflicted tempered as they were with mercy; for without killing the Ḍomba thieves, or fastening their hands in chains, and subjecting them to constant beating * * * * The king forbade the killing of birds and fish in several tanks, and spread his fame on all sides.

Once on a time the king came to know that thieves had stolen a cow, and the owner lamented its loss. The king after questioning the man caused the thieves to be brought in; but the truthful Brāhmaṇa could not state the age of the animal or describe the marks on it, and he thus caused regret to the court. He only stated that the cow had bent horns. The thief addressed the king and said that as it was natural for the human body to have moles, so it was natural for a cow's horns to be bent. The king asked [the verdict of the court], but the court remained silent. The king then, with a view to examine [the animal], applied some contrivance on the horns by which he exposed the artifice of the thief and refuted his plea about the crookedness of the horns. The ministers who composed the court of justice were elated with joy by this fine judgment of the king. The

chief judge Gauraka the Gaṇanāpati pleased the people by his forgiveness, his good sense, and the dispensation of equitable punishments, and imposed upon himself the king's duty of ruling the subjects. Some men had bribed Malvāna Mallānāsāka and had received favours from him; but after a lapse of time they became ungrateful and disclosed in court the amount of gold they had paid as bribe. Upon this the king became angry, and caused Malvāna Mallānāsāka to restore the amount to them.

Daryyāvakhāna had first seated himself at the feet of the king, then went hand in hand with him, then placed himself before his eyes, and finally reached his head. The grateful king had purchased this man [as slave], and bore him even as Mahādeva bears on his forehead the crescent of the moon which sheds soft light. The sun does not dispel the darkness which settles on the world under the cover of the cloud like night; but it is dispelled by the moon which reflects the sun. Wearied with the weight of the kingdom and ever exposed to danger from the sword, the king felt a relief at the sight of the riches which he had himself bestowed on the learned Mahmadakhāna. Mahmadakhāna now died. Where do we see length of life in those who are agreeable to others? This truthful and prosperous Ṭhakkura, who every year ministered through the Pratihāra and others to the wants of those who came to beg, now went to heaven. He was openly murdered by one of his own family whom the king had exiled from his own country and who

came on the pretence of delivering a message. Enfeebled by journeys to places of pilgrimage, Vinna returned to the town of Sou [dha ?] where the king's tolls were collected on articles brought from the Sindhu country, and there he died. At this time, the great Shrī Shivabhaṭṭa who superintended the king's courts of justice, also went to heaven [died]. Though these men died, the king's acts of virtue did not decrease. The elephants who prop the four sides are but as pageants to the serpent who really supports the world. In one day, the king distributed one koti of Dīnnāras to the boys through Jayyabhaṭṭa.

A collection of wonderful things was made in the kingdom during the reign of this king, otherwise how could he be the incarnation of Nārāyaṇa? He planted the country round Mārttaṇḍa with sugarcane, compared to the juice of which, the nectar that flows from the moon is poor as a beggar. On account of the greatness of his yoga, Shrī Jainallābhadīna escaped wrinkles and white hair incident to old age, and displayed the faculties of a god. He made * * * * the river which flows into Bhārosa, and which injured his power and wealth.

Here ends the Second Rājataraṅgiṇī by Jonarāja.

THIRD SERIES.

BOOK I.

I bow to Shiva who is the sole lord of the three worlds, and who has attained eternal godhood and freedom from endless pain. May Shiva, one half of whom is female, give us faith in the unity of godhood. Witnessing one half of Shiva's person united with one half of Pārvvatī's, the moon also cut off one half of his body and united himself with night, sable as the locks of Pārvvatī.

The court-poets of celebrity who make their composition elegant by the proper arrangement of words, and who distinguish milk from water, [*i. e.* good from bad], are entitled to respect. In this world, which is without a master, and covered by the darkness of uncertainty, what is it that can make the things of the past known except the works of poets which are like lamps? Kings were perishing in this world, but the poet Jonarāja enabled them to live in their fame to the end of time. Fate however removed the poet Jonarāja from the world, as if in anger. The learned Jonarāja became merged in Shiva [*i.e.* died] in the year 35, while writing the Rājataraṅgiṇī, I am pupil of this Jonarāja, my name is ShrīvaraPaṇḍita, and I have undertaken to finish the remainder of the

book of kings. What a difference between the production of my master and that of mine, I who am possessed of little sense! How can chalk do the work of camphor merely because it resembles it in color? The good hear me read, for the sake of the annals of kings, and not for the merits of my work, and they understand my composition by their intelligence. Let other poets compose works of beauty, my work has been undertaken to commemorate the accounts of kings. I have received various benefits, gift of wealth and of village, and the privilege of performing the Homa sacrifice; and I have been brought up by the king like his son. I will narrate his history therefore, partly to free myself from my endless obligations to him, and partly because I am attracted by his merits. How much of his merits can be described by one tongue? My words could have described them, if I had as many tongues as there are hairs on the body. Truly my words are not able to enumerate the merits of the king which are like the stars in the clear and boundless sky. Yet as the three worlds are represented within the limits of a picture, even so shall I delineate the merits of Shrī Jainollābhadīna. I will describe according to my understanding what has not been described by my guru. One can free himself from obligations for houses, gifts, and honours received, by describing the reign of this king and of his son. The Jainataraṅgiṇī will recall to mind the prosperity and the adversity of men who are now dead, but whom many have seen; and

in whose mind will it not raise a feeling of indifference to worldly desires?

Shrī Jainollābhadīna having destroyed his enemies in distant lands returned to his paternal kingdom, and obtained it even as Rāma had done. The treasuries were drained, but he collected what remained, inorder to carry out his designs, even as a poet collects from the vocabulary his words and meanings, suited for his work. The reign of this king, after that of Ālishāha, who was ignorant of the art of ruling, was like the cooling sandal paste after the heat of summer in a desert had departed. The punishments which his enemies received from his hand were like those received from Yama after death, each getting it according to his merit. Though the king possessed great merits and executed good works, yet, strangely enough, he was always possessed of riches of various kinds. The goddess of Fortune certainly lived on his face, graced with his bright eyes, and dwelt in his house, bright with silk, rich with virtue, and adorned with women of lotus-like beauty; – while his fame, like the notes of music, spread over Baṅgāla, Mālava, Ābherī, Gauḍa and Karṇāṭa. Radiant as the sun but soft as the moon, learned as Budha, and wise as Vṛihaspati, the king obtained the names of the planets, and all the planets were in his favour. The king was like the jewel that fulfils every desire, and his merits attained great lustre, even as the Kumuda flowers do at night on seeing the moon. The six schools of philosophy which gladden

the learned, delighted his heart, as the six seasons, which gladden men by flowers, adorn the garden of Indra. The three great faculties [majesty, perseverance, and wisdom] found in the king the three amiable attributes [virtue, wealth, and desire], and like lovers they lived in harmony in the king. Like Pārtha, the king satisfied every day those who came for alms, and his fame spread on all sides, as if to invite the poor. Artists considered him as Vishvakarmmā descended on earth, yogis considered him as Gorakṣha, and chemists looked on him as Nāgārjuna. The king favoured those who showed their skill in arts or in letters, and they were thus encouraged to persevere in their callings. He spent his life in listening to poems and songs, in dance and in the music of the harp, and in shows, and was not anxious for work. He directed those who knew the shāstras to persevere in their duties, for they work justly who know the shāstras. Driven by the irresistible force of his arrows, his enemies always lived like insects in woods and remote places. His spies made daily enquiries about his enemies' affairs as well as about his own, and the king knew all about his subjects except their dreams. No one could exact even five gaṇḍās of cowries from a pious householder engaged in prayer. The king caused the feet of the chaṇḍāla thieves, who ought to have lived by agriculture, to be chained, and he compelled them to work on land. Knowing that low caste men take themselves o thieving when in want of means of livelihood, the king

gave them provisions. He knew Chakra and others of Kramarājya to be wicked men, and he therefore confiscated their land, made provision for their livelihood, and kept them in the Maḍava country. The annoyance from thieves being thus repressed by the prudence of the king, travellers slept at ease in the woods as in a house. The king lived in a simple way and in doing good works; his actions were free, all his state officials were prosperous, and he gave himself up to enjoyments in various towns. Who does not praise the eternal sun who rises on the eastern mountain and drives away the mischievous darkness, the lover of the lotus, who sheds his beams on it and is adored by it, and who withers the kumuda flowers, and displays his power to men?

The Ṭhakkuras, sons of the king's nurse, were elated with pride, made ill use of their wealth and fortune, and like unchecked elephants, became the destroyers of the king's joys. The eldest of them, Meraṭhakkura, though conspicuous on account of his position as judge, and an aged Musula [Musulman], became illustrious by his literary work. It was with difficulty that he reached Kāṣhṭhavāṭā from Vaṭapatha; there he found himself in the midst of snow with which his feet were affected. He stayed for sometime before the shrine of god Māṇikya on the shores of the lake, and having obtained a few attendants, he arrived at Chika country after a long time. He reached there, worried by hundreds of difficulties, and his feet were washed by a saida as by a servant, and in-

order to allay the pain of the sore, physicians bandaged one of his feet with thongs for life. In this place he lived five years with difficulty, and made various attempts to reach his own country and to take possession of his wealth. [Here it is said that a portion of the MS from which the text has been printed is destroyed by time.]

The king, after he had conquered Sindhu, Hinduvāṭ, and other countries outside his dominion, went with his army to conquer the Bhuṭṭa country. As soon as the army had entered a forest, they saw with wonder, a black skeleton of a man by the light of a lamp placed on a wall. The wise men who had appreciated the king's worth used to assert, that, by performing penances extending over a long period the king had attained emancipation, and had cast off his [former] body, as a serpent casts off his skin. Their words were now proved; or how could the king know of hidden things if he had not been a saint?

Chapter I.

The description of the kingdom.

The king begat three sons, the eldest Ādamakhāna, the second Hājyakhāna, and the youngest Vahrāmakhāna. The eldest was handsome, and he pleased his father by the natural grace of his person and by his appearance, even as the moon pleases the sea. Hājyakhāna dis-

played his greatness in his daily boyish pastimes, even as the camphor indicates its nature by its sweet scent. The two boys were beloved of their parents, and the happy king left them in charge of two Ṭhakkuras, the sons of his nurse, inorder to be brought up. The two Ṭhakkuras, sons of the nurse, knew how to serve their own interests and to damage their opponents ; and they became to each other like the two disputants in logic. They cut the stem of the tree of brotherly affection, and, owing to their mutual envy, became envious of the princes; and the three worthy sons of the king grew up in mutual enmity caused by the Ṭhakkuras. The country was like a body of which the king was the soul, when the king felt happy all others felt happy, and when he felt miserable all others felt miserable. It was owing to the wicked policy of the ministers that the princes felt angry with each other, and the elder and the younger did not perform their mutual duties.

Once on a time the king heard of the enmity which his sons bore against one another, and he ordered Ādamakhāna to prepare himself for departure without delay to a foreign country. "O! bad son" he said "if you do not act according to my reasonable command, difficulties will arise which will destroy your dignity, life, and wealth." When he had heard these words of his father, the prince said to his servants that he would go to Parṇotsa where they would always live in happiness. They replied that his brother was of magnanimous mind,

and liberal, and could bestow wealth on his servants; and they asked him if he could do so. "We would rather die in his service and before his eyes," they said, "than serve you who are so weak and devoid of powers." As an arbitrator stands between the two who are engaged in making a partition, so Fate stood between the elder and the younger brother inorder to equalize their happiness and misery by reversing the scales. The king was afraid that the life of Ādamakhāna was in danger, and he sent him out of the country within a few days on the pretence of sending him to Bhuṭṭa.

Mechanics showed to the king different kinds of thunder-weapons [cannon] which make men tremble with the deep sound they make. The king brought out these weapons made of different metals, new, and hard; and at his command I composed the following lines in praise of the weapons :—" In the year 41, in the Saka year 1586, the king Shrī Jainollābhadīna, renowned like the lord of heaven [Indra], the victorious, the ruler of Kashmīra, constructed this weapon which is well known to the world and is spoken of in the mausula language. It destroys forts, pierces the hearts of men, strikes horses with terror, throws arrows [balls] of stone from a distance, and remains unseen by the soldiers from encampments, strong, well regulated, of deep sound, and of great value; —such was the engine constructed by the mechanics. The engine will be useful to the king like a new town. May it be useful by the large quantity of the different metals

of which it is composed, and by its frame, by its sound, and by its power of expansion." The engines, vying with the thunder in their roar and their fire, were inscribed with these lines, and they looked graceful.

In a short time Ādamakhāna returned after the conquest of Bhuṭṭa and Hājyakhāna went to the mountains of Lohara under the orders of the king. The king knew that two swords do not find room in the same scabbard, and so he caused one of his two sons to go out and the other to come into the country. Ādamakhāna bathed and drank and played and engaged himself in amusements every day before his father. The swan that lives at ease in the Satī lake does not leave it in the rainy season till he is struck dead by the fowler.

In the year 28 Hājyakhāna wished to return Kashmīra, when Rāvatralavala thus spoke to him:—"O! master! the friends of your elder brother are enjoying the delights of Kashmīra, we alone have left our home and are pining in a foreign land. The powerful Rājānaka the Pratīhāra, Kulaja the Mārgapati, and others who are proud of their prowess are awaiting us in Kashmīra. Even if you be disobedient to your father, will the merciful king kill us all in his anger? Should Ādamakhāna come out with his forces to fight, he will have to fly before you, even like young birds before a hawk. The people of Rājapurī wish us good, let us therefore go by the way of Rājapurī. What can we not win through courage? Now that Agira the Pratīhāra is dead there

lives no hero in the country; you should therefore proceed and snatch the throne of your father. We warriors, your subordinates and followers, will fight with your father's men; and you should see what heroism is." "Be it so" said the Khāna, and he asked the opinion of two ministers, SaphiryyaḌāmara and Tajatantresha, and they thus replied:—"O! master! your servants are anxious for their homes, and are speaking without due consideration of circumstances, and their advice will lead to mischief. How can we get into the country so long the powerful king is alive? Who can with a cocoanut shell cover the radiant sun in the sky? No one will be able to oppose the king so long he lives, hence for the present, you should do what is pleasing to him. What prosperity may we not attain if your father be favourably inclined towards you? The virtuous have reverence for their king and senior; and even when angry, he is more propitious to you than others even when they are favourably inclined. The light which emanates from the sun even on a cloudy day, is more than what emanates from a burning lamp. The king always renders justice, and the purity of his mirror-like heart is not destroyed by the foul breath of the wicked. He is attached to the doctrine of nirvvāna, and is equally versed in all the shāstras; he is kind and does not inflict any pain. Though he had risen against his father's party, he did not discard his affection for his father, and his father's last moments were hallowed like those of king Jaina. His officers are wise, friendly,

humane, and worthy of him, and it is on account of this happy circumstance that his sons are prospering. He is your father and you his son, and we all are your servants. If you go and fight against him how can we gain a victory? The king has many servants, and if some of them perish, his loss will be little, if the Gaḍura bird loses a plume, is his speed impeded? There is no auspicious omen in our favour; the country of Kashmīra is mountainous and difficult of access; and the king is your father; for these reasons we should avoid a war now. Let the king rule over the interior of the country, and let us rule over the outer country; what blessings have you not got here by his favour except the royal umbrella? If they come to fight us here, they will not be able to conquer us, and if we go into the interior we shall never be able to overcome them" The Khāna however, instigated by the wicked, and in his own pride, set out by the Sūrapura road, in spite of this advice, and keeping Rājapurī before him, came to Kashmīra. The king in the meantime had heard of the sudden arrival of his son, and had taken his army with him, and he soon issued out of the capital. While marching with the army, the king felt certain that he would die, and caused this verse to be read:—"The thought of war and peace always creates alarm; and when such alarm is caused by ones own son, his happiness is at an end." As the king marched, he heard blessings of men in villages, and people said that the son was under the coutrol of the

ignorant and had caused pain to his father, not to speak of the sin committed in rising against his father. While the king was yet reigning, his son, forgetting the affection due to his father, had come to bring affliction to the country : that the prince might with his army speedily fall like an insect in the fire of the king's valor, and the virtuous king might reign without opposition, and his enemies, defeated in battle, turn back. The king heard this and more, and arrived with his army at a place named Suprashamana.

Then when the armies of the father and son met at Pallashilā, the king sent a Brāhmaṇa as messenger to his son. But the messenger was for sometime surrounded by the angry people who were anxious to know his message, and they shouted and asked what the Brāhmaṇa had to say. The messenger thus fearlessly delivered the message of the king, "O prince! O mighty armed! O! Sea of amṛita! Attend to what your father orders which I speak unto you. 'The son is to the family as the fruit is to the tree, he is the benefactor in this as well as in the next world, and always delights the eyes of the parents; by whom can such a son be discarded? All people endeavour to provide for their sons, since in old age an obedient son brings comfort and ease. You, who are born my son, are my stay n this world and in the next; but now all my hopes of ease have fled, and my anxiety has increased. The protection which you are giving to the wicked men

obscures my reign, even as a breath obscures a mirror. The unruly Khashas, ever ready to destroy, will not remain long with you, even as swans do not remain long in tanks. Why have you of your own accord, and without my orders, come into the country? Who can obtain the kingdom by force except when propitious fortune favours him? You were ruling over all the outer countries, wherefore were you not satisfied with them, and wherefore have you come to take away the rest of my kingdom by force? O son! Cease to entertain vain and vicious thoughts; the sin of the destruction of the two armies will rest on thee.' This have I told you in the words of your father; but I tell you truly, that, like a sparrow before a hawk, your warriors will fly away from the king." When the soldiers heard these unpleasant words of the Bráhmana, they cut off his ears, and with the blood they marked the foreheads of their friends. When Hájyakhána saw this he felt ashamed, and came to Abhimanyu the Pratíhára, and asked permission to leave his soldiers and to bow at the feet of his father. "Be the king pleased or angry," said he, "he will deal with me as he likes. I shall always serve the feet of the king, and he surely will protect us. In my judgment, this battle should not be begun. I do not, even in dream, think of mischief to the king; he who bestows on me happiness both in this world and in the next is greater to me than a god. My elder is approaching in the front, and my father is preparing

for battle, I have not come prepared to kill my father." When Tājatantripati and other ministers heard this, they held the bridle of the prince's horse keeping it in front and told him these cruel words :– "When we told you that it was not the time for battle, and advised you to return, you slighted our words. You must now therefore complete the work you have begun. If you two, father and son, be reconciled with each other, the enemy will be pleased with your conduct, but we, who have suffered in the hope of serving you, shall be ruined. Heated oil remains on the pan, but whatever is thrown between them is instantly burnt. You are our master, we your servants, witness our heroism now. If we win, you gain the kingdom, and if we lose, you return as you came. Wait as long as we fight, when we are killed, do whatever be your duty. If deceived by your father, you reject our advice, we will do violence to your person, and then go away hence." The prince felt frightened at these words of reproach, and sank into a sea of anxiety, and was induced to give battle.

In the meantime when the king saw the Brāhmaṇa in that plight, he became angry like Krishṇa, and prepared himself for battle. The king, who could observe the stars, and whose namę was derived from the position of the planet Venus in a lunar mason, placed himself in a position so as to have the sun behind him, and made arrangements for the protection of his men. The sun shone on his sword from behind as if to assure him of

victory, and then descended from the sky. While the king was trying to guess the number of the troops led by his son, those troops appeared before him glittering in the rays of the sun, and illumining the earth with their splendour. And he saw his own troops also, and the armoured and spirited horses moving swiftly in companies. Whom could not the king or his eldest son with the help of his army overthrow, were he Hājyakhāna or any other hero? There at Mallashilā the soldiers met and displayed their various quick manœuvres, even as dancers show off their different steps on a stage. The army of the king was like a cloud, furnished with weapons like lightnings, and it showered forth arrows with deep and prolonged roar. The men who met one another got mixed; they produced sounds like those of brazen gongs, and they bore mutual blows making a loud noise. The drums of Hājyakhāna sounded loudly as if to say—"the soldiers are compelling me to battle, do not press me hard." I [the author] saw the Pratīhāra and others, men of great and of little prowess, but all powerless in this battle, as clouds are powerless to arrest the course of the sun. Then the two Ṭhakkuras, Hassana and Hossana, sons of the nurse and well wishers of the king, came out in their wrath from among the king's forces. The Rajputs Suvarṇa and Sīhanagra were struck with many weapons, and they sacrificed their handsome persons even as Shrī fruits are sacrificed in the smoke of a Yajña. Warriors moved to and fro in the presence of

their master in that field of battle, ambitious of obtaining fame, even as black-bees roam about in a garden in the presence of spring, seeking for flowers. Soldiers whose heads were lopped off lay in the battle field, like morsels of food in a vessel for the hungry Yama. What with the sound of the war trumpet, what with the uproar of men, and what with the lion like shouts of heroes, there was a noise, the like of which was never heard. The king's servants, who had received the king's favours as a debt, now repaid it by casting aside all hopes of their life; and they earned merit and praise by saving the lives of many bewildered people The sharp arrows of the royal troops fell on the party of the Khāna, as if in fear, and seemed to convey to him a friendly hint to save himself. His banner also trembled in the breeze and flew backward, as if seeking shelter behind in fear of the battle. The field of the battle where slaughter took place was like a lotus plant; the severed heads of warriors beaming like lotuses, and the chariots moving like leaves on the water. The king beheld the extraordinary heroism of his son and his army, and when at last the battle was over, he thought that he had obtained a new life. All through the day, while the battle lasted, Hājyakhāna was held by force by his servants, and now he turned back from the combat, surrounded by the guards. When the timid elder brother saw his younger yield, he pursued him and killed the soldiers who were overcome by their fear and felt ashamed at their defeat. What need

be said of the cruelty of the elder brother who in his folly even killed some travellers who were going to a marriage party, in Sūrapura. The king marched in the midst of all his troops to that distant part of the country in the south where the sun shines mildly. They who entrust the duty of ruling the earth to wicked warriors, who depend on their heavy lances, and are fond of horses, who listen to the advice that leads to the mischief of others, and who are not anxious to preserve their religion and caste, like the sons of Kuru, do not win in battle.

On the following day Hājyakhāna collected the remnant of his force, repented of what he had done, and decided to live in the Chitra country. He consoled some of the men who were in distress, supported others who were broken down, nourished those who were hungry, and spent the night on the summit of a hill. The kind hearted king returned from battle after passing orders that none of his men should harass his son. He had thought to himself that by placing the burden of the kingdom on his son he would obtain rest, and with this view he had entrusted the administration of the country to his kindreds, to the lords of the kingdom who had surrounded themselves with horsemen, and to his principal servants whom he had favoured. But they had all sided with his son, and had come to fight with him to usurp his kingdom. He blamed himself for having cast aside prudence in his kindness.

and accused himself as the cause of the mischief. Thus he reflected, and blamed the servants who by the work of Fate had become his enemies, and he returned to his own city in grief. The king caused the heads of the great warriors who had fallen in battle to be brought, and over them he built a beautiful edifice in the town. In this way many warriors lost their lives in battle that year, in the quarrel between the father and the son, owing to the wickedness of the servants. Dissensions among kindred are like a curse, and are as little conducive to the king's happiness as the fall of snow is to the full blown lotuses, or as the dreadful comet, the destroyer of wicked men, is to an ill fated kingdom. O king Shrī Mānasiṃha* ! the letters of your name are as potent as the five arrows of Kandarpa towards women, or like the five vital fires to friends, or like the five sons of Pāṇḍu to the enemies, or like the five celestial trees to the poets and the learned.

Here ends the first chapter named the account of the battle of Mallashilā of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī composed by Paṇḍita Shrīvara.

Chapter II.

Owing to the wickedness of the younger son, the strong and pure stream of the king's affection now flowed

* This name and the concluding lines are inexplicable here, probably inserted by mistake in the text from some other place.

towards the elder. He now won the affection of the king, enjoyed good fortune, and had his councillors, and shone owing to the absence of the heroic prince from whom much was expected. After a long time the king returned to the capital, and made over to Ādamakhāna a few of the adherents of his younger brother who were at Kramarājya. Ādamakhāna appropriated all the wealth of Hājyehaidharakhāna which was in the house, or in villages, or in the temples of gods, even as the sub-marine fire consumes the water. From that time the elder brother remained at ease in Kashmīra, in the presence of the king, as heir-apparent, and spent five years, enjoying the dignity of kings.

Fate augments the happiness of men by increasing the crops, and Fate also brings calamity to them in the shape of famine. The clouds that make the grass grow by rain, also destroy it by the weight of snow. The country was rich in crops, when in the year 36, in the month of Chaitra, the sky suddenly rained dust.* It is well known from the Mahābhārata that the year 36 [of a preceding century] had become terrible to all on account of the destruction of the race of Yadu. The leaves and the flowers hung down, grey with dust, as if sorrowing for the people threatened with famine. The chief of the soothsayers was consulted by the king, and

* The translator witnessed a dust-rain at Jammu, during the winter of 1885-86.

he said, that owing to the dust-rain there would be a famine in such a year. The year 36 of the last century was the harbinger of a severe famine, and men feared that the present year 36 would become like the one that was past. The country was beautified with the shāli rice, when snow fell in the month of Agrahāyaṇa and caused distress. The earth covered her face with snow, as with a white mantle, as if unable to bear the sight of the people's distress. The ripe shāli crop which had gladdened the hearts of men was covered with snow, even as men of learning and merit are covered with sandal paste in an assembly of the wicked and the ignorant. The monster famine soon stamped its mark on the country; there were emaciated men distressed for want of food, oppressed with hunger, and with eyes inflamed. A hungry man, distressed with the thought of what he should eat, entered a house at night, and leaving aside gold and other riches, stole rice from a pot. All day, and even at night, the beggars entered the house where there was rice, one after another, even as arrows enter a body. Some took shells (coin) with them, went to houses where there was grain, and obtained dry cakes with which they sustained their lives; and some died by eating after too long or too short an interval. Feeble, emaciated men in villages longed to obtain rice which was like nectar to them, but lived on edible leaves, roots, and fruits, as if they had taken some religious vow. Some again supported themselves by cook-

ing rice after a long interval, and by edible leaves. The high price of ghee, salt, and oil was reduced on account of the dearness of rice, as the greatness of good men is detracted by the pride of the low. Those citizens who had been garrulous before about many things now began to talk a great deal about rice only. The Bandhujiva flower, which is like the life of a friend, was neglected even like the ākanda, for without rice the people were blind with hunger, and the sight of flower inflicted pain. Formerly one khāra of paddy could be had for 300 dīnnāras, but owing to the famine, the same khāra of paddy could not then be obtained even for 1500. What more need be said? In some parts of the kingdom the poor people were denied even the gruel of rice. Before this the people had thought little of the lucious brihi and the shāli rice, and it was for this, I think, that they now suffered from this calamity.

Being of a kind disposition, the king became anxious for his people, and after he had fed his distressed subjects for a few months, like his children, with his own rice, a plentiful crop grew, as if on account of the greatness of his heart. A truthful king has not to grieve for a long time. It was the sea, I think, [by not supplying the clouds with water.] that troubled the earth with the calamity of the famine, inorder that the king's humanity might be displayed. Thieves delight at the time of anarchy, unchaste women in the hours of darkness, and those who sell grain delight in

the time of famine. As the people were oppressed by hunger, precious things were received in exchange for grain; but after the famine the king caused them to be paid for at their proper price. During famine men had eaten up walnuts; so the intelligent king, observing the condition of the people caused oil to be extracted from the pine. Out of humanity he cancelled the deeds on bhūrja leaves drawn up between the creditors and the debtors. The sixty-four branches of learning, art, science, and progress, all remained dormant in the distress caused by the famine. For new books exhibiting the play of words and sentences, the arts of singing, music, and dance, and women skilful in the arts of love delight not the hungry.

Here ends the second chapter named the account of the famine of the year 36* of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī composed by Paṇḍita Shrīvara.

Chapter III.

Fate, like a mad sovereign, can in a moment bestow unusual favour on his subjects when propitious, and inflict untold miseries when unpropitious. Who can understand the caprices of Fate? While the people had not yet forgotten the miseries of the famine of the year 36, they witnessed in the year 38 a dust-rain descending on the

* The year 26 in the text is a misprint for 36.

earth from the sky, and indicating a famine in the future from the failure of shāli rice. Not long after, heavy clouds with the rainbow, and peals of loud thunder, terrified the people, even like enemies with their arrows. Bubbles appeared on the water, beaten by the rain, and seemed like the heads of snakes intent on destroying the crops; and the clouds which raised the bubbles threatened to destroy all that would grow. Everywhere the rain fell on the leaves of trees, and the sound seemed like the wailing of the trees at the calamity which was about to overtake the people. The Vitastā, the Ledarī, the Sindhu, the Kṣhiptikā, and other rivers, seemed to vie with one another, and drowned the villages on their banks in their fury. The waves of those rivers, ran like coursers, swift and tumultuous, and the roar of the whirlpools rose above the waves. The waters then became ungovernable and caused mischief, lowering objects which were high, and lifting up things that were low. Who taught them then to lift the earth from the foot of the hills and to fell trees? They swept away beasts and kine and living beings, as well as houses, grain, and other things, and became terrible as a host of the Mlechchhas. The river Vishokā caused misery in Madavarājya, and entered Vijayeshvara as if seeking to walk round the shrine, and a line of houses soon fell into the water as if to bathe in the river which flowed eastward, to have their sins removed. The river Vishokā is celebrated in the Purāṇa as the destroyer of afflictions, but owing

to the misfortunes of the people it belied its name. The buildings in the city drowned themselves in the water, as if to avoid the sight of the distress of those who had raised them. The king had built a flaghouse on the Vitastā made of stone and wood, and consisting of four towers, and it served as a bridge to the people who came to visit him from the villages of Darad, even as the four steps of virtue serve to ferry men over hell. But owing to the rush of water over the bank of the river, the portion of the building which was on the side of the town was destroyed, and only the columns remained and the two towers like two legs, as if to call on future kings to complete the other two. In Kramarājya, the Mahānap lake caused sufferings to people by its waves, and its water rushed within Durgapura. The edifices in the town witnessed this from a distance, and apprehended that some other lake had come on a joyous visit to the Padmanāga lake; and they threw themselves into the water, fearing to be beaten down like trees by the waves. The Vitastā, far away from her lord the ocean, was alarmed at this intrusion, turned in her course, and flowed in an opposite direction. Landmarks were submerged, roads were destroyed, and the land was full of water and polluted with mud, even as Kaliyuga is polluted with apprehensions. At the time when Indra thus poured torrents of rain, the king was filled with anxiety, on account of excessive water, and set out in a boat. His soul was full of kindness towards men; and he wandered

about and saw the cultivated fields merged under water; and his sorrow made him weak. Embarked on a boat, he saw the place where the milkmen had their quarters, and which was not visible before, so densely was it wooded. Within a few days the ruthless flood subsided, and was dried up as if by the fire of the king's prowess. The people were then soon delighted with the sight of the wealth of ripe shāli crop that grew that year, as if through the virtue of their king's charity. And the kind heart of the king of Kashmīra became full at the prosperity of the people, even as the sea becomes full at the increase of the moon's crescent. The virtuous king is like the soul, and the subjects are dear to him as the body. By the increase of the king's happiness the subjects become happy, and by his afflictions they become afflicted.

The king apprehended the recurrence of a similar calamity, and wandered about with a view to build a city on the high banks of the Vitastā near Joyāpīḍapura. On an elevated site on the banks of the river he built a town called Jainatilaka, which was like an ornament to the earth, and humbled the pride of Alakā. The moonlight rested on the walls of this whitewashed city, as if the goddess of the capital lingered there to see the king. The houses in the city looked like Kailāsa, as if it had come there in sorrow, for the favour shown by Mahādeva towards Rāvaṇa who had uprooted that mountain. The city with its white washed houses seemed

to laugh at Jayāpīḍapura where the houses and fields were mouldering in decay. The wise who saw the new city remarked that the king in his search for the way into the nether world must have come across the city of Maya the Asura. The beautiful water from the river surrounded the city and flowed by its gate, white as lime, and seemed to laugh at the city of Dvārikā in the pride of its beauty. It was here that the king, on the anniversary of his birth day, marked Jayasiṃha of Rājapurī, with the symbol of royalty. The king who loved the Brāhmaṇas was pleased with the services rendered by Jayasiṃha, and as he sat here, he gave Jayasiṃha the charge of the beautiful kingdom of Rājapurī. In this same year the king showered gold in the court-yard of the palace where all the songs of Kashmīra and of the Kāshya countries were chanted. In the neighbourhood of this city, a servant of the king named Helāla killed a mad elephant, and the king built a small town called Helālapura, inorder to commemorate the deed.

Within Jayāpīḍapura, the king erected a high seat of stone, and he built a beautiful palace by the side of a tank, and having drained off water from the tank which had been submerged by the inundation, the wise king built rows of houses for royal offices, befitting his palace. Every year, on the day of Nāgayātrā, and during the festivity of Gaṇachakra, the king fed the devotees here for five days. He made tanks here which

were filled with wine, cream, and curries, and fed every body. Here also was heard frequently the sound of horns of thousand devotees, which made even the serpents of the Mānasa lake shut their eyes. There was no kind of rice or meat or vegetable or fruit or food with which the king did not feed the people at the time of this feast. Out of his reverence for the devotees the king put up with their indecorous behavior arising from intoxication which even ordinary men would not have borne. He dressed Mera the chief of the devotees in valuable robes and gave him presents, and marks of honor, and made him like himself in splendour. On the twelfth day of the moon the king dismissed the devotees after having laden them with quilts, attendants, money, and walking stalves.

On the thirteenth day of the moon the king wished to see the display of lamps made on the occasion of the worship held on account of the birth of the Vitastā; and he embarked on a boat and went to the capital. While on the water he listened to well composed songs, and at the time of embarking and disembarking he accepted the blessings of the citizens. The display of lamps offered by the citizens to the river looked graceful as if the spirits of numberless holy places had come to the Vitastā for adoration. The rows of lamps placed at the ferry on both banks looked beautiful, as if the gods had scattered golden flowers for the worship of the Vitastā. The moon was reflected on the river, but trembled

on the water as if overcome by superior beauty, and humbled by the lovely faces of the citizens' wives who came to make offerings to the Vitastā and to worship. The king who had curbed the pride of his enemies spent the whole night in the pleasure of listening to songs, even as Gaḍura spent in feasting on the Gandharbhas.

Where is the place where the rising of the sun is not seen? All men are pleased at the sight of the adorable sun who dwells in the zodiac and is the friend of the virtuous. But his two sons Yama and Shani, unlike their father, bring trouble to men, and are cursed by the people; they have obtained the title of death, and are wicked planets. At this time the wicked Ādamakhāna impelled by envy towards his younger brother, caused much trouble to the whole country. The wicked ministers and leaders of men had become independent of the king and indifferent about the welfare of the kingdom; and Ādamakhāna who was hard hearted like stone, was puffed up by pride but was afraid of his brother. He was fond of women and not of learning; he was addicted to hunting, and amused himself with dogs; and the night was like day to him. What need be said of the meanness of him whose servants, like pedlars, sold in towns, the plumes of birds killed by hawks.

The prince was vain, as being the heir-apparent, and once on a time went to Kramarājya attended by a numerous retinue, inorder to secure possession of the country. The oppressed country resounded with the cries

of villagers wherever that sinful man passed through, like a dire calamity. Like the course of a dreadful planet, his course was marked by the confiscation of lands which had been previously given away as marks of favour, although the title deeds were clear. The covetous Ādamakhāna plundered the people of their riches in some places by the usual methods, in other places by threat, or craft, or by deceiving them with false hopes, and in some places by force. Like a common man he pretended friendship with the several Lavanyas, came to their houses, and out of covetousness, robbed them of their wealth. His servants oppressed timid women, made insulting proposals to them; and as the women refused compliance, they cruelly treated the villagers, and took care to avoid courts of justice. Ādamakhāna was invincible to the people of the kingdom, even like a clever logician, and his shameless servants forcibly entered into houses where there were handsome women; — wives, daughters, or daughters-in-law of citizens, and ravished them. In wine shops, these servants drank in fishpots, and when they became intoxicated, they began to blow the earthen pots like jesters. In their violence, they consumed rice from the barns, got drunk with wine from the casks, and exacted enhanced rents. What more need I tell of their unlawful acts? At night these wicked men besmered the villagers with ghee, and made lamps of them at the junctions of roads by placing them in vessels full of oil

and setting fire to them ; and the flame rose as if in laughter.

The king became distressed on being informed of these heinous acts, and could not leave his house in his sorrow. When the king's messenger's asked the servants of Ādamakhāna not to oppress the people, they replied, —"Let the king cry in his illness." When a man oppresses the good and nourishes the wicked, when he hoards riches instead of spending them in gifts and on his own comforts, and when he tyrannises over defenceless villagers without cause,—then surely his end is near, and his wealth becomes a curse and a misfortune. Ādamakhāna collected his army at Kuddadenapura, and came to Jainanagara against the king. On that day the king had heard evil reports, and collected his army in fear of his son. The king had constructed a bridge on the Vitastā, named Jainakadali, with four towers made of stone and wood, and it was the tenth bridge on the way from the Darad villages to the city. This same bridge, constructed by himself, now caused alarm to the king, and he apprehended that [his foes might take advantage of it] and thus cause him harm. The king also apprehended commotion within the town and was struck down with fear. With great difficulty and through the council of his advisers, he succeeded in dislodging his son from the city.

The sun's passage towards the north brings heat to the world, and the sun, as if conscious of this, retreats

southwards, and thus causes cold. I bow to the sun, who thus brings relief to men, and who again moves northward to remove their sufferings caused by cold. Ādamakhāna reached Kramarājya, and the king fearing that his state would be divided into factions wrote a letter with his own hand thus, and sent it to Hājyakhāna. "O son ! Calamities have befallen me which I find it difficult to surmount; my life is in danger, and I have no other help but in you. As soon as you read my letter, sit up at once if you were sleeping, stand up if you were seated, run if you were standing. What more need be said in this matter? If you come without delay, and without minding the trouble which this bad news may cause, truly your desire will be realized in full. But if you do not arrive here speedily while I am yet alive though distracted, there will be no use in your coming to me after I am dead." Now prince Ādamakhāna had crossed over to Svayyapura, and engaged his force in a fierce encounter with the royal army. The contest between the two armies soon became a general confused battle, marked by great ferocity. The battle in this year, 35, like that in the year 28, was caused by wicked people; they created enmity between father and son, and caused harm to them both. The people of Darad and others drowned themselves in the water of the river through fear of Ādamakhāna, and the lake became full of corpses. The three hundred men of Ādamakhāna, fierce as death, slaughtered men in the field that day and then

tore up the bridge of boats, and crossed the river. As the king went out of the city he saw citizens in the streets with their feet burnt and suffering from the agony; and he heard them crying and lamenting thus:—"Fie to the cruel man who instead of subduing foreign countries oppressed his father's dominion which he should have protected. The vicious Shikhajāda and others who accepted pay from both father and son and harassed the king are now suffering the punishment of their treachery. The wicked planet saturn believed himself to be as great a benefactor to men as the matchless sun, and aspired to equal him; but then the peerless sun arose, brightening everything, and by his greatness destroyed those whose ways were tortuous. Ādamakhāna has been deserted by his wicked followers who have brought misery on their country and destruction on the people, and he has also been deserted by fortune and prosperity. The people survive other calamities like excessive rain or drought, or the destruction of crops by mice, locusts, or birds; or even a foreign invasion; but let not the king have sons bent on destruction or divided by mutual enmity; or if he has only one son, let it not be a wicked son who causes misery. The two sons of the king, cruel destroyers of the people, were to him even as the rising of the Saturn and Yama is to the sun. Where can such another king be found, lenient even to those who caused trouble, forgiving to fallen enemies,

and liberal in the appreciation of merit? It is owing to our misfortune that the king was put to trouble by his wicked son." When the king went to Svayyapura he heard villagers on the road censuring his son for the slaughter of men, saying:—"When the king saw the birth of his son, he felt happy, for he thought that his son would bear the burden of the kingdom; and the king raised him to prosperity out of his affection, even against the dictates of policy. But the king now knows his son to be as powerful as himself, and fears him, and though surrounded by joys, he can never sleep on account of his anxiety. There was a great slaughter of men owing to the animosity between brothers, and king Ālishāhi was bound and killed by the son of Mallika. Similarly what calamity has befallen king Jaina, ou of the jealousy of his sons? Let not many sons, the destroyers of the country, be born therefore in a king's house!"

The armies of the father and son were now encamped on either bank of the Vitastā; they were now near each other and each was eager to overcome the other. In the meantime Hājyakhāna who had reached Parṇotsa without delay, approached, like Gadura, the neighbourhood of the Sadvarṇa country. When the king heard of the arrival of the prince with his army at the outskirts of Varāhamūla, he sent Vahrāmakhāna to greet him. Hājyakhāna, who was expecting him, greeted and embraced his youngest brother, who was gratified with

the reception. On the following day, when Ādamakhāna found that his younger brother was welcomed by his father, he retired in fear, deserted by his guards ; and he arrived with his army and distressed followers in the country of Sindhu by the way of Shāhibhaṅga after crossing the Sindhu river. Thus in the year 33,* the happy king expelled his eldest son by his wisdom and entered the capital, joined by Hājyakhāna.

The bee which has spent the long winter in a hollow in the ground overpowered with grief, comes out in the spring season with trembling wings to the garden bright with blooming creepers, and roams about in joy, fond of the young sprout. Even so after a long time, Hājyakhāna now obtained from his Janaka like father the rank of heir-apparent which he had once held. He obtained his father's love which was as a bright jewel, and in his affection towards him, he never cast it away, even as Kṛishṇa never cast away the Kaustuva gem. He was of fair complexion, spirited, and courteous to all, and he bent down in humility, sitting behind gods and elders. He was graceful as the letter Ha which bends itself, as if in humility, after the god-like letters which precede. It is a good alphabet of the Ushṇa group, even as he was of good and bright complexion ; and the last of all the alphabets. There was not a shrine where the king went, not a journey which he undertook,

* There is some discrepancy in the dates. The year given here is 33, but just before it was said to be 35.

not a festive performance which he attended in which he was not accompanied by Hājyakhāna. What man does not admire Mahādeva, who is attended by his two sons, the benefactor of the universe, who is in the enjoyment of pleasures, and is surrounded by hundreds of spirits beaming in the excess of their devotion, who spends his time in listening to hymns accompanied with dances, and who is the object of adoration, the possessor of superhuman power, and the dweller of Kailāsa ?

Here ends the third chapter of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī, entitled the account of the banishment of Ādamakhāna and alliance with Hājyakhāna.

Chapter IV.

In the meantime, Spring, the friend of Cupid, passed away. What the moon is to lustful kumuda flowers, what the sun, the dispeller of darkness which is like woman's anger, is to blooming creepers, what the beauty of budding youth is to women, that is Spring to Cupid. At the Chaitra festival, the king embarked on a boat, accompanied by his son, and with a view to enjoy the sport of flowers he went to Maḍavarājya. The line of the king's boats on the Vitastā looked like the row of Indra's charriots on the milky way. He started from Avantipura, and stopped at royal palaces at Vijayesha and other places inorder to witness

dancing. The king was a part of Mahādeva, and his courtiers who attended on him were like Cupid who had multiplied into many persons inorder to overcome him. The spectators and the singers knew literature, rhetoric, and philosophy, and appreciated merit. Young women, proficient in music, possessed of sweet voice, and with a genuine ardour for song, graced the place. The men were learned and dignified, and fond of enjoyment; and they displayed their taste and their intelligence on the stage. The renowned Tārā and the actors sang various songs to the nārācha tune, and to every kind of music. And the songstress Utsavā who was even like Cupid's arrow, charming to the eye and proficient in dance, both swift and slow, entranced every body. The actresses, who displayed the forty nine different emotions seemed even like the ascending and descending notes of music personified. As they danced and sang, the eye and the ear of the audience seemed to contend for the kneenest enjoyment. The scene was indeed beautiful, the songs of the actresses were like the voice of the kokila, the stage was like a garden where the lamps on it looked like rows of the champaka flower, and around them were men intoxicated with wine, like bees around flowers. Rows of lamps surrounded the king, as if the gods pleased with his government had come to witness the dance, and had thrown a garland of golden lotus round him. In some places, the rows of lamps were reflected on the water, as if Varuṇa had out of favour

towards the king illumined his court with lights from the Nāga world; and the lines of lamps shone like jewels on the heads of the Nāgas who had come to witness the dance. Those who were at a distance doubted if the lights were really lamps, or the spirits of former kings assembled to view the present sovereign, or stars and the moon descended from the sky to attend on the king, or the spirits of holy men who had attained emancipation, or if they were the great gods assembled there in their grace and beauty. The spectators seemed to view Indra himself in the king; the poets and paṇḍitas beside the king were like demigods, his servants were like the attendant gods, and the yogis around him were like holy men who had obtained salvation; the actresses were like apsarās whose charms were heightened by their emotions, the singers were the Gandharvas, and the stage was heaven itself.

Fireworks of various colors made by the mixture of charcoal powder, sulphur, and saltpetre pleased the men. Tubes were filled with saltpetre, and the thick sparks of fire which issued out of them looked like a creeper of gold; and the spectators were filled with fear and wonder on beholding a flame issuing out of water like a serpent. From the tubes rose balls of fire to the sky, beautiful as silver, and looked like the planets Jupiter and Venus. A tube filled with saltpetre was tied to a string; it went off to a distance like a flame, and when pulled, it returned in flames. Such flames shot

from the king and returned to him like bright shooting stars ; and the spectators fixed their eyes on them in wonder and joy. These flaming tubes of saltpetre were held by the actresses in their hands, and they shone like golden stars of beautiful colors, falling from heaven.

The king was skilful in manufacturing fireworks, and he instructed Habhebha to display them. It was difficult to obtain powder before, but the king showed how it could be manufactured, and so it became easily procurable. He gave his instructions to Habhebha in the Pārasī (Persian) language, in the form of questions and answers, and many others began to write books after this example. Where can now be found one like king Jaina in the greatness of intellect or in the art of invention, in fondness for song and music, or in capacity for rhetorical discussion, in writing books, in listening to holy shāstras, or in composing new works ?

Sujya, the pupil of Ābdolkādara, was possessed of all accomplishments and he pleased the heart of the king by his proficiency in music. One Mallājādaka came from Khurāsāna and received inestimable favours from the king by playing on a lute made of tortoise shell. Another named Mallājyamāla, a singer in the mlechchha language, pleased the king even as Nārada pleases Indra. I, who am versed in all kinds of song, and who hold a lute made of gourd, displayed my skill in exhibiting a part of a new song of infinite variety; and Jāpharāṇa and others sang with me the difficult Turuṣhka metres

before the king. We sang songs in twelve different modes, in the court, and as the sound arose from the string, the voices accorded with it harmoniously, as if in joy. Paṇḍita Utthasoma versed in vernacular and Saṃskṛita literature, composed a life of Jaina in the vernacular, and approached the king. Yodhabhaṭṭa, a poet in the vernacular language, composed a drama, pure like a mirror, called the Jainaprakāsha, in which he gave an account of the king. Bhaṭṭāvatāra who had perused the Shāhnāma, vast as the sea, composed a work named Jainavilāsa, as the counterpart of the king's "Instructions." The king was pleased, and caused the lute, the gourd instrument, the ravāva, and all other instruments of music to be set with gold, silver, and jewels, and they looked very handsome. When the people saw the stage effulgent with decorations and beheld the play distinguished by the excellence of sense, gestures, and feelings, they called the stage a four faced god. Thus it was that the king who was possessed of the three cardinal virtues, whose fame was spread over the three worlds, and who like the gods was subject only to three stages of life [not to old age], spent the three watches of the night in witnessing the three kinds of dance.

The king repaired to a house bedecked with jasmine flowers, and full of merriment and laughter, even as a full moon appears in the sky bedecked with stars; and he began to drink from stainless vessels, attended

by his son and friends. The respectful Hājyakhāna filled with the love of his father, as with amṛita, extolled him thus, under the pretence of describing the spring. "Like an expert actor, Spring the king of the seasons teaches the humming black bee the art to sing, and instructs the breeze the art to make the creepers dance. O! king, who appreciates song, has the Spring come to serve thee? The beauty of the stars is destroyed by clouds covering the sky, and during the day they are invisible; and even moon waxes and wanes. Humbled by such mishaps, the stars have come to serve thee O! Lord of men, in the shape of flowers in the garden. May the flood which fills the country with mud, annoys the people in the midst of their ease, and destroys roads, remain confined to the basins of the lakes and beautify thy country. The floods are disappearing through thy power at this pleasant time of spring, this season of pleasure, even like a city of snow at the rising of the sun." When the king heard this he was glad, and gave Hājyakhāna a matchless dagger of gold. The king bestowed lands in the Ghosa country on those who served the prince. These servants had once been repremanded, but now they received silken clothes the emblem of favour, even as men who falling into the waves of the Sindhu are ferried across in a boat. The king shed tears of joy for having got back his son; and showered gold on the learned, the singers, and the servants. He paid the travelling expenses of his subjects who came to witness

the performance, and they were made happy by being honored and clothed in silk. King Jaina saw the houses and gardens, beheld his boat filled with flowers, and after praising the inhabitants of Maḍavarājya, reached his own capital.

Here ends the fourth chapter entitled the account of the festivity of flowers, of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī.

CHAPTER V.

The king had his son by him and was at ease, and being disposed to do good work, engaged himself in excavating new canals and consecrating them. I have not described those works of which the poet Shrī Jonarāja has written in his book through fear of enlarging my work. Surely there is but one city about the construction of which nothing is known. That city is Amarāvatī, but the gods live not there, but wander about in aerial chariots. This king has built hundreds of new cities where the Brāhmaṇas live with dignity, and are like Indra on earth. In Shrī Jainanagara, a new lofty palace was built in the year 15 on the Devagaha [hill ?]: the king built a new palace near it of bricks and wood, in the year 40 ; and the top of the palace was adorned by a bright and beauteous golden dome, like a lotus thrown down by the renowned Indra. Men were employed at the gate of the palace, serving in various ways according to the

directions of the king. The king left his capital and lived here till the end of his life. The swans in the lakes of this place drew near the singers as they sang, attracted by the sweetness of their voice, and seemed to praise their song by their twitter. It was here that the king, now that his foes had been quelled, enjoyed, like Indra, the pleasant songs of the singers all day long. Within his palace was the audience hall adorned with the three cornered throne, and wide spacious walls lined with glass; and here were many columns of victory in the palace, and here the breezes blew pleasantly in the morning.

Once when he had gone to visit the fort of Lohara, he repaired a dilapidated palace and made it new. He built many villages shaded by trees, along the margin of the Mahāpadma lake, from Samudrakoṭa to Shrī Dvārakā, and marked with the name of Jaina, and there were many houses, beautiful like the palace of Indra. At Tripureshvara, the king fed the beggars with rice, until their stomachs were full, and it was thus that the king who was abstemious became like Gaṇesha. At Varāhakṣhetra, the king held his feast of rice, and the head of Ananta was bent with the weight of rice, and Indra's head was also bent down in shame. At the confluence of the Vitastā and the Sindhu, he daily fed small fishes with rice, and afforded them protection. It was at the request of the mendicants whom he fed that the king planted trees at Shrī Shaṅkarapura

which gave shade but bore no fruits. At Ashramâ, the king held the feast of rice, until flavour of the curries overcame the scent of the saffron. The inhabitants of Vijayeshvara were continuously fed with rice, and they became full, until it became difficult for them to bow to the king. After the king had fed the people with rice, he loaded the wayfarers with food at the toll bar on the road to Sūrapura. There was no man in Kashmīra who was not fed with the king's rice; be he learned or dunce, wicked or good, a Yavana or a twice-born. Mahâdeva, Nâiâyaṇa, Brahmā, Jahnumuni, and Bhagiratha of the solar line, had laboured before, and by their united efforts, the Ganges descended in earth, and their selfish object was fulfilled. But this king, guided by his own intelligence, excavated many rivers (canals) in the country, for the benefit of others, and led them by diverse courses. Everywhere were seen houses high as hills, and full of rice lately grown on extensive fields. These granaries were indeed like the breasts of the earth from which the people derived their nourishment and throve day by day. Like Samuyya, the king grew crops in places where lands could be obtained with difficulty, or where they seldom yielded crops before on account of calamities. There was not a piece of land, not a lawn, not a region, and not a forest where the king did not excavate a canal, and where he did not build houses marked with his name. There was not a river, not a field, not a village, not a town, not a piece of

land which the king did not mark with the name of Jaina. Wherever the ground was low, the king caused a tank to be formed by means of canals, and it was adorned with birds, lotuses, and water-nuts. Praise is due to cloud which benefits the earth with water which it lifts from the sea where the water lies useless, and showers it upon fields; such showers make the grains grow, and men, whose wealth is grain, are made happy.

In this country there is an unfathomable lake known as the Ḍala, a brief account of which will be given. There the large lake of Sūreshvarī [another name of Ḍala], extends to the capital, and the king went over it every day in a boat, even as the moon travels over the clear sky. The king's boat adorned with fluttering banner, floated on the water like a young bird, with its oars which were like wings, and was manned by crew who understood the weather. The river Tilaprasthā issuing from Tripureshvara, joins the Saṭāṅkā at this place, as if anxious to visit Laṅkā where the hill of Shrī, extending over six kroshas, meets the river and bathes in its water day and night, as if wishing to obtain the merit of bathing in a shrine. There reflected in the water, trees look like mosses, hills like tortoises, and towns seem like the realms of the Nāgas. There the waving shāli crop stands on the ground, and bends down as if to smell the perfume of the lotus. There Laṅkā is situated, and the sun courses north and

south to view this town and the other Laṅkā in the south. On the side of this lake stands the shrine of Sūreshvarī, adorned with many holy spots, affording both enjoyment and salvation, and outshining Vārāṇasī. The king made this place seem like heaven by adorning it with Vihāras, and villages given to Brāhmaṇas, with monasteries which help in the performance of pious acts, and with hermitages where the inmates have not to labour. There the people saw from a distance well nourished and agreeable siddhas with long four stringed beads in their hands. The palace of the king was named Siddhapurī, and was constructed like rows of chariots of the siddhas, so as to be true to its name. Within the palace, the king repaired the delapidated temples by props, or rebuilt them. He made floating islands fruitful by depositing grass and earth on them. When the hermits of the Shrī Jaina monastery celebrated the worship of vessels, the king forgot his high rank and helped them in their worship. There the moon was reflected in the Yogichakra in the middle tank, as if he came there to drink its sweet water. The king fed thousands of hermits, until they closed their eyes in peace and joy and perfect repose. The renowned queen Shrī gratified the people there with food and feasted them. The rice prepared and heaped for the feast looked like a white elephant or the white colud of autumn which is mistaken for talc. There was heard the sound of horn and hunting, mixed with the cries of the cranes, and the sound

indicated the death of the forest deer, like the destruction of sins. The king rejoiced to see the sinless hermits feasting on savoury cakes until they were satiated; and the curd which they quaffed with their busy fingers was strewn on their seats, and looked like the crescent of the moon melted by the power of their Yoga.

The river Mārī flowed from this place into the Vitastā, and was used by the citizens for the purposes of drinking and bathing; and the king joined it at Hastikarṇa with Shāli canal which was extended to the confluence of the Vitastā and the Sindhu. This junction of the Mārī with the Vitastā is known in the city as the Mārī confluence, and is used for the cremation of the dead, and it is the way to heaven. Previously, the owners of the land, the servants of the king, and the Pañchavārikas used to levy a rate at this place every day from the citizens for the cremation of the dead. When my father died, I informed the king of the tax, and the king punished the Kirātas and abolished the rate on the cremation of the dead. From that time the common people on their death are cremated on that spot, to the grief of the mlechchhas who are averse to witness cremation. The bhūrjja makers, [who burn the dead] danced with their umbrellas, and played on musical instruments on this exemption from the tax. Here, according to the custom of distant countries, females immolated themselves in the pyres of their beloved; and were not forbidden by the king.

It was for the benefit of the poor of the city that the virtuous king built an extensive Vihāra on the bank of the river, near the Mārī confluence. This Vihāra, and the one on the opposite side of the river at Hājya were like the centre jewels amidst the jewel-like houses of the two cities. The king was then at peace with others, and he built other buildings. [A line appears to be wanting here in the text].

When Shrīharsha became king in the realm of poetry, every one became a poet. What more need be said? Even women, cooks, and porters were poets; and the books composed by them exist to this day in every house. If the king be a sea of learning, and partial to merit, the people too become so. The meritorious king, for the purpose of earning merit, built extensive lodging houses for students, and the voice of the students studying logic and grammar arose from these houses. The king helped the students by providing teachers, books, houses, food and money; and he extended the limits of learning in all its branches. He was a shelter for all, and belied the saying of Munis that learning and pleasure, like light and darkness, cannot exist together. He made the country happy by his good government, favoured learning, and desired to promote the prosperity of the country as of his own son. He esteemed learned men, and valued them for their merits above all the various productions of his country. Even the families, which never dreamt of

learning, produced men, who through the favour of the king, became known for their erudition. Learning, like the kalpa plant, shot into many branches, thrived by means of scholarships, and bore heavenly fruits. There was not a branch of learning or arts or literature or fine arts which did not become celebrated in the world during the reign of king Shrī Jaina. Feudatory kings saw that the king befriended merit and respected learning, and they diligently applied themselves to it.

The heat of the earth consumes much of the grass and shrubs in the summer season, but the pleasant rainy season revives them. Thus in times past, king Shekandhara had, through the influence of the Yavanas, burnt all books of learning, even as fire burns grass. At that time all learned men had fled precipitately to distant countries, owing to the oppression of the Mausulas, taking their books with them. What more need be said? There were the Brāhmaṇas in the country, but all their excellent books were known only in name, as lotuses are at the advent of winter. But the king who now graces the land and is dear to the learned, restored the books, even as the spring revives the black bees. He caused the Purāṇas, books on logic, the Mīmāṃsā, and other books to be brought from distant lands, and distributed them to the learned. The king heard me recite the Vāshishṭa Brahmadarshana composed by Vālmīki which is known as the way to salvation; and when he heard the annotations pervaded

by a feeling of tranquility, he remembered them even in his dreams, even as a lover remembers the gestures of his beloved. Holding that a man can receive instruction only in the language which he knows, and not in other languages, the king caused translations of the various shâstras to be made by those who knew Saṃskṛita, the vernaculars, and the Persian. Even the Yavanas can comprehend minorology, chemistry, and kalpa if studied in their own language. The king caused Dashâvatâra and Râjataraṅginî the book of kings, in the Saṃskṛita language, to be rendered into Persian. In the same way the mlechchhas read the Vṛihatkathâsâra, the Hâṭakeshvara saṃhitâ, the Purâṇas, and other books in their own language.

One hears after a long time the pure and beautiful Dharmmashâstra recited, and holds it to his heart, even as a white cloth holds the impression of colors, and acts according to its injunctions. Others again hear it every day but receive no impression, as the leaf of a lotus plant, though growing in the current and held fast to the water by the stock, never becomes wet by water. The king heard of the advantages of going on pilgrimage to Naubandhana hill from the Âdipurâṇa, and felt a desire to undertake a journey sometime to a shrine. The king was bent on going to pilgrimage, and he went to Vijayeshvara in the year 39, on the last day of the fortnight fixed for giving offerings to deceased ancestors. He saw the ground full of spectators, clad in cloths

of many colors, even like a garden full of flowers. Vāndarapāla and other chiefs with their armies were glad to see the king. The sky was beautified by Venus and Mercury, and was full of other stars by night, and the ground was graced by poets and learned men, and shone with rows of lamps, so that the sky and the earth vied with each other. The pleasant earth was lighted on the day of the dark moon by the moon-like faces of the hundreds of citizens who had assembled. There a tree of lamps was borne by a man and it looked like the Pleiades risen in the midst of the stars. The king accompanied by his two sons left Vijayesha, and reached Durmārga on foot in three days. Wearing a noble appearance in his piety, he saw Vishṇu's foot mark at the Krama lake, and felt the joy of bowing at the feet of Vishṇu. The waters from the hills of Brahmā, Vishṇu, and Mahādeva seemed by their sound to enquire after the welfare of the king who was a part of Mahādeva. The great king saw the hill and the land darkened by the flowers of the kastūrī, and was rejoiced like anchorites when they view the longed for person of Nārāyaṇa. He then embarked on a boat surrounded by five or six boatmen, and went about in the lake supporting himself on me and Siṃhabhaṭṭa. From me he heard the songs of Gīta Govinda, and then arose in his mind a feeling of piety towards Govinda. The sweet sound of our songs was echoed from the groves, as if celestial musicians sang after us from the groves in honor of the king. After he had wandered about on the

lake for sometime, snow began to fall, as if the gods, pleased with his piety, showered flowers on him. The encircling snow on the lake might well be mistaken for a portion of the peak of the Kailāsa hill which one attains by bathing at the holy shrine. Truly the king was an incarnation of Vishṇu, and he thrice walked round the lake out of piety, and also to test his power of walking. Then when the boat was fastened to the Naubandhana hill, the hill became what its name implies, and the king saw the hill and went to it. When journeying to the Sukumāra lake, the king drank of the water of that lake and meditated on the Sukumāra shrine, and he felt a delight as if he had obtained the purity of his soul. The king heard the names of holy places, touched the auspicious waters from the shrines, tasted the cool water, saw the beauty of the forest trees, and scented the perfumes of plants and flowers, and thus performed the pilgrimage that gives pleasure to the five senses, and then returned to his capital.

Here ends the fifth chapter, named the account of the pilgrimage to Krama lake, of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī.

CHAPTER VI.

Inorder to satisfy his longing for the Krama lake, the king caused a new lake, like the Krama lake, to be excavated within Padmapura, and called it the Jaina lake. It was the time of autumn when the land was

darkened by the full blown flower of saffron, and it seemed as if the dark water of the Yamunā had come to join this lake in gladness. The king who was rich as the god of wealth, built a beautiful palace on its bank and called it Kuloddharaṇa nāga. Like the moon placed on high, he was pure and full of grace. His kingdom lacked nothing, and his learning was without any deficiency, and he removed all sorrow from the minds of his people. Where is the man, even if he were a foreigner from a distant land, who could see such a king and not wish to serve him? Kings of distant countries heard of his great attainments and showered presents on him. The king of Pañchanada sent him, on account of his friendship, his own horse named Tājika great in size and surpassing the wind in swiftness. The horse-faced singer of heaven is celebrated for his voice, but does not know how to dance, and the king's horse remembering this, proudly danced on the road when the king rode him. The horse's mane was like the coral hands of the king, and his bridle was like the rays beaming from the king, and the bit of the bridle was to the horse even as enjoyment was to the king. Possessed of auspicious signs, the horse considered himself as great as the king and needed no chastisement. Its four legs were adorned with gold as well as its mouth, and so it was known by the name of the five good omens. Khalashya, the king of Māṇḍwyagauḍa, gratified the monarch with presents of clothes named Darandāma; and the monarch, saintly as

Yudhishṭhira, sent to Khalashya, among other things, a beautiful poem composed by himself in his own language. Khalashya was not so gratified with the invaluable presents sent to him as with the poem ornate and beautiful in its arrangement of words and meanings. The king of Kumbha presented to the monarch a cloth named Nārī kuñjara and gratified the heart of his excellent queen. Tugaraseha, the beloved king of Gopālapura, presented to the monarch, for the festival of music, a book named Saṅgītachūḍāmaṇi, comprising rules of singing, of fine arts and acting, and also containing the best songs. When that king Tugaraseha died, his fame was as widely extended as the sea, and his son retained, like his father, the good will of the monarch by sending him presents. The lord of Maṇḍalīka, who was the superintendent of the capital, was pleased with the monarch and sent him a handsome horse, and also muchukunda birds beautiful in the variety of their colors and charming in their eyes. Valluka, the king of Ḍilli, though blood thirsty and restless in his work of destruction, was nevertheless bound to the monarch like a tame deer on account of his virtue. Some one presented this great monarch with a pair of swans, and other swans were born of them, and the mighty monarch was pleased. They floated in a line on the lake without fear, and looked like white lotuses agitated by the waves. The king of Khurāsāna was the lord of horses; his order was held on the head by the kings of the countries around, like a garland of mandāra flowers:

his servants were armed with fearful weapons, and they shook hands with the god of death, and roamed about in the world. This king of the north, named Merjjābhosaida, sent an accomplished messenger to the monarch with high horses and mules. Mahammada Suratrāṇa, king of Gūrjāra, gratified the monarch with presents of textile fabrics celebrated by the names of kateha, sohasa, and glāta. The kings of Gilāna, Mesra [Egypt ?], Makkā, and other places sought to benefit themselves by sending various rare presents to the monarch. Who did not seek to please the monarch, and what artists, possessed of great designs in art, did not come from distant countries, like bees, to the monarch who was almost like the kalpa tree ? It was then that the people of Kashmīra learnt the use of the weaver's brush* and loom, and today they are weaving valuable cloths of silk. The woollen fabrics called soha [shawl ?] and others, manufactured in foreign countries and those made in Kashmīra today, are both beautiful, but the latter are strong and fit for kings. Other clothes were made, on which variegated plants were produced by various methods of weaving, which painters saw and remained dumb with wonder. The monarch's kingdom, known by the name of Kausheyaka, and his dress of silk, alike became famous, the former on account of the various tribes of people that inhabited it, and the latter for the various colored threads that it contained. By his own

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To clean threads.

intelligence, the king invested his country and his dress with a peculiar beauty: the country graced by its people of various tribes, its capital town, by its decorations, and by its learning and its dignity; and the dress was beautified by many circular designs, and by designs of Durgā and of men. The country was excellent and unconquerable, the dress was celebrated for its silk and gracefulness, both delighted him and both were of incomparable worth. The silk was glittering, and the country was brightened by festivities; in the silk there was a good collection of threads, in the kingdom there were good laws and riches.

Here ends the sixth chapter named the account of the development of the art of color and of the description of art, of Jainarājataraṅginī.

Chapter VII.

If the king be liberal, the people display their song and dance; if the clouds pour water in the rainy season, the chātaka birds dance with joy and become pleasing to men. At this time there came to the king, who was renowned for his gifts, a Yavana from Uttarapatha, he knew the art of walking over a rope, and the king, accompanied by his family, came on one occasion to Vimshaprastha to see this feat. The man made himself ready to display his art, and stretched a long rope on two high pillars that stood at an interval of one hundred

bows.* The elephants which were at Rajjupura remained pensive as if apprehensive of the mischief that would befall their beloved king.† Then by a rope fixed to the ground the fearless man ascended like a bird into the air. This master of his art did not fall, but moved with wonderful steps on the rope, and the mind of men was pleased, even as by a poem. Like a planet he moved on high and successfully walked over the rope to the wonder of the people.

Fate had for a long time showered blessings on the people; he now inflicted an insupportable calamity on the country; even as clouds rain for the benefit of agriculture and then rob its fruits by hail. At a time when there was no cause left to disturb the king, the people suddenly saw signs of a severe calamity to the country which had hitherto been happy under good government. A comet was seen at night in the north; it is the cause of the destruction of men, even as excessive rain is of embankments. Its long tail was of resplendent beauty, and surely Yama hurled down his axes in the form of the comet for the destruction of kings. For a period of two months the comet was visible in the clear sky, and the kind heart of the king remained anxious through fear of mischief that might happen. The dogs were always heard to bark in

* A bow is equal to two yards.

† This line appears to be a misprint in the text here, taken probably from the part translated in the next paragraph.

the city during day time, as if they foresaw a calamity, and howled in grief. An eclipse of the moon and of the sun took place within a fortnight, as if meant to upset the king and thereby to destroy the kingdom in which there had hitherto been no division. The passage of the sun from one sign of the zodiac to another occurred on inauspicious days, and men were alarmed, and apprehended some agricultural disaster. The hooting of owl was heard under "the umbrella",* as if the metropolis of the kingdom bemoaned and enquired if its builder was about to perish. On the second day of the moon that luminary was seen with its face upwards in the sky, as if it prognosticated the advent of another king.

In the meantime there happened a terrible drought in another country such as brings on a famine ; and the beggars of that country came, like embodied sprites, into Kashmīra. The king saw them and made enquiries of them, whereupon they informed him thus :—"In many countries, and in all directions, the time of distress has come, like the all destroying Yama, on account of drought. Precious stones have lost their value on account of this famine, even as good men, who could be of service to all, lose their usefulness through the influence of evil men. Oppressed by hunger, the dogs have devoured the dead in their tenantless houses, and are now preying on one another

* The one that was built over the palace as previously stated.

other; and good Brāhmaṇas, O! King! who used to perform penances for taking food touched or eaten by others, are now eating every thing owing to hunger. Brāhmaṇa women, who could judge as to what food is acceptable and what is not, have in some places killed themselves and others by means of poisoned rice. Some people have left their homes and some have died on account of the drought, so that a tenantless town or village can be seen at every step. Merjābhosaida the Suratrāṇa, king of Khurāsāna, your friend, marched out of his country for want of food, surrounded by one koti of soldiers, and forcibly entered the country of his enemy; but the king of Irāka captured him in the midst of a battle and killed him. At the time of his capture, and even when bound, he displayed valor like Duryyodhana, and innumerable Turushkas died. The time of distress has come in other countries, and owing to the destruction of the weak in mutual conflict among kings, there are dangers O! King! at every step. We have heard O! King! of thy country happy in wealth, in its store of food and other things, and we have come sorely oppressed with hunger, now save us." When the king heard this pitiable news, he felt as if the calamity had befallen his own subjects, and moved by kindness, he gave them many things.

In the meantime, the great Svayyapura, built by hermits, spontaneously took fire, and became like a deserted forest. The great records of Kramarājya that were

kept in this place on bhūrja leaves were all reduced to ashes, together with the cases that contained them. At this place the king had caused an edict to be inscribed on a copper plate to the effect that at this shrine of Jainagiri, future kings should take one seventh of the crop that grew as tribute. It ran thus :—"Shrī Jainallāvadīna begs future kings to take one seventh of the produce of the land which he by his money has cleared and brought under cultivation at Jainagiri. He has descended into water and ascended hills inorder to build this high place which is like the banner of virtue, and which they by their good will should enlarge." These happy sentences were inscribed by Srīvakāshīsha on a copper plate which was not destroyed by the fire, neither did the fire destroy the palace though it was in the midst of the flame that rose high even like the virtue of the king. When the wise king heard that the town was burnt, his heart was burnt with sorrow, but he rebuilt it without delay, new and beautiful, with houses made of wood. The king had previously built a palace at Varāhamūla, but he caused the materials to be brought from that place, and built a new large one here. There was in it a room for keeping the records of the kingdom. A swinging bridge was also newly constructed, and it looked like the necklace of the goddess of fortune which presided over Kramarājya. Thus was the beauteous Svayyapura built. There was the swinging bridge with the rows of houses like jewels, and in the midst of them

the palace displayed its umbrella and looked beautiful like the jewel that hangs in the centre of a necklace. The multitude of men lived happily here, as creepers do at the advent of the pleasant season of spring in a new forest; and their friends, like so many flowers, stayed with them for a few days and then retired well pleased. What new fledged birds are to other birds, so are kindreds to men; they live with them for a time, but when they can depart with ease they go away, to the regret of their friends.

Meanwhile the king's beloved queen named Vodhākhātonā died. She was to the family of the Saidas what the moon light is to the sea. It was by union with her that the king had thought his life happy, and now by her separation his body became burnt with sorrow and all things appeared to him as nothing. The moon-like king, the defender of himself, had placed his sister's son Kyāmadena in the post of Suratrāṇa in the country of Sindhu. He was graced with every virtue and was loved by the king as his own son, and was dearer to him than his own life. The king heard that this chief of Sindhu was killed in a battle by Evvarāhima. He was to the king a joy in times of pleasure and a solace in those of affliction, and by his death the king felt as if his own right hand had been cut off. On account of the death of Darpāvakhāna and others, a new body of ministers was formed, but they, with their boon companions, were ministers only in name. At this time died also the proud and

liberal Merakhushāhmada who had obtained the king's friendship by working for him. The king received some bad news every day and saw his subjects harassed by the mutual enmity among his sons, and he became sunk in anxiety. He thought of his relatives and servants and friends who had passed away, and believed himself as it were like an elephant that had strayed from the herd.

In the meantime prince Hājyakhāna suffered from a disease brought on by excessive drinking. He was heroic and noble; and as the king was excessively fond of him, his illness nearly dried up in the king's heart all the pleasures that he derived from his kingdom, even as a plant is dried up in a garden by fire. He caused his son to be brought before him, and saw him ill and much reduced, and out of affection thus addressed him in the presence of his ministers:—"O son! You, who are addicted to an evil habit, have reaped the fruit of drinking. Even like the moon, you have got the disease which wastes you. Have you no friendly servant who looks to your interest as your protector, who gives good advice to you who are addicted to the sin of drinking? What wonderful enjoyments are there within your reach even to this day? But why should you then, like an insect, be attached to one pleasure only when life affords to you others which are not accessible to other men? If you think that there is nothing better than wine, then you are a very vicious man indeed, and it will be of no use telling you of the ancient heretic kings. Mighty kings, who were

to their powerful enemies even as the wind is to cotton, are known to have been destroyed by wine. Think of this. Malleka Jamrathā who took possession of a kingdom knew of the sin of drinking wine, but he was wise and kept himself aloof from it. His son Shāhimasoda began to drink at sports and pastimes after his father's death and lost every thing. The great city of the Mallekā, rich with the seven requisites of royal power,* has now become a thing of the past, owing to the evil habits of the wicked son, and is even like a corpse with seven members. Wine is red in the cup, and by its color I take it to be the heart's blood of him who drinks it. There is no enemy to the living like wine which is taken as beneficial ; for when taken in excess it kills. Men drunk with the maireya wine will commit deeds which even a madman will not do, for, even he shrinks from such acts. The sprite in the shape of wine enters the body of the man who drinks and in a moment destroys his life while he is weeping or laughing. O Son! You have come to your present condition by taking wine which is poison ; now save your life, and give up this hateful wine from today. You are foolish and addicted to evil habits, but if you do not give up wine without delay, you will be deserted by your good fortune, and your life will be short."

When the prince heard these very commendable words of his father, he replied that he would drink wine

* King, minister, ally, treasury, kingdom, fort, and army.

no more without the king's orders. The king saw his son lusterless, weak, emaciated, and devoid of affection, even like a lamp with a thin wick and without oil, and he was surrounded by the darkness of despair. The word of advice is dear to those who are fortunate, but those whose adversity is nigh repent because they did not follow the advice in time. The prince began to drink the poison as soon as he went home, though he was bound by promise to abstain from it. Advice is useless to those who become blind by addiction to a vice. The ministers feared that the king doted on him, and sent secret letters to bring Ādamakhāna from a distant country. Alarmed at the approach of the younger brother, the elder had on one occasion set out to meet him, but now alarmed at the approach of the elder brother the younger started from the country. When Ādamakhāna arrived, the king remained indifferent, determining, as before, not to be troubled by the quarrels between his two sons. When the son of Hājyakhāna heard of the arrival of his father's brother he left Parnotṣa with a view to fight with his uncle, and reached Rājapurī. When the uncle arrived in Kashmīra, a terrible battle took place between him and his nephew for the capture of the fort of Ārdroṭa. At this time the people witnessed the patience of the powerful Hasanakhāna; for though anxious for the country, he did not march out without the orders of his grandfather.

When the eldest brother entered the house of his

father he saw Hājyakhāna at the door joined by the youngest brother, and out of policy made peace with him. But though they had sworn peace by the god of the Mausulas, their hearts were not freed from enmity, even as a silk cloth does not give up its color. When people saw that they had met in peace before the king, the country, the nobles, and their own family, they looked upon them with misgivings, as on four lions met in a cavern; and apprehended that ruin arising from their mutual enmity was at hand.

In the meantime the king considered Vahrāmakhāna as the best of his sons; he was the youngest, and the object of jealousy of the other two brothers. The king caused him to be brought before him, and when alone, he thus spoke:—"O Vahrāma! Your eldest brother has been made your enemy by your unfriendly deed. He will remember the harm you have done to him, and will never be your friend, and it is with vain expectation that you are serving the other brother. How can he leave his own son and attend to your interest? Therefore do not commit such wicked acts as will bring misery in future. Leave him without delay, rely on me alone, and employ your time accordingly. Adhere to the path of rectitude, and prosperity will then come unto you. Otherwise O foolish man! You will be burnt in the fire of their enmity, even like a thing placed in an iron pan full of heated oil." When he heard these words of his father, he thus replied in his folly:—"It appears

to me O king! that Hājyakhāna loves me exceedingly like a father. I will never forsake him, but serve him. He will protect me in time of need, and who is at present more powerful than he?" When the king heard this he was angry, and he thus spoke to the son who had made up his mind:—"Fie to thee, that thou hast discarded me and acknowledged another as thy father! Ah foolish man! On what hast thou fixed thy mind after having disregarded my words? There is no doubt that thy expectation will soon be disappointed." He said this and left him.

Then at a time when the king was alone and was not afraid of any mischief from his son, he thus thought in his own mind:—"Alas! From me, bright as a house on fire, have sprung these three sons, and they are like the ashes of a wood fire; unlike me, useless, and without lustre;" and he said aloud:—"What should I do at present?" The wise men who were around him said in reply that his kingdom was being ruined by his sons who were aspiring to the throne, and they asked the king why he did not bestow the kingdom on the one who was most friendly to him, so that neither he nor his subjects might be troubled thereafter. Even then, they said, Māṇikyadeva, powerful on account of his wealth, would hear of the newly appointed king, and might turn an enemy and soon cause destruction in the kingdom. The king who knew the characters of his sons replied:—"The eldest has superior qualifications, but he is a miser, and has therefore no worthy servants

who can consolidate a kingdom. The second is very liberal, but his expenses are so great that if he had gold as high as the Pradyumna hill, there would not be one karsha of it left.* The youngest is wickedly inclined and addicted to vice, he would soon ruin the court. I do not consider any of them to be a good and worthy son. I will not bestow the kingdom on any; he who is the strongest will get it when I am dead; this is my purpose. Who will appreciate my worth unless many perish in the conflict after I am gone? Men will then appreciate my peaceful reign. One does not know that the sun has set if darkness does not cover all sides, and men's sight is not blinded, if robbers do not rob, and good people are not alarmed. I have obtained the kingdom by my own power, and have governed it by my intelligence, but by quarrelling among themselves, my wicked sons are destroying every thing. The royal power with its seven constituents, and with its mineral wealth, is like a body with seven limbs and blood; but it is being wasted by the three wicked sons, as by three diseases. There does not exist a good minister today who, like a physician, can restore it to health by nourishment and treatment. I have long enjoyed this kingdom, and have tasted the joys of religion, song, literature, and my life is satiated. I have no other work to do. I have, owing to my love for my subjects, increased all the new productions of the country threefold

* A karsha is equal to about 280 grains troy.

by means of canal, cultivation, and by other ways. I have always conversed with learned persons for the preservation of the six schools of philosophy, have invited such persons from all places, and granted lands for holy purposes. But as there are gaps between the teeth in the mouth, so there are defects in the government of the country, and they are causing me pain every day. I shall therefore secure happiness by leaving the kingdom. As a lamp is hateful to the eye of thieves, so have I become hateful to many; but they will soon have to pine for the peace in the country. Even my sons have not been able to remain quiet all this time while I am alive; they will not die in a hurry; and I wish to depart from this life so that all my sons may obtain what they desire.

When they heard this speech of the sorrowful king, they again said :—"If this be thy intention O king! why have you then kept a great treasure accumulated? Spend them while you are alive and make it pay your way to the next world." When the king heard this he replied that :—"That is well said, but listen to the reason why the treasury is kept full. When I am dead, any of my sons who may gain the kingdom will be satisfied with the savings left, and will not covet for the wealth of my subjects who are dearer to me than my sons, and I think it my duty to protect them. I will thus prevent the future oppression of the subjects with the savings I have made. He enjoys whose treasury is full, and when it is drained, he oppres-

ses the subjects. If the lion's hunger is satisfied, he plays within the cavern ; but if hungry, he devours the beasts of the forest. One will call me a foresighted man, and will not speak ill of me when the subjects will be free from oppression in future on account of my savings. When the palace is full of riches, men outside it will become rich and will be friendly to their king. If the clouds did not take water from the sea, how could they shower it on the ground ? It is always by the means of riches that all the beautiful objects which the king possesses are obtained ; the fruits, the leaves, and the flowers that grow on the trees are produced by one cause ;—the sap within the ground." When those who had questioned the king heard this reply of the experienced sovereign, they were silenced. The king's palace attended by soldiers is like the sea attended by rivers ; it is full with various objects, and people come there in quest of those objects. The abundance in all things is the beauty of the palace as of the sea. When afterwards the people found that all that the king had said was verified, they all were afflicted with sorrow, and recalled his sayings to their mind, and praised his experience.

There was none among the ministers, servants, sons, friends, relatives, and kindred who could console the king. He heard of the affairs of his sons who were enemies to one another, but were now united in hollow friendship ; and he remained in the central room of the palace and was afraid to come out. I knew how to

explain to the king the way to remove worldly afflictions, and for nights together he heard from me the Saṃhitā which is the way to salvation. The king was for a time consoled by listening to my explanations, the modulations of my voice, and well turned beautiful passages. "This appears to me most strange that this waking illusion of good men like the color of the sky (vacuum) sinks into oblivion in which there is no memory of the past. O son of Raghu! Be it long or be it pleasant, know this mundane existence to be a long dream as unsubstantial as a large imaginary kingdom. If there had been no birth, old age, or death, no fear of separation from the beloved object, and if all had not been fleeting, who would not have wished to have been born in this world? Men will be freed from objects from which they withdraw their desire; a man cannot know of greater happiness than by withdrawing his desire from all earthly things." The king learnt shlokas like those mentioned above by listening to my explanations, and also many others which indicated his own condition, and he himself read them. The king heard me read the "way to salvation," and pondered over the meaning of many verses, and on one occasion he told the learned who were about him that some one seemed to whisper to his ear enquiring why he loved his sons, none of whom was friendly to him. He thought to himself:—"By eating meat with our teeth, flesh is served with flesh, and in such meals, which enriches our blood and gives us

strength, I see no harm. I am mild in my temper, and I promote the happiness of all, but alas ! my sons are attempting my destruction as insects destroy woollen cloth by making holes. None of those with whom I have spent my former years are left behind ; the affliction which I feel for their absence will last to the end of my life. O Muni ! My body is like a cottage which is worn out, and is covered with hair as with grass ; it is full of rents, and my mind dislikes it in this evil day. The districts of my kingdom have been ruined by my sons, even as the members of the body are bitten by serpents. The only means left to me is to part with them, otherwise there is no peace." After he had thus thought, he composed a book in the Pārasī language named Shīkāyata treating of the vanity of all objects.

The sons of the king's nurse and others of proved and honourable character left the party of the king and went over to Hājyakhāna. What else need be said, those shameless men who were seen with the king during daytime, were at night found seated at ease before Khāna. The king remained indifferent to the affairs of the kingdom, and his servants reviled one another, and consequently there was a tumult in the country. When the king was in danger who would not go over to his sons, as if hoping to obtain thereby one-half of the kingdom ? Thus thought the king, and he was ignorant of the true movements of his servants, and became disgusted with all the members of his family. He who was seen

today to be with the king, was heard of as attending the Khāna the next morning. Like the Sārasa birds the servants no where remained steady. The king did not find a single servant devoted to him, who could give him consolation, and to whom he could describe the troubles of his heart. The people came to the palace unopposed and uttered words such as had never been uttered before, and spoke of things such as had never been seen or heard of before. Bahrāmakhāna, by his various acts of duplicity and by his eagerness to foment quarrel between his brothers, became like Karṇa, the source of evil. A stick of wood, if it contains oil, will give light, but does that light last long? Does it not spread darkness on all sides with its smoke?

It was to protect the king that Ādamakhāna had come, and protection was expected from him, but he was incapable of protecting himself. He informed the king one day that Bahrāma had joined his brother Hājyakhāna, and had sought by cruel stratagem to destroy him, and that he (Ādamakhāna) had no other course left but to seek the king's protection. From Bahrāma he had no hope of life, and he therefore asked the king to save him. If the king reigned in the kingdom, Ādamakhāna feared nothing. But the people eager to engage in a battle between the brothers were on that day coming to attack him, and he was overcome with fear at the news. Thus informed, the king replied that he had no attachment for his own kingdom or for his

own life, and he called Ādamakhāna a coward, and advised him to go and save himself, and told him that he need not have come to him. Thus rebuked by the king, Ādamakhāna went to Kudmadīnapurī, and kept himself on the watch, afraid of an attack from his younger brother. The king had thought that this ambitious man Ādamakhāna was worthy of his protection, hoping to find comfort in him and expecting that he would remove the king's fear of his enemies. But Ādamakhāna was himself assailed by his enemies, he was like a horse afraid of the harness, and became a cause of trouble; and the king was surprised to hear that his other two sons thought that he had taken their elder brother, the object of their hatred, near him out of his fear of them. Neither the king, nor the king's son, nor the ministers could sleep owing to mutual fear. The servants did not serve in accordance with orders but tried to please their masters by words only, and when the servants did perform the duties ordered by the king, he would declare that he did not remember what he had ordered. He left off the old practice of signing his orders, and knowing the unsettled state of his mind, he left the administration to his ministers. "The wicked men have set the fire of enmity to my house, and have received pay from both sides, but they do not care to quench the fire. Let my ministers and my sons perish; I helped them to prosper, and they now wish to obtain my kingdom and will rejoice in my ruin." Thus sighing,

and unsettled in mind, sorrowful, and devoted to religious meditation, the king wished that they might all perish. The citizens exclaimed that the king was indifferent to everything, that his sons were engaged in mutual enmity, and that a great calamity had befallen them. When the month of fasting for the Yavanas arrived the king left off taking meat, and reflected thus :—"Those who brought this wicked son from a distant country, are, alas ! for their own interest destroying my whole kingdom. On one side of the city are the two sons with their combined army, and on the other side is one son alone attended by wicked men, and wicked ministers. A great calamity has come ! The sons will fight, but I am sorry for this city which should, like a good wife, be guarded. What would be the use of my living if the city be destroyed while I am alive ? The servants who were devoted to me, and strong, are all gone, whom shall I ask for advice and what shall I do ?" The king's mind was afflicted by these anxious thoughts and by sorrow caused thereby. Stricken by such grief, the king, who was solicitous for the welfare of his kingdom, became like one inanimate. The city, with its population old and young, was agitated with alarm on account of many evil news ; it was like a boisterous sea which the king could not calm.

On the next day when Shivabhaṭṭa brought the king his meals, the king became angry and said that he had eaten what he could eat, and told him to take the food away. In the excess of his anxiety the king became

distrustful even of a shadow. He heard that the ministers intended to rise against him, but he took no care of his own life. For a few days he remained like one whose intellect was gone, and when questioned by his friends, he made reply to none. On one occasion when the ministers asked him some questions about the affairs of the state, he uttered some words without meaning, and as if oppressed with illness he laid himself exhausted on the bed. The physicians did not know the cause nor the symptoms of his illness, but I think he took the vow of fasting in order to get himself rid of his affliction. High as lofty trees, yielding food with extended arms, of high renown, and beloved of Brāhmaṇas as the trees are beloved of birds, the good kings are struck down by evil fate as by a gale. In the meantime the three sons disorganised all the seven constituents of the kingdom, as terrible diseases destroy the humours of the body. The Rajputs were alarmed, and came every day, with many soldiers, and found the king in his miserable plight and almost dumb. The king was afraid of his sons, but in order to give an audience to all, he was placed in his wretched condition before the gate of the palace, with his elephants and horses. Men belonging to the palace and those outside thronged to see the king; they heard the sound of religious festivities and beheld the king with gladness, as one beholds the moon on the second day after the new moon. Bahrā nakhāna became alarmed when he heard of this, and came near to the place, but

he knew by the symptoms that the king was on the point of death. He then went to a distance and thus said to his brother :—"Our father will not live ; he fell on the ground before the gate, and was almost dumb and unconscious. Vainly is he being raised up by the cunning people. Therefore arise, and let us go to the yard of the king's palace clad in iron mail, and bind the wicked ministers, and take possession of the horses and of other things. We will cut down the bridge of boats, and that will prove the ruin of your elder brother." When Hājyakhāna heard this, he said :—"This should not be spoken before me. I do not even in dream wish any harm to my father and king." He then spent one night in grief with his father.

Then when Ādamakhāna heard the report that his father was dead, he moved with his army towards Shrī Jainanagara with a view to usurp his father's kingdom. In the way he caused his soldiers to be clad in armour for his own defence. He then passed one night secretly in a house at the outskirts of the capital. In the meantime, Hassana, the treasurer, blinded by self-interest and deceiving others, took oath to Shrī Hājyakhāna and sought his shelter. On the next day the eldest brother, driven by the ministers, reached Kudmadīnapurī with his army ; but there his good fortune left him. Though he was the eldest and possessed of a strong intellect, though himself a hero endowed with unusual energy and patience, and attended by followers, he was

still unable to perform any signal deed in the time of action ; for men devoid of virtue cannot achieve success. Had Ādamakhāna killed a guard that night and captured the horses, he would have got the kingdom. But the intelligence of a man is according to his merit.

In the meantime Hājyakhāna sent by the treasurer and his youngest brother, went into the yard of the palace, and took possession of his father's horses. When those servants of the prince, who had been impatient for fight, heard of the news of the capture of the animals, they suited their action to the time, clad themselves in armour and entered the palace. Abhimanyu the Pratīhāra, and others reviled them, but they were soon punished by the confusion that followed. Hājyakhāna with his army remained that day outside the palace, afraid of a rising, and though he was anxious to see the king he could not do so.

When Ādamakhāna heard of this news, he became alarmed. He was in a defenceless condition, and despairing of success, he went with his followers by the road leading to Vipulāṭa. Surrounded by his own men, Ādamakhāna marched by the way of Tārabala. His younger brother pursued him and killed many of his soldiers. When Abhimanyu the Pratīhāra and others beheld the superhuman prowess of Ādamakhāna, they found that he fulfilled what his name implied.* He

*It is difficult to unravel this pun. It seems that the pun lies in the similarity of the sound of Adamakhana and Admi-khun, the latter is a Hindi word.

killed many men in his anger, and their corpses were heaped in the caverns of the mountain. In the meantime prince Hassanakhāna, resplendent with many virtues, soon passed over Parṇotsa and came within Kashmīra. The tree growing on barren soil is dried up by the heat of summer, and becomes sapless, and casts no shadow, and is forsaken by travellers; but when nourished by the copious waters of the rainy season it is decked with flowers, it shelters men from the heat, and becomes enjoyable. As a river is equally accessible from both its banks, even so the kingdom was hitherto accessible to the two belligerents, but now it became favourable to one party. Thus by the conduct of the two brothers, victories and defeats were brought about by fate in a way which the people had not anticipated. Who does not wish for a son? And when a son is born, who does not feel both happiness and anxiety on his account, and does not strive by various means to bring up the child? But alas! when the child is grown up, he seeks through his avarice to obtain his father's wealth, and is even anxious for the time when the father would die, and considers him as a hinderance in his way.

At this time the king, surrounded by a few servants, remained without any anxiety, as if he had not heard of the reports which had reached him. He gave out that owing to illness his voice had failed and he had lost the power of deglutition. His beauty was gone, and he became like the moon when near its end. It

was owing to the misfortune of his subjects and for the affliction of all, that the king, shorn of his beauty and suffering from malady, appeared like the sun about to set at the end of the kalpa. By the quivering of his lips it was known that he was praying, and he expired at noon on Friday, on the twelfth day of the moon, in the month of Jaiṣhṭha. At the time of his death, Fortune seemed to abandon all his limbs and appeared on his face, and I saw him in that state. His face methought was the dwelling place of the goddess of Fortune, and perspiration issued from it, even like a stream of good luck. His breath left him, taking his life with it, and as if afraid of having stolen that jewel. After life had departed, tears still issued from his eyes, as if his eyes which were like the sun and the moon melted away and his affection for his subjects trickled down.

King Shrī Jaina reigned happily for fifty-two years, and went to heaven in the year 46. The corpse was placed in a litter and was borne on men's shoulders, and on it were placed the umbrella and the chāmara, and they looked like the sun and the moon dropped from the sky in their sorrow. At that time the ministers, servants, slaves, and citizens offered oblation to the dead in tears of lamentation. The king had obtained the kingdom in the month of Jaiṣhṭna in the year 96; and the period of the sun's course towards the north ended with him. He had counted sixty-nine years, and the beauty of the flowing black beard was still seen on his

face. After death his body became a corpse and he became a Shiva. Such was the king that was borne on a litter and, adorned with umbrella and châmara, was brought by the weeping ministers to the burial ground, where the previous kings looked beautiful as in sleep, and the earth, as if out of affection for her lords, had received them in her bosom. All sides resounded with the loud lamentation of the sorrowing citizens as if with the noise of sounding brass. Within the city no other voice was heard than the cry of "O king! O life of the people! Where art thou going, leaving thy subjects behind." The ears of the men were incessantly filled with these cries, so that they sometimes seemed to hear the cries in the air. The king was then lifted from the litter which had been borne on men's shoulders, and was covered with cloth, and laid within the bowels of the earth beside his father. The people looked on the face of the king with tearful eyes, and, as required by their rites, they threw a handful of earth on him; as if to indicate that there would be no other king like him, and that the world was ruined by his death. Monarchs who had conquered powerful enemies in battle, had covered the earth with riches, and had given wealth to all; who had built cities named after them, and were well known in other countries; who had long reigned in the country possessed of the seven component parts of royalty, leave all behind in the end, and receive only the winding sheet for their portion. Scorched

by a hostile country, as by a forest fire, the deceased king enjoyed the sleep of ease in the cool interior of the grave-yard.

Hājyakhāna saw the face of his father graced by fortune, and appearing as if in sleep, and for seven nights he performed the rite of mastaka. He exclaimed :—"O father! Bent on wickedness I have many a time transgressed against thee, and methinks you have left me in your anger, and have gone to heaven alone. Admirable is king Shekandhara who is in heaven and now beholds thee. Fie to me O king! that I am deprived of the sight of thee. No where O father! at the time of festivity did you enjoy yourself without me ; how then do you now enjoy the pleasures of heaven alone? You could not obtain sleep on a soft bed and surrounded by men, how can you now sleep on the gravel in the midst of those buried in the earth? When I left you and returned to my house, who did not curse me in anger saying that we two might not speak to each other again? We wicked sons always kept you sleepless, and art thou now having thy long sleep? O king! Your person was consumed with ever present anxiety ; has that anxiety of yours been now transferred to another? O father! I see thy face in the portrait and in my imagination, but where shall I, who have so much sinned against thee, hear thy voice? Without thee O master! my kingdom is a thing of danger to me, the day is night, the good garden is a cemetery, and life is death. Come O father! and show

thyself to me, be thou angry or propitious. I am unable to bear this death-like pain of separation. O father! Where hast thou gone leaving me, thy servant, behind; the lotus bud does not expand without the sun. Art thou angry O king? I am thy servant bent on serving thee; and in consideration of my excessive solicitude speak but one word to me, for without thee I shall not live."

Thus the prince lamented, and performed the rites of the bhujā night; he gazed on the face of the king for a long time and wept aloud. Thus loudly lamenting, Hājyakhāna was overcome with grief, and when the day declined the ministers forcibly took him to the palace. For the benefit of his deceased father, the son, while yet he was on the burial ground, gave away his own village of Sālora for the supply of drinking water to the people in the hot season; and for the services of those who provided the water, he permanently endowed lands in that village and allotted them for a religious purpose. At this time the sun, as if unable to look upon the earth without a king, set in the sea; and the earth casting away her garment of evening cloud, spread the gloom of the evening which was even like her dishevelled hair to weep in sorrow for the king. A darkness prevailed in the kingdom at the death of the king. He had raised high hopes in men, he was of princely appearance, and a friend of the men of merit. No one cooked his food that day, no smoke arose from the houses, all were dumb with grief

and breathless. Such was the state of the capital which seemed to be without life.

A long crystal stone was placed in the grave-yard, it was the highest among those that were there, and was like the figure of the king in a recumbent position, and it was illumined with verses. Men came to see the place out of curiosity and they lamented and shed tears on the king, which looked like offerings of pearls. It was Friday when the citizens went to the grave-yard, and their images were beautifully reflected on the stone, as if the king out of curiosity had drawn them near to him. The people remembered the king's breast broad as door pannel, his face beautiful as the full moon, the tip of his long nose like the beak of the Suka bird, the eyes tender as the lotus, his hairy eye-brows and forehead bright with auspicious signs, and his intellect and his qualifications, and his attention to kingly duties. All these came to their mind as if they were standing before the the king himself; and they spoke lightly of the world, as devoid of worth and substance. If the moon beams of the full moon, the beauty of the flowers of spring, the purity of the autumnal sky, the budding youth of women, and the rule of a wise king,—all these that afford happiness to men,—were made lasting by fate, men would not long for heaven. In his boyhood, the king lost his father, and apprehended mischief from the principal minister, and was involved in a quarrel with his brothers and servants. He was living in foreign countries when

he got the kingdom; then there was a distressing war with his elder brother; his nurse's sons then caused him anxiety; and afterwards the opposition of his sons lasted till his death. Fie to the life of living beings on this earth, ever attended with sorrow, and ever causing tears to flow from the eye! Mars was the planet that cast an evil eye towards his sons, it was no doubt owing to the position of the stars at his nativity that he suffered so much affliction from the hands of his children.

All the king's learned men and even the poets who were ever so eloquent, became silent when the king was gone, even as kokilas are found mute in the month of Paushạ. The books of the learned, which, even like the eyes of the goddess of learning, had ever remained open [during the king's reign] were now tied up and became shrunk. There were men who in order to win the king's favour had worked in logic, in grammar, and in other branches of learning for the benefit of the vernacular of the country, and who had been honored by the king and had enjoyed ease and prosperity in their homes. They had exerted themselves, day and night, to obtain books, and had learnt the shāstras, and when questioned on the subject of their study, could make recitations from their books. But where was grammar, where were the discussions of logic, and where was the labour in the cause of literature after king Shrī Jaina died? That king who was the master of all learning,

who was benevolent to men, accessible, meritorious, and liberal, the king who knew the literature of many languages, who was favourable to the men of merit, and untiring in work of kindness and of virtue,—that king, alas! is now laid on the ground. Fie to us, sinful and depraved in our hearts! Overcome by the love of the world, we still live therein, and do not fly to the wilderness in sorrow. As the bosom of a woman does not look graceful without a necklace, nor the intellect without learning, nor the expanded lotus flowers without the sun, nor the human body without youth, nor the night without the moon, nor a wife without her husband, even so the kingdom of Kashmīra did not look graceful without its king. Good men felt sorrowful at heart, and found no rest; and they always lamented and said that king Shrī Jainollābhadena was the greatest among all sovereigns, that he was versed in all learning and loved the study of logic and other branches of knowledge, and that he consequently shone in the glory of the learned. He was distinguished by his desire to see learned men collected around him, and by his wish to bestow gifts and honors on them, as well as by his well deserved fame. They said that he had consolidated Kashmīra, and had gone as if to consolidate heaven which was in a state of confusion. The royal family, like a bamboo group in a garden, decked by variagated grass and a profusion of leaves, was an object of beauty for a long time; but alas! domestic

broils, like a fire caused by friction, burnt all the things in the garden from one end to the other. The officers of Shrī Jaina, owing to his curse, melted away within one year, even like a dream; and in the kingdom which was disturbed at his death, only one in a hundred of his servants remained, even like jewels in the ocean, after it is agitated by a gale. Servants remain with their master and honor him as long as he who supports them remains in power. The bee, the kokila, and the frog hail the spring with their voice as long as spring lasts on earth. Even these few servants of the king who remained, withered like grass under innumerable scorching suns.

Here ends the first book named the account of Jainashāhi of Jainarājataraṅginī composed by paṇḍita Shrīvara.

BOOK II.

I bow to the god, (Mahādeva), who is the master of the hidden significance of all words, and who pervades all the universe. Who does not, by prayer in the form of a partial description of his person, attain the fruit of worship? His right foot is fixed in the ground, and his left foot, though oft in motion, seeks to rest, and thus describes a circle on a straight line. The god not unoften performs a dance while walking in the evening. Let that deity, a god and a goddess in one, ever bestow happiness on us.

By an order under his seal, Hājyakhāna now declared his name to be Haidarashāha, and took possession of the kingdom on the first day of the moon in the month of Jaiṣhṭha. A festivity was held on the occasion of his taking over the kingdom in which the performance of religious acts predominated, and joy was promoted by gifts, and many auspicious acts were done, and many who sought happiness found it. Shekandharapurī was full of happy men, the favourites of the king were clad in clean garments, and the city looked as beautiful as the sky, when full of stars. The new powerful monarch sat on a golden throne in the yard of the palace, even as the sun sits on the peak of the Meru mountain. In his front sat his son and his handsome youngest

brother, who looked like the planets Venus and Jupiter before the moon. The treasurer Hassana distributed money, as ordered, and put the mark of royalty on the forehead of the king with offerings of gold and flower. As in the rainy season the clouds rule the world with lightnings, even so did the king Hājyahaidhara govern the country. The king's youngest brother Bahrāmakhāna was even like himself, and through affection, the king made him lord of Sukṣhitī in the Nāgrāma country. It was after a long time that the king met his son, and, overwhelmed as he then was with sorrow for his father, he found even greater comfort than what he had felt when he was appointed heir-apparent of the kingdom. Āvatra, Lavaka, and others found great favour with the king, and were invested with authority in the kingdom. Other servants also obtained favours from the new king and obtained the gift of villages, good or indifferent, according to their previous services. The king then parted with the kings of Rājapurī and Sindhu who had come to see him, after decking them with ornaments befitting kings. In the king's palace, ministers, feudatory kings, captains of armies, and others, adorned with daggers of gold, mingled in the rejoicings, and with them moved the servants to whom were given valuable garments of silk. The king, free from all vices, protected his people, even like the waxing moon in her fortnightly career.

There lived one Merjā Hassana, son of Saida Nāsira, and he was the chief of Bahurūpa and other provinces.

He was of an affectionate nature, and fond nursing children; his mind was devoid of avarice and anger; he dispelled the darkness of ignorance and he was honored in the kingdom as his father was. In festivities and on all joyous occasions, Merjā Hassana and his party were honored as the foremost. The king therefore thought that by attaching him to his son, he would make his son as powerful as himself, and he accordingly caused his son to marry the daughter of Merjā Hassana. The king had killed Hāṅgira son of Jyaṃsara the Mârgapati, and attracted by the merit of Merjā Hassana he now bestowed Vāṅgila on him. The king favoured even those who did him harm; the lion first stoops before elephants and then kills them.

The king kept his purposes concealed, and through his spies informed himself of the acts of Hassana the treasurer, and he bestowed honors on Hassana and brought him under his power. The prowess of the king made his enemies grieve; he concealed his anger, and was like the fire which lies concealed in ashes and is the cause of death to many. He affected friendship with some, and they did not apprehend any danger until he found his opportunity to act against them. Others, he honored out of policy, and thus he acted from various motives. He was like Kuvera to his servants when he bestowed his favours, but he was like death to them when they were at fault. PhiryyaḌāmara and other ministers knew of the fierce anger of the king, and bore their

sorrow in secret. Thieves, immoral men, and the enemies and oppressive servants of the king were like jackals in the kingdom, they wandered about during day time in fear.

After the death of king Shrī Jaina the king's officers again harassed the people, even like serpents deprived of their head jewel. Even the full moon, which illumines all sides and becomes worthy of the enjoyment of the gods, has its stain, and the king likewise had one stain in his character. The courtiers of the king combined among themselves, and urged by the fear that the king would kill all of them when he would hear of their faults, they plotted to bring in a stranger. A barber by the name of Riktetara* became the favourite of the king; he advised wicked deeds, was full of vices, and accepted unfair bribes. Men addicted to enjoyments cannot leave off evil habits, and thus the present sovereign, though daily reproached by the late king, could not cast off this barber who had become his favourite. This wily barber, who had accumulated riches through the toil of the people and who was skilled in devices for accomplishing his purpose, now became widely known by his gifts of money. The cunning man kept concealed by the sweetness of his tongue the hardness of his heart which led him to oppress the people. Having thus attained to power he wickedly harassed the subjects who had been

* This man is subsequently called Pūrna.

protected by the king, as if they had been his sons. The wise and renowned Bherabhokhāra, who was devoid of all angry feelings, became the minister of the king, and through the king's favour Machuryyā was made the accountant, but the latter appropriated money which belonged to the king, from all the offices.

The cloud which produces water and is the delight of the pea-fowl, which causes a plentiful crop to grow in cultivated fields and drives away heat, also afflicts the people by discharging the thunder-bolt. The king remained in a state of insensibility through wine, and instigated by wicked ministers, did unwise acts, and caused the misfortune of the subjects. He wished to build an edifice by the side of Shekandharapurī, and ordered the lofty trees in the Amrita park to be cut down. The bees saw the trees with the flowers cut down and left them, and raised a hum as if in lamentation. The people did not sympathise with the king's attempt to build the edifice ; it was like the desire to light a lamp under the sun. He was surely drunk when he did this. We say this because he did many things that were harmful to him. The barber obtained the orders of the king, when he was drunk, and mutilated many men. The relentless and sinful barber cut off the Thakkuras and courtiers of the king's father by the saw. Five or six persons were going to their elder brother for the purpose of performing the rites of svāvana, but the barber arrested them in the way, impaled them, and thus caused

them to be killed. They lived for a few nights, their sufferings were narrated by their relatives, and they were seen by the citizens fixed to the pales with tears in their eyes. The barber knew Vaidūryya the physician to be a calumniator, and a partisan of the enemy, and he releas-ed the physician from arrest after cutting off his arms, his nose, and his lips. Similarly, Nonadeva, Shikhajāda, and others, five or six persons in all, had their tongues, noses, and a hand cut off. By such outrageous acts as mutilation and impaling, the barber Pūrṇa became the butcher of men. Jayya the son of an āchāryya, as also a Brāhmaṇa named Bhīma were maimed, and they struggled and threw themselves into the Vitastā.

In this reign, owing to the prevalence of drunkenness, wine came to be prepared from molasses as from grapes, and this wine became as common here as the wine prepared from sugar is in other countries. When the king became addicted to wine and averse to all other kinds of enjoyments, molasses and candies and other things prepared from the juice of sugar-cane became scarce. Mallāḍaudaka was a great master of music, and his pupil Khujyābdolkāḍira taught the king to pay on the lute. He acquired proficiency in the music of the lute and other instruments from us and he spent all his life to the music of the lute, without a moment's intermis-sion. The king understood the art of playing on the lute and was well skilled in it, so that he gave lessons even to the professors. Vahlala and others played on the

ravāva, and what did they not earn thereby through the favour of the king who showered gold on them. Every man was afraid of the king who was always under the influence of the wicked even when he was in his private apartments or among his women, and the wicked were like demons well skilled in dissimulation.

Once upon a time the ministers sent the barber Pūrṇa to the king, and when the king was alone, the barber asked him what he intended to do with the former ministers. "These your father's ministers" he said "destroyed your party, and yet you have made them powerful now that you have obtained the kingdom. These men, Hassana the treasurer and others, are loved by your youngest brother, and cunning as he is, he is trying to win them over by his wiles. Your body is frail and you always confide in your brother, so that it will not be long before the destruction of yourself, your sons, and your servants is effected." When the king heard this he said :—"It is true that my youngest brother dislikes my son, but I will tell you the reason why nevertheless I give protection to this wily man. My youngest brother is violent in temper, and my eldest, who is active in his preparations to usurp my place, is cunning, I intend to quell my eldest brother by means of my youngest, even as a thorn is extracted by a thorn. It is for the sake of this service that I am giving him shelter, not out of respect for him." When the barber neard this he made two or three great men acquainted with the intention of the king.

In the meantime the king's haughty elder brother arrived at Parṇotsa with his army from the Madra country, with the intention of usurping his brother's kingdom. When the king heard of this, he became angry; he caused his father's officers to be brought before him and asked them what should be done. They replied:—"Your elder brother has come, but we will go and cut the bridge over the narrow river, otherwise should he arrive here he would be irresistible. O master! order us so to do." When the king heard their request, he misunderstood their motive, and suspected that they were deserting him to go over to the side of his brother; and he replied "so will it be."

The king then left them, and at night called before him his ministers Phiryyaḍāra and others, who had become cruel in the prosecution of their work. They informed the king that it was owing to the conspiracy of Hassana the treasurer that his elder brother had come, and that if Hassana were destroyed his brother would retire, otherwise he would enter the capital. They advised that Hassana should be brought by some artifice, and killed in the morning. Accordingly the king concealed his anger and gave orders to his servants. On the morning Hassana the treasurer and others, being summoned by the king, left their attendants behind and come out of their homes. The affrighted horse, as if it knew the purpose of the summons, remained motionless and began to tremble, and it was

after much urging that, with tears in its eyes, it came to the yard of the palace. Hassana the treasurer, Merakāka, and others, five or six in all, then seated themselves on a valuable carpet, and were anxious to learn what the work of the king was which had to be performed. As ordered by the king, Jamsara and other servants first won the confidence of the party by dissimulation, and then killed them within the room in the palace. The treasurer rose and exclaimed against the treachery, but with one stroke of a hatchet he was deprived of his life. Struck by the weapon, and on the point of death, Merakāka blessed the king and then expired. Ahmadamera, a man of merit, a lover of learning, and the delight of the people, was murdered while engaged in writing, and every one was grieved for him. While alive these men had lived united, and when cut off by the hatchet, their blood mingled. Just before their death they had been seated on a colored blanket, and when dead, they were seen on it as if in sleep. The death by the hatchet which they met, all in a moment, inside the palace, was such as is unattainable by others, and it was a glory to them. Thus were they killed, and at their last moment neither riches, nor wife, nor servants, nor tombs were of use to them.

The fear of the king was more distressing than the fear of death; the people were chastised or imprisoned for debts, and the friends of a debtor deserted him through fear lest the debt might devolve on them.

Even one's own wife deserts a man on such an occasion not to speak of servants. It was more dangerous to serve the king than to embrace fire, or to go before an angry cobra, or to fall into the ocean. The Chaṇḍālas at night took the bodies as of men who had no friends, and buried them in a hole in the ground at the foot of the Pradyumna hill, and covered the place with bricks. The Mausulas always take care about the structures over their graves and pay money to the architects. They do not think that no one can know, except God, when or how one may die. He alone is fit to build a tomb who knows the period of his life, and to whom Death is obedient as a friend. This practice of building tombs among the mlechchhas is but a foolish one. This is my view. Vaishravaṇabhaṭṭa and others had built their tombs, but when in the end they died in a village, they were laid there on the ground. An ordinary man carefully encloses a hundred cubits of land and prevents others from entering it ; should he not be ashamed of this? It is said in the [Mahomedan] shāstra that if a small stone be laid on the grave that stone becomes a source of joy to the man who has gone to the other world. Alas! the strength of cupidity! Even the dead, like the living, keep possession of the ground under the pretence of having a tomb! Great men seem to enjoy their life in taking pains over building tombs, but how many men there are who go hungry! Admirable is the practice enjoined by the other [Hindu] shāstra, for tens of mil-

lions of dead are burnt on one cubit of land and the land remains the same in extent. All these unworthy censures have been passed in the course of this narration, and they should be pardoned by the Mausulas, for the words of the poet are not under his control.

Those who acquire wealth, even if as great as of a king, by oppression, and do not spend any portion of it in charity or in enjoyment, they by their sinfulness earn misery which is the fruit of sin. All objects belonging to uch men depart from their houses and become the property of the king, and their indigent relatives do not get even a shell. The treasurer had amassed vessels of silver filled with gold, and when the king saw them he spat on the ground exclaiming, "Fie to the miser !" Every thing which Vahmaraga and other partisans of the treasurer had hoarded, was taken away, and with the exception of Saida Hossana, they were all thrown into prison. Others received the punishment of death from the king, for the guilt of their father, even as the Kṣhatriyas di d of old from Parashurāma. The king remembered the injury he had formerly received from the worthy and able councillors of his father and got himself rid of them. He remembered too the affection which Habhebha and his five or six friends had borne towards him and towards his father, as well as their services rendered to him, and he maintained them in great dignity.

When Ādamakhāna at Parṇotsa heard the news of the death of the treasurer, a message that bore the true

import of his name,* he was struck with fright, and returned in the same manner as he had come. Bahrāmakhāna was also very much alarmed at the death of the treasurer, but on coming home he received assurance from the king who understood business. In the meantime the fine army under Māṇikyadeva was destroyed in a battle with the Turushkas, in the Madra country. In this battle Ādamakhāna had went out to fight, with his maternal uncle, and he was killed, his face being pierced by an arrow. Some said that he was there killed by men of his own party who were afraid of him; while others said that he died of a wound in a vital part by a lance. When the king heard of his death from the messengers he was very much grieved, and caused his body to be brought from Madra country and placed before his mother. Though he was the eldest of the brothers and a hero, and though he had an army under him, and possessed wealth and the part of the country where he was born, yet he did not, in spite of endeavours, obtain the kingdom which was his due. An object wished for is not attained unless it is so decreed by destiny; or was it in him that his father's curse came to be realized? For though he returned to his own country he died in a foreign land.

Signs of great cal.mities and of alarm appeared in

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*Admi khun ?

the sky, in the air, and on the earth, each striving to come foremost. First, when the king went to Maḍavarājya, to indulge in the festivity of flowers, there occurred a great earthquake. The buildings, as if perceiving the misery of their builders, began to tremble like men. Then there appeared a comet, a sign of calamity, extending over the sky with its tail towards the east. It was first seen by Vahrāmakhāna. Its tail was like the bearded lance of death, and its wide extending form was seen even in the day time, towards the west. A mare in the king's stable gave birth to twins, and the king, in order to remove the animal from the country, gave it away to the Yavanas. Lions and other animals of the forest wandered about during the day in Shrīnagara town, and a bitch gave birth to kittens. The Sadānandī tree, which had been barren, bore fruits, and flowers grew on the roots of pomegranate trees near the palace. A rain of blood fell on the clothes that were in the garden, and when men saw this, they felt as if salt had been sprinkled on a wound. In the meantime the Hindus, excited to anger by Pūrṇa the barber, were guilty of severities on Saidakhāna Āgāha and others who were residing in the town. When the Yavanas heard of this, they became angry, and went to the king and lamented aloud, and the king ordered a persecution of the Brāhmaṇas. In his fury the king cut off the arms and noses of Ajara, Amara, Buddha, and others, and even of those Brāhmaṇas who

were his servants. During this time of the pillage of the property of the Brāhmaṇas, they gave up their caste and their dress and exclaimed, "I am not a Bhaṭṭa, I am not a Bhaṭṭa." There were in the city many rich and principal gods, and the king ordered the plunder of their images at the instigation of the mlechchhas. King Jaina had given them lands after he was satisfied as to their excellence, but the officers of the present king robbed them of their estates without any reason. The month of Samāhisaphara is celebrated in the religion of the mlechchhas, that month now came for the destruction of religion; to whom did it not appear terrific? When the king was seen in an intoxicated state day after day, when the ministers became subservient to the king, and the king's friends took bribes, were fickle minded, and oppressed the weak, then the people thought of the many virtues of king Shrī Jaina. All the old men in the country, who had held high posts for a long time, were now in danger, as the king had ordered them to be disgraced, and they gave vent to their grief in cries and lamentations. The curse pronounced for the sins of men, as described in the Persian poem, was verified in the country of king Shrī Jaina. Wicked men had wished for the death of the wise old king; expecting to obtain money from the son; but even these servants who were dissemblers and had so long lived in joy now came to be greatly oppressed, as if through the curse of the late king; and they lamented with tears

in their eyes and with loud cries, saying, "why has Fate destroyed our protector the old king?" This short reign became intolerable and appeared long, even as an evil dream that is dreamt in a summer night. The king's servants felt happy in amassing wealth by plunder, in purloining household articles, and in oppressing the people, even as owls are happy in darkness. The king lay drunk with wine, and did not perform his duties towards his subjects, but spent his time rolling on his bed within the palace. He listened day and night to songs sung by a potter, and did not give audience even to men of merit who were worthy of a king. The beautiful palace in Lakṣhmīpura,* which was completed in the reign of Shāhābhadena, was burnt down by fire. The great row of buildings in the neighbourhood of Balāḍhya maṭha was also consumed together with the wealth of many citizens. When men saw the destruction of houses and witnessed other calamities in the country, they said that the disasters would cease only with the death of the king. The king ascended the palace and saw his own five chambered house in flames; he felt happy and sank into the pleasures of drink.

In the meantime Neyadhiṣhaṇa sent the king's son on an expedition into foreign countries. At the sight of the army the kings of the foreign countries

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* This perhaps refers to the city of Shrīnagara.

disappeared, even as stars fade away in the day when they see the rays of the sun. First, Jayasiṃha, king of Rājapurī, gave handsome presents to the prince, and his sister pleased (married) the prince. When the prince approached the river Kālīdhārā, which looked like the blade of his sword, every one there trembled in his house out of fear of him. The troops, the dispellers of fear, that were at Dīnnārakoṭa came to that river and made offerings to it, even as offerings are made to the goddess Maṅgalā enshrined on a high ground. The kings of Madra, Gakkhra, and Chittā came to him with attendants dressed in shinning white, even as swans come to a clear lake. Even his maternal uncles the Suhlaṇas brought presents ; they were assiduous in their duties towards the sovereign, and behaved like cranes. The Māhilās, when they saw the destruction of Kaumāra town, lost their firmness, though still possessing an army, even as women lose their composure at sight of the man on whom they have bestowed their favours. As the prince's army crossed the river Kālīdhārā in a line and proceeded to Jyalamī, it looked like the bridge which Rāma had built over the sea. The army, still unwearied, then arrived at Kuṭīpāṭīshvarī, and looked as if issuing out of the navel of Nārāyaṇa. The houses in the city of Bhogapālā, which had long been peopled by the Madras, were burnt and the hearts of the men were afflicted. The prince's army, with its prancing horses, reached the Unnāda lake, and arrived at the

foot of the Vâlyeshvara hill. The gallant army with its prancing horses, seemed to shake the roads on which they passed. As the army marched, the ground became shorn of grass, the pools were drained of water, and the forests bereft of wood. At this time I was honored by the king and was sent to the prince. I explained the Vṛihatkathā to him and became his reader. The prince who had reduced kings to the state of tributary chiefs had stayed for six months out of the country, but at the end of Chaitra became anxious to return to Kashmīra.

In the meantime Vahrāmakhāna, who knew that the king was addicted to vices, attacked the ministers and the leaders of the army and moved unchecked and unopposed. The king's constitution became weak by constant drinking, his strength and beauty faded, and he was attacked with gout and the spitting of blood. The king received Hassanakhāna who had arrived, and as the full moon dries up the lotuses, so did he reduce the ministers. But instigated by the wicked, the king became angry with his son because he had not brought Rūja the Gakhvara bound. When Vahrāmakhāna heard of the coming of the prince, whose arrival he had as little expected as the coming of the eastern hill to the west, his exertions became lax. The king did not show his affection towards his son even when he had attained greatness; the intellect of those whose end is nigh departs from them as if in fear. Entreated by the

ministers and the leaders of the army, the king merely gave an audience to the prince who had returned from the expedition. Surely the king was then afraid of his youngest brother, or why should he make only gifts of robes to his son? Surely he thought that Vahrāma would oppose his son, and like the Shamī tree, he kept the fire of his resentment hid within himself.

Meanwhile, as if urged by death, the king, with his servants, ascended the top of the palace in order to indulge in drink; and there within the apartment named pushkara, in the glass room, the king fell down while running about in sport, and bled from his nose. The servants stretched their arms and carried him to the bed room of the apartment, but he fainted away and lay on his bed, and was like a mirror that did not reflect any image on it. The trusted physicians of the king were neglected, and a certain yogi tried on the king his medicine which was strong on account of its poison, and caused him pain. The king's body became excessively heated, through the administration of the medicine, and day and night he longed for death, nor wished to live for a moment. The prince accompanied by the minister Ahmada remained for three days within the palace near his father. When the prince learnt that the nobles had come to see his dying father, he placed soldiers at the gate in order to prevent their going out. The king's youngest brother was agitated both by fear and

delight, and remained in his own house but sent his spies around, even as the sun sends out his powerful rays. Royal Fortune now favoured both the uncle and the nephew, as if in doubt which of them to select. At this time the minister Ahmada held a consultation with the other ministers, and went to Bahrāmakhāna, and spoke to him these words of reason :—"To-day your brother king Haidharashāha, whose name is auspicious, having wished you a long life, has come to the end of his career. Now you are the eldest of the family, do you therefore ascend the throne, and give Hassanakhāna the post of the heir-apparent. This city was protected by your father with great care, and to-day this alarmed town should be protected by you, even like a chaste woman of good family. What more need I say ? Let the plunderers of the city, who are like greedy crows, turn back as they came, with their dark features and their cries of evil. When Bahrāmakhāna heard these words he replied in language harsh on account of his anger. "Did I, in disregard of my self-interest and of the future world, separate myself from my father, mild and bounteous as the kalpa tree, and did I oppose Ādamakhāna by various devices, in order to serve this brother who was never himself ? Who does not know how I obtained the kingdom for him ? Who is my brother's son to-day, and what is his worth ? Who beside me is worthy of my father's kingdom ? He is younger, I am older in age

and better in qualifications. Where is the place now for conciliation in this world which the powerful is always destined to enjoy?" When he had said these unworthy words, they left him. Bahrāmakhāna did not after this expect to get the services of those with whom he used to consult before, and to co-operate in the administration of the country, and he therefore fell into despair. * * * * When destruction is nigh men's intellect wanders the wrong way, even as the water in a tank does when the embankment gives way. If he had wisely distinguished reasonable advice from unreasonable, if he had gone out and secured the horses which belonged to him, if he had killed his confiding nephew, and had taken possession of the treasury in his father's palace, or if he had gone out of the country and then returning to Kramarājya, had leisurely attacked the kingdom, then he would not have sustained the loss which ensued on account of his vacilation and the unreasonable advice of his childish and foolish servants. He might have secured every thing in good time; but owing to inexperience, alas! what did he not lose?

Now the minister Ahmadamalla thought to himself that no one possessing intelligence should hold the kingdom from him for any length of time. He would rather give the kingdom to the ignorant son of the king

*Blanks in the text are thus indicated by asterisks.

and be at ease. Accordingly he applied to a powerful favourite of the king, and held a council with other ministers, and he proposed to bestow the kingdom on the king's son. Abhimanyu the Pratihāra, in his pride, proposed to attack Vahrāma, and determined to march out with his troops. When Bahrāmakhāna heard of this, he immediately joined his son, but being without support, he went out of the city. He alone, who is ambitious, can dive into the sea and can fearlessly quell the monsters of the sea, in order to find invaluable gems and pearls and corals. Bahrāmakhāna, who had his son with him, heard strange accounts of his brother's son; his army was greatly alarmed, and he went by the road leading to Dhvāra. The same circumstance under which he had caused Ādamakhāna to flee from the city, now befell him at night. Sin does not take long to bring forth its fruit.

On the fifth day of the bright moon, in the month of Vaishākha, in the year 48, the king went to heaven; having reigned for one year and ten months. Some said that a sprite had taken its abode in the room adorned with pillars and high poles, and enraged by the wicked actions of the king, tore him to pieces. Others said that the yogi administered a strong medicine with an unskilful hand, and the king lost his appetite and died. Others again said that his wicked brother urged the physicians to adopt a bad treatment in order to remove the king, as the king's son was not then attending on his father. Some said that the

king died because he had killed the chiefs of Sauṭāla and other places after swearing good faith towards them on the veda of the Mausulas, and inspired their confidence, and also because he had killed those ministers of his father who had placed the mark of royalty on his forehead at his coronation. Surely within a short time he melted away like a mass of snow in the heat, on account of the curse of his father and because of his many crimes. The prince believed that there was no enemy within the city, and entertaining no apprehensions, he carried his father's body on a litter to the grave-yard. There he took out the corpse from the coffin, and covered it with a single piece of cloth, and placed it within the womb of the earth at the feet of the deceased's father. All the people considered the body as a handful of dust, looked at its face, and threw a handful of dust on it. When the hollow of the grave was filled, they placed over it a stone of moderate height ; and it seemed to proclaim to all men that the late king had a heart of stone in his battles. His servants remembered the favours they had received from their master, and they smote their breast, and gave vent to loud lamentations, and wept. His servants who had received favours from him thought his short reign to be happy and glorious, as if they had obtained the heaven in dream. The king had composed a book of songs in the Persian language and in the dialect of Hindusthāna, and who does not praise

him for it? The king used to keep up nights in listening to the Purāṇas, the Dharmashāstras, and the Saṃhitas which lead to salvation.

Owls and other birds are anxious for the approach of the night, and work mischief in the houses of men. They hate the rising sun, and live in caverns or wander in the woods in sorrow when the sun rises in glory. The wise but sorrowful prince knew that Mereptakāra and others who were living in the city were wicked men, and he threw them into prison the next day. He performed expensive ceremonies for his deceased father, and in sixteen days made preparations for assuming the government of the kingdom. Owls and other birds that bring harm to people, and fly about at night without difficulty, frequent the sky as long as the powerful sun does not rise and illumine all sides by its bright rays.

Here ends the second book named the account of the reign of Hājyahaidarashāha of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī composed by paṇḍita Shrīvara.

BOOK III.

I bow to Shiva who is the sole lord of the three worlds, and who has attained the rank of an immortal god and freedom from endless pain. That poet, the lord of the yogis, who has given an account of the past in his work is worthy at the present time to receive our reverence.

I, Shrīvara paṇḍita, received the king's gift, which was the means of my subsistence, and I will now narrate the history of that king, and thus free myself of the debt I owe him. I have witnessed the prosperity, the misfortunes, and the death of kings with my own eyes, and remembered the events; and this Rājataraṅgiṇī will create in all a feeling of indifference for this world. Let good people attend to my account, not for the sake of any merit in my poem,-but for history of the kingdom, which it narrates, and let them by their own intellect assimilate what they hear. This has been composed, like the records of the Kāyasthas, for the information of those who will come in the future, so that other learned men, when they read this, may compose elegant works.

King Hassana, whose mind was free from evil intention, left Shekandharapurī, the town of his father, and went to the superior and finer city of Jainanagara built

by his grandfather. Seated on the throne, clad in elegant robes and ornaments, he gladdened the earth and looked beautiful; even like the rising moon on the eastern hill. The chief malla, the minister Ahmada himself, marked his forehead with the mark of sovereignty, and adorned the new king with flowers of gold. Royal Fortune, as if recognizing him as the sole remnant of his dynasty and the ornament of the family, protected him by placing him on the silver throne, as in a casket, and covering him with the royal umbrella. Looking at the moon-like face of the new king, the face of the city, which was like the lotus, expanded! The smoke of homa ceremony, performed at the king's coronation, rose high in the air, as if the earth sent her breath upwards in gladness and looked bright. In the echoes of the music which played, the surrounding space seemed to express its gladness, and the air from all directions poured forth blessings. The long lines of blood-red banners which were displayed, seemed like crests of the fire of the new king's prowess. In the decorations of lovely white flowers, Royal Fortune seemed to smile after a long period at the ascendency of the young king. All the servants of the new king wore clothes of bright silk which looked graceful like waves, and displayed their changeful prosperity. Large expenses were incurred on account of silk in those parts of the kingdom where the people used to wear cotton clothes. Those who used to rob the people disappeared

when the king obtained the kingdom, even as clouds disappear when the sun attains the season of spring. When the sun grows bright, all sides become clear, the sun-jewel sparkles, and the fire that issues from the jewel dispels darkness ; for what cannot fire accomplish ? The father and the uncle of the king had labored in vain to obtain the kingdom which the grandson got with ease, and without an enemy. All the wealth of his father, his grandfather, and his uncle flowed to this fortunate king, even as rivers flow to the sea. The king freed himself of envy, and learnt the six schools of philosophy ; and the different works of these six schools became one in him.

The minister Ahmada with his son was employed in all the work of the king, he was mindful of virtuous acts, and he always acted as the king's counsellor. The king then made this minister Mallika Ahmada the undisputed master of Nāgrāma and the villages attached to it. Nauruj, the minister's son, did the work of Dvārapāla and became powerful on account of his possession of villages and wealth. He enjoyed the lordship of the country of Ikṣhikā. There amidst the pleasures of drinking he showered on all the nectar of his favour, and in a moment quenched the fire of the people's poverty. Tājibhaṭṭa had served the king when the king was a boy and in a foreign country ; and he was loved by the mallas, and was greatly beloved of the king. The king was prompt in dispensing punishments and

favours ; he bestowed on Tājibhaṭṭa the post of an envoy and Tājibhaṭṭa was to the king like the tongue of his kingdom. Formerly the stream of power had flowed by hundred channels, but now it rested in Tājibhaṭṭa without flowing through a second channel. Jonarājānaka and others soon obtained favours according to the services they had rendered previously. In all things the king acted as Ahmada the chief of the mallas advised, and he did not disregard this minister, even as the sea, though agitated, does not overflow its shore. It was by the advice of this minister that the king liberated those who had been hostile to his father and grandfather, and had been imprisoned in Bhuṭṭa country. The king, who knew all schools of philosophy and who placed his intelligence under the guidance of his minister, re-established in the kingdom the practices of the time of his grandfather. The king was of a forgiving nature and grateful, and the minister was devoted to the king and devoid of vanity ; it was after a long time, and owing to the virtue of the subjects, that such a combination was seen. When the Mārgapati, the Ṭhakkuras, and other officials had been seated on high seats, by the side of the minister, the minister inclined himself before the king as if he had been their envoy. He performed the work of the king even at the risk of his life, and his devotion to the king, as to Mahādeva, was unmoved. He made a good use of his wealth by building maṭhas and endowing villages in favour of

Brāhmaṇas, by the exercise of hospitality and by serving the king.

As a mad, dark elephant, when it sees a lotus, pure and beautiful, and adorned with its cup, comes proudly, and flapping its ears, to destroy the flower, but gets entangled in the plant and sinks in the mud of the tank, and dies along with the bees; even so Vahrāmakhāna gave up his attempts to conquer foreign countries, and puffed up with arrogance, came to make war in Kashmíra. The king's officers had written to him promising to join his army at the time of battle, and this made him hope for success. Formidable at the head of his army, he came from the interior of Karṇa, scaled the mountains and, with a view to usurp the kingdom, arrived at Kramarājyapura. At that time, the king with his ministers was staying at Avantipura; but on hearing of Vahrāmakhāna's arrival he soon retraced his steps and came to Svayyapura. Here, filled with anxiety at the return of his uncle, he called together all his ministers, and thus spoke in the midst of the assembly:— "The kingdom descends from father to son, I am the son and ought to get it. Who is this uncle of mine who is attempting to obtain the kingdom? He is senior to me in years, but junior in claim. Or, leaving alone the law of inheritance, the kingdom should belong to a hero; and let him be the sovereign of the kingdom who becomes victorious in this battle between us." When the chief minister heard these words of the

king he replied, that, it was for his benefit that Ādamakhāna and others had been destroyed by Fate ; and how could Bahrāmakhāna fight, who had only a small force, and depose the king from his seat ? But there was no time for action that day. In the court, he added, there were some who received pay from both the parties, and he did not know what to do, should they join Bahrāmakhāna. The minister therefore advised that the contents of the treasury should be brought and the army should then march out into the country, and then it will be able to accomplish the work. When Mallika heard this in the assembly, he addressed the king advising him to remain quiet with his ministers, and promising to send the king's troops which had served under Ādamakhāna, to subdue Bahrāmakhāna. Should these troops be overpowered, then they would march with the whole army. There was no fear from Bahrāmakhāna, he had no support and he could do nothing. When the king heard these various and uncertain views, he settled the plan of action according to the advice of Ahmada, chief of the mallas. He kept with him the troops of his father and grandfather, and sent Tājibhaṭṭa and others accompanied by Phiryaḍāmara, with the troops of his uncle [Ādamakhāna] and with his own troops, in order to fight Bahrāmakhāna who was in the Māvarī country.

Bahrāmakhāna hoped to overcome this small army, and hastened to Dulapura. But though the nobles of the king had held out hopes to Bahrāmakhāna they did

not come to him, and he considered himself betrayed by them, and became despondent. On that day Royal Fortune remained as if in doubt between the two, the uncle and the nephew. As thieves like darkness, even so Chakrabhâva and others who were born in Kramarâjya liked the confusion of a civil war, and were glad to hear the latest news. But when the king arrived at Jainagiri bent on prosecuting the war, messengers came to him and said:—"O king! Bahrāmakhāna did not act wisely in rushing to war, together with his son, like a mad elephant; he has been captured in battle. Bahrāmakhāna who fought against your force, was thrown down in the field of battle, and was deserted by his servants, even as a tree in a garden is forsaken by leaves in the month of Pouṣha. Then Sañjaramera and other leaders of the army raised a shout and came upon him like a black cloud and showered their arrows. Worthy of praise are those who die in the presence of their master, and the memory of their death is worthy of being cherished. Such men remember the favours they had received from their master, and sacrifice their lives like grass. They consider the favours of their master as a debt, in payment of which they yield their precious lives, when the time comes, welcoming the weapons of the enemy even as flowers. Such men are few among the servants of a master, and they are worthy of praise. It was owing to thy greatness O king! that Shirāla, Mārgapa, and other servants and warriors of Bahrāmakhāna perished.

It is strange that none of our army died, but the arrows discharged by our men pierced the scabbard of the Khāna and he was unable to draw his sword, so that his weapon became useless, his condition pitiable, and he was surrounded by our soldiers. The Khāna's ardour abated, even like that of the funeral fire after a shower of rain. The soldiers came up to him and attempted to kill him, but Phiryaḍāmara in his mercy promptly saved him by sheltering him within his arms. The earth was full of mud, and there was an excess of rain, a Brāhmaṇa was before him, and in his helplessness and fear of death what miseries did he not feel? Oppressed by the cold wind and by fear, sunk in the mud of the field, naked, and deserted by his craven troops, spoilt of all his property by the low, and witnessing his poor and afflicted son crying aloud, Bahrāmakhāna thought at that moment of his brother, his attendants, and his home! He found himself and his son captured by the enemy and did not know to whom he could address himself or what he could do. Better were it, he thought, if death had come and his life were extinct. He remembered that what his father had said had come to pass that day, and he blamed himself that he had rejected jewel for glass! Thus accusing himself, and disconsolate in his grief, the Khāna is living like one dead, like a tall bare tree, devoid of leaf and fruit, in the month of Pouṣha! Enjoy O king! the kingdom that has descended to thee in succession, and has been given

to thee by God. Virtue, owing to good fortune, ha borne fruit unto thee. What more need be said? Orde speedily what should be done to Bahrâmakhâna." Whe. the king heard this he was glad and gave rewards to th messengers.

All the army were the next day pleased with th music of victory, and they brought Bahrâmakhâna, an his son, surrounded by troops, before the king. Th king went to the top of his palace in order to welcom his soldiers proud of their victory, and for a while be held from a distance his uncle in his miserable plight He saw his uncle in the midst of the garrulous citizen talking in high or low voice, his head bent down ir shame and fear, as if he sought for a hole in the grounc to conceal himself. He was bereft of ornaments which had been robbed by the soldiers at the time of battle, and was covered with an worn out garment which had been given to him by some humble and kind hearted man. His turban was soiled with blood from the wound caused by an arrow in his face, and he was favoured by the goddess of misfortune. The citizens saw Bahrâmakhâna with his son bound before the king who was favoured by good fortune, and Bahrâmakhâna's heart was sore. Whose prosperity can be permanent? Those whose intellect is warped by covetousness are deceived by prosperity, they lose the sense of right and wrong, and are unable to rid themselves of the lust of prosperity which they have once enjoyed, until it is forced from them by

others. If prosperity thus becomes a source of incessant grief, then may it, fickle as a prostitute, never exist in this world. When the people saw the Khāna brought forward bound, they remarked that he had, for his own interest, neglected his father in his last illness, and had by various means opposed his elder brother Ādamakhāna; and that when his another brother suffered from an incurable disease, he with an wicked intention had gone over to that brother; and avaricious of obtaining the kingdom from his nephew, he had risen in rebellion against him. It was for these sins, they said, that he received his punishment that day. Some again remarked that it was owing to his father's curse that Bahrāmakhāna had lost his sense. On one occasion when Bahrāmakhāna was opposed to his father's faction, his father had privately told him that his two elder brothers were ruining his kingdom by their mutual enmity, that they had caused him annoyance and harm, and he accordingly proposed to discard them and to take Bahrāmakhāna into his favour, and asked Bahrāma to trust in him. When Bahrāmakhāna heard this, he replied that he would not desert his elder brother who had always sought his welfare, and that the eldest of the three could effect nothing against the other two brothers combined. When the king heard this, he said that the second brother had been intending to kill his elder through Bahrāmakhāna, and though the second brother had now given protection to Bahrāma, it would be the killing of a servant of the

house by means of a guest. For if the second brother succeeded in his purpose he and his son would turn Bahrāma's enemies, and what then would Bahrāma do? Bahrāmakhāna knew the Saṃskṛita language and when he had heard this, he replied in the following shloka:—"Those who know the shāstras wash off their sins at the shrine of learning; the virtuous wash off their sins at the shrine of truth; the munis, at the shrine of the Ganges; the yogis, at the shrine of self-knowledge; young women of good families, at the shrine of modesty; the munificient, at the shrine of charity; and kings wash off their sins at the shrine of sword." When the king heard this, he replied to his evil-minded son in these angry words:—"I have witnessed many of your battles, O miserable man! and you were proud in wielding your sword in war, in which I could not cope with you! What shall I say to you O evil minded man? I see your eyes which are worthy to be plucked out! You will soon be ruined and will then repent." What the father had then said came to pass this day. Thus the people said in sorrow to one another when they saw him.

Here ends the account of the defeat of Vahrāmakhāna.

The king distributed befitting gifts and honors which pleased his army, and was himself happy in mind and he came to his capital the same day. He took with him his enemy bound, and embarked on a boat with his son. He ordered Bahrāma to be confined in Bahrāma's

own palace. The king's mother was glad to see her son back again from battle, as if he was born again. The king was afraid of relations of Avatārasīha and others, and within a few days, sent them to prison in his anger. That wicked Mallikaṭāja, born in the country of the Five Caverns, secured royal favour by flattery and became a source of misery to men. The whole country was deceived into bribing him, and he robbed the country in order to amass a fortune. Abhimanyu the Pratīhāra obtained the lordship of Devasara; he was of an independent character among the ministers and was proud of his strength. This covetous man caused trouble in every house and field with a view to plunder, and became the object of the people's curse. He instilled fear into the king's mind for his father's brother who was imprisoned near the palace, suggesting that some one might bring him out of the prison and set up a civil war. Incited by these words, the king, whose intellect was yet immature, became angry with Bahrāmakhāna, and ordered his eyes to be put out. Bahrāma's eyes were accordingly covered with cotton, and this unworthy descendant of Jainarāja caused a hot iron rod to be applied on them for their destruction. The sin of him who destroyed the eyes, and the pain of him whose eyes were destroyed, cannot be described in our words. Some said it was an unwise act, some said it was the work of God, others remarked that it was the fruit of acts done in a previous birth, while

there were others again who observed that it was the punishment for keeping low company. Some said that it was an inhuman act committed for the sake of wealth, and others remarked that it was done owing to the king's timidity. When the people heard that the Khāna was blinded, they made remarks which are not fit to be repeated. Let none be born as man, they exclaimed, or if so born, let him be born rather as an ordinary individual ; let no one take his birth in the house of a king.

The king's time passed quickly in the enjoyment of new delights of prosperity, and in various pleasures and recreations. But even a dream appears like a kalpa to one in the afflictions of misfortune, who broods over his past prosperity. and his present danger. Bahrāma's feet were bound in iron chains, and he remained imprisoned and blind, and passed the remainder of his life in thinking of the pleasures he had enjoyed in the days of his prosperity. He who had always listened to songs in his house was now kept awake by the noise of crickets. He who had always been served by his servants, champooing him in every limb in his bed room had now sparrows and insects for his attendants. He who had lived under canopies such as even the gods did not possess, had now to live under rows of spiders' nets spread over him as a canopy. His tender limbs which had once adorned a bed of silk and cotton, now lay on the ground without

a bed. He had been bounteous before, and used say, 'give it to others', now he raised the same vo with difficulty, and said 'give something to me.' I authority was gone, his servants were killed, he h lately been defeated and bound in chains, and w suffering agony on account of his eyes being put ou The blind son of a king meditated on all this, and I could not call to mind any one who had suffered lik him even in a tale. The bee sees the lotus, bright wit its cup, and seeks to feast on it as he roams at pleasure but the moon thwarts him, the night approaches, and the bee is enclosed in the lotus and dies. The palace which had been built by him for his enjoyment, now became his prison! Who can foresee what may befall him? Thus he suffered agonies for three years, his body became a skeleton, and he died. He who treats his enemies with bitterness, and takes no account of time and place, perishes in spite of his strength and wealth.

The cruel Abhimanyu, the Pratīhāra, was puffed up with vanity for having performed some acts of prowess and could not bear the powerful faction of the ministers. He was inflated with a spirit of independence, and his harsh words preceding from pride were like needles in the eye of the ministerial party. The Pratīhāra went on devising plans to get rid of the minister Mallika Ahmada, and the Mallika also secretly entertained hostile feelings against the Pratīhāra but found no opportunity to bring him under his power. At last, on one occasion when

the king was proceeding to his palace at Vijayeshvara, the minister induced him to cause the Pratīhāra, who did not mistrust the king, to be arrested within the palace. Abhimanyu himself was known to fame, but his sons Pāṇḍava and others were unworthy as jackals. Fie to the uncertainties of fate! If the lion did not in his madness enter into a trap, who could ever overcome that strong animal, at whose sight even large and powerful elephants flee afar, followed by bees. Then the Partīhāra, with his sons, was brought in a boat by Tājibhaṭṭa, bound and bereft of his wealth, and thrown into prison. Within a year his eyes were put out, even as he had induced the king to put out the eyes of Bahrāmakhāna; and as Bahrāmakhāna had suffered intolerable pain, even so did he suffer pain which others cannot describe. On the same day and in the same month of the year in which the Pratīhāra had done injury to the Khāna, did he himself suffer injury. He too, with his sons, suffered like Bahrāmakhāna for two years the tortures of hell, and died in prison and in misery. The wicked Pratīhāra had once remarked that his eyes were gratified at the sight of the death of Jainarāja, the foe of his family, and of the plunder of his property; for these cruel words he was now punished with the destruction of his own eyes; so the people observed. The grandson of Jainarāja accomplished with ease what that king had meditated but could not do. The very means which a man adopts for the injury of others lead to his own destruction.

The deer uses his antlers for the death of others, but is killed by arrows discharged from bows made of the self same horn.

Thus the people had for a long time beheld, with pleasure, as it were, the graceful chumps of bamboo in a grove beautified by various colored grass and thick foliage. But a fire rose from friction, and all was destroyed in the grove from one end to another ; the offices founded by ancient kings passed away in a short time, and was only remembered as a dream. Some one falsely reported to the king that Mallika Jāda intended to bring forward the son of the blind Khāna and usurp the kingdom. When the king heard this, he ordered the Mallika to be imprisoned after confiscating all his property. All those who had envied the Mallika were pleased with this. Mallika Jāda had obtained wealth by violence, and by violence did the officers of the king take away his riches. No one pitied him in his misfortune, for he had oppressed the people by exacting bribe and money. It was with much difficulty that his wealth was taken away from him, for his vile hand, and the vile wealth he had acquired by force, had become fast friends. It was with difficulty and by means of coercion that the officers of the king extracted from him what he had stored, even as a serpent is pulled out with difficulty from its hole. The barber Pūrṇa and Mallika Jāda and others, spoilt of their riches, died after long imprisonment. Thus Jainarāja's fatal curse reached all those who had

wronged the realm. O ye ministers! endeavour to improve the country by your advice. Verily I say, if you wish the destruction of the king, you will not obtain happiness either in this world or in the next. Those of the sons and attendants of king Jaina who had injured him did not attain happiness. Others among his servants, great and low, who had done him harm now perished.

As long as the spring lasts the bees enjoy themselves, but when the spring departs, they wander about listless and unhappy. Knowing that Saida Nāsīra and his people were born of the family of Paigamvara,* and that they were men of great accomplishments, and had come to adorn his kingdom, and were deserving of honor, the king Jaina had given them very high seats in his court, had shaken hands with them, and showed them unusual favour by bestowing his own daughters on them, and assigning to them estates in the kingdom. But now, Saida Jyamāla and others of that family were known to the present king as turbulent chiefs. He accordingly exiled them from the country, and confiscated their hoarded treasure. Saida Nāsīra was admired by the wise, and was famed in battle; he foresaw the future, and left the country during the lifetime of king Jaina. The Saidas enjoyed many large estates, and by their marriages with the king's daughters had

* Mahammad.

lived like kings for a long time. They now wandered about hither and thither; some of them went to Dillīpura, and others, owing to their avarice, did not leave the country, though exiled, but remained like bees in the month of Māgha. These foreigners, who used formerly to live on the refuse of grains, had become rich after coming to this country, and had forgotten their previous history, even as men forget their previous life on coming out of the womb. They oppressed the people, and owing to the weight of that sin, they were despoiled of their wealth and were exiled by the king; and they lived in fear of their life like fish taken out of a lake.

The Mallika [Ahmada] formed alliances by marriage with the Rājānaka people, and with the Ṭhakkuras, and the Mārgapatis; and for the sake of Tājibhaṭṭa, retained in his hand the possession of all the offices of the great kingdom. He thought to himself that Tājibhaṭṭa belonged to his family and was adopted as his son, and noticed that he began to prosper speedily. Ahmada therefore forgave all his shortcomings. Jyahaṃgira the Mārgapati found that his sister was slighted by the Saida, and he drew up a deed for her divorce. At the request of the wise Malleka the king caused the elder sister of the Mārgapati to be given to Tājibhaṭṭa. Jyahaṃgira the Mārgapati understood the wisdom of the act, and forgave the marriage of his elder sister to Tājibhaṭṭa. Wife and wealth come to the fortunate

even as bees come to the garden, or as rivers flow into the sea. She had lived in the family of the Mārgapati as a kalpa creeper in a garden, and possessed many excellent qualifications; and the Bhaṭṭa obtained her as one obtains the goddess of fortune. The people remarked that while king Jaina could not banish the Saidas, his grandson had done it with ease.

When the country was rid of these thorns, the king, with the approval of the Mallika, engaged himself in erecting buildings; and his courtiers were also similarly engaged. The people were happy under the good administration, and they occupied themselves in marriages and festivities, in building good houses, in dancing and processions, and they thought of nothing else. The king built in the year 50 a beautiful palace at Diddāmaṭha, on the banks of the river, unmindful of expense. The new palace with its [four turrets in the] four corners which were like hands upraised, was reflected on the water, and looked as if it danced there day and night, conscious of the people's admiration, while the old palace remained tenantless. The golden umbrella over the palace looked as if the sun in the semblance of an umbrella had descended from the sky to see the building, as none of his (solar) dynasty had erected any building equalling it. The architects made wooden figures of Gaḍura and placed them on the corners of the building, so that the birds in the sky were afraid of them and did not fly over the palace. The queen mo-

ther Golkhâtonā was like the former queen Diddā, and she also built a large religious edifice called the madrasā. Accompanied by his mother's father, the king entered the building and felt happy, and he ordered festivities to be held at great expense for a fortnight. Even then the king thought that the ceremony of consecration was but half done, and was not equal to the occasion. He built a khānagāha within the town for the benefit of his father's soul. The king renewed the palace that had been burnt by fire on the banks of the river at Kuloddharaṇanāga and made it beautiful. The old palace on the banks of the river at Vijayesha was renewed, and owing to its excessive brightness, it looked like the central jewel of a necklace. The dome of the building looked beautiful, and the umbrella over it was reflected on the waters of the Vitastā, and it seemed as if the gods in their gladness had thrown down a golden lotus. The palace built by the king at Suyyapura looked graceful, and being white-washed, seemed to laugh at the old palace. There also he built in his own garden a royal palace which was unique in the kingdom, and at the sight of which surely Indra acknowledged his inferiority! I do not describe the other buildings which the king erected in his kingdom through fear of lengthening this narrative The minister Ahmada built at Diddāmaṭha rows of buildings unmatched in beauty; and near the great stone wall which surrounded the court-yard of masodgha, and beautifying it, he raised a religious edi-

fice, the celebrated khānagāha, where many travellers come from various countries. To such an extent were new buildings erected at Diddāmaṭhapura, that the whole town became pleasing to the eye. The minister invited the king on the occasion of the first entry into the building, and spent sixty lakhs. He assigned the village of Satipusha for the supply of food [for travellers]. Even his wife Shāhā built a maṭha for religious purpose, on the road leading to Kherī, and gave alms when it was completed. His son too, the minister Nauruja, built a new religious maṭha, and constructed a stone causeway from the town to the Kṣhiptikā; and when it was completed as far as the island in the river, the people of the town ceased to wonder at the sight of a long causeway supported on pillars. The two other brothers named Richaka and Nūthaka, who were worthy of praise, built two maṭhas in Kramarājya, beautiful as palaces. Tājibhaṭṭa, who had become rich and great on account of the king's affection for him, built a maṭha at Jainapurī in Karāla country, and erected a new edifice of stone at Kudmadīnapurī. Indra himself, on viewing these structures, would become desirous of erecting edifices ! Edarājānaka, master of the royal wardrobe, built a khānagāha at Balāḍyamaṭha, and a new maṭha in his native land. The maṭha was built by the side of the funeral ground, and was adorned with apartments for the accommodation of wearied travellers. He constructed rows of buildings ;—maṭha, agrahāra,

masjeda, vihāra,—and altogether erected twenty or thirty buildings in the kingdom. Phiryyaḍāmara built at Jainapura a well proportioned khānagāha, and a masodāha beautiful on account of its extensive yard, and he spent one koti on the occasion of the first entry into these edifices, distributing gifts according to all shāstras. Hayātakhātonā, the beloved of the king, and radiant with wealth, repaired the maṭha at Mṛigavāṭa which had been burnt down; and queen Bhomārakhātonā built a new maṭha at Jainanagara with her own money near the palace. The princess Jayarālā, born of the royal family, built a new khānagāha by the side of Shekandharapura. The barber, Pheraṭhakkura, was an officer of the king, the works of piety which he built like the yard of masedāha adorned Jainapura. He was bent on doing good deeds, and built a beautiful maṭha on the banks of the river at Vijayesha. Sayyabhāṇḍapati built a vihāra at Vijayeshvara, which was to the cause of religion as a spacious road by which an army can march. His brothers Lakṣhmamera and others, chiefs among merchants, built a new stone temple of Bhīmasvāmi Gaṇesha. The faces of the mlechchhas became dark and were bent down, as if at the sight of that high white-washed temple of Gaṇesha. Others also erected various buildings high and low, and the country was covered with them, and looked like heaven. A virtuous man thinks to himself that many rich people have lived before and spent years in hoarding, but only a few cowries were placed on their

bodies when they died, and even these they left behind. And thus if he who had become rich, fails to perform acts of piety by consecrating buildings, he too will have to depart alone when he dies. It is considerations like these which incline virtuous men towards pious works. When the king became angry with wicked men, he destroyed them but not their buildings. In former times, the houses of those who rose against the king were demolished. The fear of such punishment however left the minds of the wealthy in this reign. What more need be said ? Trees were cut down for building houses, so that woods were laid bare even like an enemy's country.

The king found that the dīnnāras of ShrīToramāna had ceased to be current, and he gave currency to the new coin, Dvitīnnārī, which was impressed with the figure of a nāga. The old copper coin was twenty-five* [in value], but owing to the dearness of articles its value had become somewhat reduced.

The mother of pearl, which rears pearls out of water from the clouds, is worthy of being placed on the head of kings. But when men take out the pearls, the objects of her affection, it, like a good woman, does not survive long. Golkhātonā, the king's mother died suddenly ; she had during his infancy reared him with her milk. She had opposed the king when he began to form irregular habits, and restrained his wavering heart even as the sea shore always restrains the sea. Sh

* Probably twenty-five gandas or one hundred Cowri shells are

favoured the customs of the Hindus as the light of the sun favours the lotus ; and all men thought of her and lamented and wept for her. When his mother left him, the king appeared covered in a black dress, and looked like a lotus shrunk with sorrow when forsaken by day-light.

When seven days had past, Mallika [Ahmada] made the king wear a white dress, and money was spent on the occasion, and he caused the king's sorrow to abate. The king ordered a large new bridge of boats to be built at the extremity of Shāhābhadīnapurī with his mother's money so that her righteousness might increase in merit.

The queen Hayātakhātonā, born in the family of the Saidas, was beloved of the king, and was the object of his love, his joy, and his consolation. The king was not attached to any one else, and he gave all things to her, utensils, ornaments, and household furniture. The moon-like king derived pleasure from that highly accomplished queen alone, as the bee does from the mālatī plant. There is prosperity in this world, but only a few can attain that desired object ; few are the peasants who chance to find pearls when the clouds rain ! A prince was born to the king by this great queen and he was named Mahmadakhāna, a name worthy of the Mausulas. The king, happier than before, entrusted his boy to Tājibhaṭṭa for being brought up, even as the sea entrusts the moon to Mahādeva.

In the month of Vaishākha, in the year 54, the king held a festival on account of the birth of his son, and a large sum of money was spent to make the ceremony an imposing one. All spent money, as liberally as Kuvera, on men of wit and the promoters of festive sports, on dancers, and singers. In the reign of Shrī Jaina, the king had bestowed silk dresses on feudatory chiefs and ministers in order to do them honor; but in the present reign when the festivities were carried on at a great expense, the promoters of the festival and dancers obtained silk clothes even from ordinary men. The youthful king, on whom Royal Fortune was propetious, brought in men expert in singing, and enjoyed music. Jyahangera the Māragesha and other courtiers, versed in music and accustomed to a life of pleasure, looked like stars before the moon in the presence of the king. Great actors, skilled in acting, and graceful like so many moons placed in a row, excited in the king a desire to see their performance. Jesters were like fun personified, with their hanging breasts and artificial beards, with the movements of their teeth and brows, with their jests and antics, their laughter, and the rolling of their eyes, expressive of various emotions, and with their cries, mimicking the cries of animals. Mallā Hassana, more skilful than his father, first invented the delightful lute with ten strings, and I held up the gourd-lute, by the order of the king, and showed my skill in vernacular and in Persian songs. The king was

versed in Sanskrita verses, but was fond of vernacular songs, and he repeated the following shloka in praise of music, setting it to music. "The power of music renovates withered trees, subdues the lower animals, and makes the gods descend to woods and speak unseen; in sorrow and in pleasure, it gives joy to the ignorant and the learned, to the young, and the old alike; may such music abide with me!" With a sweet voice he sang many high tuned songs of unparallel music and in many tunes, and surprised us. Then the great king ordered me, who am the head of a section of the music department, to introduce the singers to his presence. I brought in Vahāvadena and others, who were superior to all, and the leaders among singers, and I named each of them and placed them before the king. Shikṣhākāra and four other singers seemed to spread the influence of the god of love under the pretence of singing five tunes. Their charming voice issued from their faultless throat and pleased all men; they had studied the art of singing and were well skilled in instruments, and they laboured to display their skill. The singers from Karṇāṭa sat gracefully before the king as if they represented the six tunes; *viz*:—Kedāra, Gauḍa, Gāndhāra, Desha, Bhaṅgāla, and Mālava. The female dancers of the king shone beauteously and bright like the lamps at night, they were inflamed by the god of love and were young and full of emotion, even as the lamps were fed by wax, and were new and supplied with wick. The

female dancers Ratnamālā, Dīpamālā, and Nṛipamālā danced charmingly displaying emotions and gestures. The king praised the beautiful actress Ratnamālā, her forehead marked with tilaka, and he praised her dancing and owned that she had melted the hearts of all by her steps and her movements, by her tremour and her action. How she commenced the expected dance ! And how her gestures, her movements, the expression of her passions, and the swelling song which flowed incessantly from her throat, inflamed all men ! The vaunt of the skilful is worthless as straw in comparison with her. Possessed of loveliness and famed for her beauty, she was the renovator of men ! Her song was without a fault, her person was decorated with jewels, her beauty was great, and she was possessed of merit. The Creator made her face like the full moon, and out of a portion of the nectar [of which the moon was made]. The beauty of her face was nectar, and a drop of nectar hung from her nose in the form of a pearl pendant. The pearls which hung interwoven in the locks of hair which fell on the cheeks of the women were looked upon by the king as drops of nectar melting away from their moon-like faces ! Thus the youthful king praised the women in presence of his boon companions, and took cups of wine from them. Admirable are the kings who devote themselves every day to learning and to the compositions of poets, who encourage beautiful women skilled in music and

overpowering as the five arrows of the god of love, and who devote themselves to the affairs of the world and of men. Pavārakadana was celebrated for his song, his poetry, and his music. He had heard of the king's fame which was gratifying to his ear, and he came to Kashmīra from his distant country. He sang songs composed by himself in the assembly, and the king was pleased with him, and showered gold on him. He was skilled in singing duet songs, and once he sang a duet song named līlā in the vernacular before the king. The king did not understand it, and I was asked to explain, and I at once explained it to him from Bharatashāstra and others. When the king had heard the six verses sung in a beautiful voice, songs which were delightful to the ear on account of their music, he became anxious to hear more. Pavārakadana hesitated while I sang aloud, and the king remarked to me that Pavārakadana was vain on account of his abilities, and he directed me to discuss the subject of music with that musician. I agreed, and the king initiated the discussion between us. And when the discussion in the assembly had been closed by a reference to books on music, and when Pavārakadana heard me speak about duet song, he expressed his wonder, and exclaimed that the Kashmīrians were wonderfully skilful people, knowing all the shāstras. He said so, and embraced me and freely acknowledged me his preceptor. When the king found me thus victorious in the discussion, he was pleased, and favoured me by

bestowing on me silk robes which made me happy What has not king Shrī Hassana given to me Shrīvara, far beyond my worth ? He has issued a proclamation about me, which, as it emanates from the king, is a source of pleasure to me. He has given me strong and swift horses, and thick holy thread, and other beautiful articles beset with gold and jewels; and he has also given me beautiful boats with sails, and robes from his own person, and wealth. Shaṃsadena was gracious, Alābhadena was politic, Shāhābhadena was a hero, and Kudvadena was wise. Shrī Shekandhara was the favourite of the Yavana nobles, Ālishāha was liberal, king Shrī Jaina loved all branches of learning and was versed in the literature of all languages, and king Haidharashāha was an expert in performances on the lute. But the present king is a master of music. People observed that every one of the former kings of this country was famous for some special qualification, but it is said of the present king that even Shrī Jyahāṅgira the Māgesha, and others bowed at his feet when they heard his melodious and delightful songs.

Whenever the people of this country forsook their old customs owing to religious changes, or amassed money by practising deception, they were generally punished by calamities such as storm and conflagration, excessive cold and snowfall, hostilities and diseases. Once upon a time some merchants of the city, who were the favourites of the Mausulas but who had followed

the customs of the Hindus from their birth, killed cows within the city. But when these wicked men had eaten the flesh of the ḳine, the part of the city where the animals had been slaughtered caught fire as if to purify itself, and the vihāra there also was in flames. Then the terrible south-west wind began to blow, and became unbearable on account of the troubles that it brought. When these calamities overtook the people a paṇḍita's son meditated for some nights on the strange and baneful wind and composed this shloka :—"Afflicted by clouds that bear the tint of fire, by the sun that has the hue of the moon, and by the powerful south-west wind, whither O people! will ye flee?" In the year 55 a fire suddenly broke out at one end of the cow market at Pravareshapura and extended its devastations to the side of the Gulikāvāḍhikā. In a moment the city was consumed, and looked like a burnt forest. From the great masjeda the flaming barks of the bhūrja tree, carried by the wind, came rushing, like messengers of calamities, to the place where the Brāhmaṇas and the mendicants are fed. The Masjeda was a spacious building, extending on all sides, and was always white-washed. It was like the embodiment of the fame of king Shrī Shekandhara. It was within this building that crowds of worshippers used to fall down and rise at prayers, imitating the high waves of Saṅgaravara. It was here that the Yavanas chanted mantras and looked graceful, like thousand lotuses with humming bees. It

was here that on Fridays, worshippers issued from the four doors on the four sides, so that it seemed as if the mlechchhas who had been buried were coming out! It was here that the four high minarets looked graceful like the supports of virtue, as if virtue had left his own place and descended to this spot to witness if the people observed the rules of religion. It was here that the sun shone like an umbrella of gold, as if he came hither to listen to the vanities of the world. Such was the great building which towered to the sky and was decorated with wonderful sculptures, and which appeared like a fortress for the preservation of the faith of the mlechchha king. In a moment the fire, all-destroying like the fire at the end of a cycle, left nothing of that building but its walls. It was here that in times of edhā and other festivities, the mlechchha people used to gather in crowds and observe the rites of religion with devotion. There were houses built by Vahrāmakhāna called the Pañchāvāsas, and the fire flamed wildly over them all and burnt them with a great noise, even like the Khāṇḍava forest. The flaming barks of the bhūrja tree fell on the waters of the Vitastā, and the boats in the river could not be saved from catching fire. What thousands of houses were burnt on the same day in the herdsmen's quarter at Surapattana on account of the destructive wind! One hundred fowlers perished that day in the waves of the Mahāpadma lake, agitated by the boisterous wind. The planet Mars predominated

that year, and caste rules were not strictly observed, and the presiding goddess of the city was exiled from her house; hence the whole year proved destructive to houses. Or was it that the righteousness of the righteous builders having wasted away, Fate gave an opportunity to new builders to rise to fame? The area of the great building which was burnt down was filled by the king with new buildings and it looked graceful again, as if the king's righteousness manifested itself. The town that had been burnt down was renewed within a short time, and the new town was like a young wife to the youthful king.

If the king's addiction to evil habits can cause ruin to this land of snow, the iniquity arising from mutual jealousies of the great ministers is also capable of destroying the whole kingdom in a moment. A kingdom where the seven conditions* are favourable, expands in strength and becomes prosperous. But if in such a kingdom mutual jealousies exist among the principal ministers, then, it melts away within a short time, even as the body withers when attacked by three diseases. The authorities should guard against such mutual jealousies and then they need not fear a foreign foe, even as atheist fears no God. Ministers who violate the above maxim of king Lalitāditya and excite mutual jealousies perish. It was on account of the quarrel amongst Malāesā, Kadaryyā-

* See foot note at page 159.

vakhāna, and others, that king Shrī Jaina's kingdom went to pieces through mutual disagreement; and from that time when Shrī Jaina found his kingdom ruined, no minister has ceased from being jealous of others. Alas! that in the king's court no minister repressed the monster envy, the destroyer of all things! Neither the disease which defies treatment, nor the serpent which possesses powerful poison, nor even the fire is so dreadful as the disunion among the ministers.

The minister Ahmada, though well versed in the science of government, became fickle-minded, like one not possessed of self command. Once Naurūja and other sons of Ahmada unable to brook the prosperity of Tājibhaṭṭa, privately accused him before their father. They said that among all the ministers Tājibhaṭṭa had monopolized the power to confer favours or award punishments to men; that he was haughty on account of the support he received from the people, and that he had risen to prosperity for the ruin of the country. They also alleged that the guardianship of the prince in the palace had also been given to him; and that these circumstances have concurred for their ruin. They further said that the queen, like the king, was favourably inclined towards him, that he was the commander-in-chief of the forces, and that if he were not destroyed, he would soon oppose them. When his sons said these things, the Mallika regarded Tājibhaṭṭa with jealousy, and was

angry with him, though he had been adopted as his son. The minister had administered the kingdom suitably to the requirements of the times, and had personally looked into the affairs of state, but as the merit earned in his previous birth was exhausted, he too gradually lost his sense. Those who serve their master by being attentive to his work and sacrificing their own interest, suddenly follow a different line of conduct when the time of their destruction comes nigh. Mallika devised various plans intending to do mischief to Tājibhaṭṭa. At one time, he spoke thus in anger, in the king's court :—" What avails it, O King ! that you have obtained this kingdom while the surrounding countries are overspread with enemies? No one takes heed of that. Allow me to march out against the enemies according to my discretion as long as they remain undestroyed. Give me this order O master !" Tājibhaṭṭa was eager to undertake some bold adventure, so when he heard this, he also asked the king to place a general of the army under him, so that he might march out. When the king heard this, he, by the advice of the Mallika, furnished Tājibhaṭṭa with an army, and sent him out of Kashmīra. Tājibhaṭṭa's servants followed him with great din and noise, in fear and in gladness, even as black bees follow their chief.

When the king of Rājapurī and Atyabhadeva and the men of the Madra country saw the

costly and well equipped army, adorned with royal insignia, they wondered. The people of Madra, of small stature, were pleased at the approach of Tājibhaṭṭa ; they became unruly, left their ruler Tattārakhāna and came to him, thus causing a division among themselves. Tājibhaṭṭa created some confusion in Tattārakhāna's country by burning down masjedas which had been built by the Khāna at Shṛigālakoṭa and other places. As Tājibhaṭṭa was born of an ordinary family, the people believed he had no worth in him, but nevertheless through his devotion to his master he performed acts which were not expected of him. He reduced the herdsmen of Purapattana, until their power existed in name only, and his own prowess became irresistible like that of the sun.

He reduced many petty chiefs to vassalage, and performed many deeds of courage and of severity, and thereby inspired terror in the celebrated kings of Dili and other places. He soon returned to his country with wealth and horses. In the interests of his master a minister sometimes looks on his own son as his foe and shelters his bitter enemy as his son. Deceived by fate, the Mallika disregarded this maxim, and unable to brook the prosperity of Tājibhaṭṭa resolved on humiliating his pride.

The minister thought that Tājibhaṭṭa was strong on account of the affection which the king bore towards him, and was oppressing all men. He was therefore afraid

of Tājibhaṭṭa and was angry with him, and caused the king to be jealous of him. At this time the king's little son named Hossana was [taken away from Tājibhaṭṭa and] made over to Malleka Nauruja to be brought up. Tājibhaṭṭa was returning with his troops when he heard of this disregard of the king's obligation towards him, and he felt his influence diminished. When he arrived with his army, the fickle minded king, now devoid of affection towards him, did not accord him due honors. The Mallika however was unable by his own endeavours to do any injury to Tājibhaṭṭa, and he accordingly planned to bring back the Saidas who had left the country. He represented to the king that the Saida had given his daughter to the king, and she had borne him sons, and that the family of his father-in-law ought to receive his protection; and he therefore suggested that the Saida should be brought back. Bent on pleasing the king, Ahmada despatched encouraging letters to the Saidas in the country of the king of Ḍilli. When a person becomes fortunate, his people assert their superiority over others by wicked and evil means. Why do not foolish men grasp this maxim and conduct themselves accordingly, and why do not powerful and prosperous men overcome the whole world by means of good counsel? People ask themselves such questions, and attribute all things to fate. Sagacious men remarked that since the Mallika was bringing the Saidas back after having once done them injury, they would even-

tually cause his ruin. When Shrī Phirjaḍāmara came to know the purpose for which the Saidas were being brought back, he went to the house of the minister Ahmada, and spoke these sensible words:—"Tājibhaṭṭa is under your power, he conducts himself towards you like your servant, you should therefore protect him, and subdue his pride by means of good advice. Do not bring back the Saidas, the Turushkas Pushkara, Āshvāsa, and others; they are strong and are like thorns to the country; and they have once been expelled with difficulty. You are bringing them back to destroy one man, but when they come all will be destroyed. Should the sacred fig tree be set on fire in order to kill a single young bird? Surely your ruin and that of your sons and servants will follow. It is a misfortune that you propose to bring the Saidas back. The Saidas have been injured once, and you should rather throw a handful of poison in your rice pot for your own destruction than wish to bring them back. You think yourself wise and do not consider my words as reasonable, but you will bring them back to your mind when I am dead and you are in difficulties." Mallika heard this and said that they could do nothing so long as he was alive, that they had once felt his power, and would now become his flatterers. Ahmada thought himself wise, and so he slighted Phirjaḍāmara. "Be it so," said the latter and went away. After he had gone, the minister did not abandon his project of bringing in the Saidas. He whose sense

is lost does not listen to the advice of his well-wishers, but when he finds himself in difficulties he regrets that he did not accept it.

When the Saidas had thought over the minister's letters, they became anxious to return; they collected their party, and came in like swans. First, their chief Meyā Hassana, accompanied by his trusty adviser Naurujā, came to the king. After befitting mutual eulogies, Mallika became favourably inclined towards him, and bestowed on him his own estate Khoyāshrama. The same Saida Hassana, who could not even enter the country before, was now, for the destruction of the Mallika, in a position to pass orders on others. Gradually the Saidas entered the country in great numbers, and spread themselves over the kingdom; and the people of Kashmīra, those who were in the country and those who lived in the out skirts, became alarmed. And when the minister Ahmada saw the Saidas coming in riding their horses, and moving like waves, and beloved by the king, and when he perceived that the king was influenced by them, on account of the influence which the queen exercised over the king, he and his sons repented. What man would not be happy if the idea that comes to him after a deed is done, came to him before it was accomplished? He could then confide in his friends and defeat his enemies.

At that time the Saidas intended to throw Tājibhaṭṭa into prison in order that they might rob his wife.

Tājibhaṭṭa heard that these people were planning to do him mischief, he became alarmed, and came to the house of the Malleka. By this time the minister had perceived the influence which the Saidas had acquired, and had become alarmed. At this period the old Phiryyaḍāmara died. He had performed well the duties of the Pratīhāra and of other posts, and he alone, at the time of his death, obtained the praise due to worthy acts, such as can be obtained with difficulty in this world or in the next. Urged by the Saidas, the king became angry with Tājibhaṭṭa when he heard that he had taken shelter with the minister, and he immediately sent Jaina, Rājānaka, and other soldiers in order to arrest him. He also ordered that Tājibhaṭṭa should be confined in his own house, and his property confiscated. The Mallika gave up Tājibhaṭṭa to the soldiers, and he was kept under confinement. It was owing to some residue of his virtue that he spent his days with his relatives, and lived at ease on a small allowance which he received. Though he was confined in his house, he lived with his family like swans in the Mānasa lake. This was on account of the virtue which he had acquired by spending a large amount of money. He who, with the view to acquire virtue, enjoys the pleasure of giving gifts during the time of his prosperity, lives in comfort like Tājibhaṭṭa even when he is bereft of that prosperity In this manner all the powerful men were nearly ruined by Malleka Ahmada who could not bear the welfare of

others. Even Jyahangira the Mārgesha became afraid of the Mallika, because the Saidas had been injured by the murder of their sister's son. Now all the offices of power had been given to men of the Mallika's party, and the Pratīhāra and other worthy men had been sacrificed for his selfish purposes. For these and other faults the king became estranged from the Mallika, and rarely gave him audience; and for the protection of his own life he prudently avoided living in any one place in his kingdom.

Accompanied by the Saidas, the king went to the garden by the side of his palace, to enjoy the sport of flowers, even as Indra goes to the garden of Kuvera. After he had enjoyed the sport, he got into a boat, and in the company of the Mārgesha and Nauruja, gave himself up to drinking. They all became intoxicated, and talked on various topics, and, like the members of the family of Yadu, they hit one another with the arrows of words. When the excitement became great, the king left his turban in anger and went to the house of the Mallika in order to rebuke him. Efforts were made to propitiate him, but the king returned to his palace angry, and grief for the indiscretion of his son (Nauruja) touched the minister's heart. On another day the king, whose heart was estranged from Ahmada, privately told the minister's enemies of his unreasonable determination not to protect any more the party of the minister. The enemies of Ahmada took advantage of this opportunity,

and met together to do him injury, even as the diseases meet in the body when they once find an entrance. They advised the king to take away from the minister the charge of bringing up Yosobhakhāna, and to give it to some one else; for what would the king do, they asked, if the minister set up the prince as the king of the country. The king agreed and soon after he gave the charge of bringing up his child to Yonarājānaka, and thus artfully took away the Khāna from the Mallika.

The minister remained in his house on the morning of the day in which he made over the prince to the king, and he said to his wife that he would be revenged on his enemies. In the meantime the Mārgapati had been sent for by the king, and, impelled by the idea of doing some bold deed, he came from his estate to the city, accompanied by his soldiers. When the Mallika heard of the Mārgapati in the morning, he became angry and went to the king attended by his soldiers, though warned by [the evil omen of] the cries of kites to his right. He went on, spurring his horse, and the animal's face was bathed with tears as if in sorrow for the impending separation of his master from him. The Mārgesha was ordered by the king to enter the court-yard with his soldiers. The sun was then rising, and its beams were reflected on the weapons. At this time the minister also entered the yard of the palace, and there the two met and challanged each other, and the capital trembled in fear of these two chiefs. The king wondered that

the minister had entered the palace armed, he became angry and caused Bhāṅgila to support Jyaṃsara the Māргesha. Sent for by the terrified king, Bhāṅgila came, and after having barricaded the palace arrived with the Saidas. The victorious Jyahaṅgira had joined Rājānaka, and released Tājibhaṭṭa from confinement; and he then marched into the yard of the palace. The soldiers sent by Tājibhaṭṭa were eager for fight, and they set the western gate of the palace on fire. The fire consumed rows of houses up to the residence of Hassana Rājānaka within a short time and reduced them to the condition of a burnt forest. The news of the burning of houses, beautiful as the residence of Indra, caused sorrow even to those who were afar. Masses of smoke rose with the flame, and the men in the palace became like live fish in a frying pan on account of the heat. When the affrighted king saw the fire burning in the yard of the palace he was overcome with terror, and his soldiers though eager for fight could not engage themselves in it in the heated roads. When the Mallika saw that on account of his son's haughtiness his followers had deserted and that his son was left alone, he did not know what to do. He wished that his sons should not engage themselves in fight, for the king's government might be crushed in that fight. He had upheld the king for ten years. Why should his government be crushed now, in this fight? He again thought of his eldest son who remained indifferent to

the quarrel, and who might be overwhelmed with misfortune if engaged in it. He remembered also his son Nauruja who might receive injury in the affray. He would rather that death should come to him than that he should bear a bad name in his old age. Thus he thought to himself and he told his sons not to engage themselves in the contest but to remain there. He felt disheartened and sought the shelter of the king who was in the palace directing the movements of the guards. The king thought of the previous services of the minister and received him with affection; so that those who had sought to do harm to the minister found that the king was on his side. They therefore found no opportunity for commencing hostilities, and went away to Bhuṭṭa country. At this time the honorable Jyahāṅgira, always eager for victory, entered the king's yard with shouts by the north gate of the palace; and the metropolis seemed to rejoice at his courage in the echoes of the sound of his battle drum. Jyahāṅgira and other worthy men were pleased to see the king, and they were happy both in mind and in body at the triumph achieved. Urged by these men, the king threw the Malleka with his sons and several servants into prison on the following morning.

Royal Fortune returned from the house of the minister to her own residence [the king's palace] as if in fear of incurring superfluous expenditure. The hoarded silver and other metals which the enemies of the king had

obtained by oppressing the lower classes of the people and the Kāyasthas now came to the possession of the king. And the chief whose influence had been dreaded by Jainarāja and Shrī Hājyashāha, and by whose wisdom Hājyashāha's son had reigned for ten years without fear, and Vahrāmakhāna and other obnoxious men had been removed,—even that chief was now overcome by the fear of his enemies! Fie to the prosperity of the prosperous! Wealth is soiled by fear, it obstructs progress in the path of virtue, it becomes a source of oppression to the poor, and it is transcient as snow. All that wealth which his servants Pherabhaṭṭa and others had brought him by oppressing the people, now came to the possession of the king. The beautiful horses brought from foreign countries, and the clothes which had never been used, were given up to the king, as if they had hitherto been left with the minister on trust. That alone proved to be his own property which he had given away or had used while celebrating his birth days, which he was ambitious of celebrating like the birth days of kings. O mortals oppressed in mind ! You who have obtained great wealth from the king, bestow true gifts and enjoy true enjoyments, for this world is fleeting like the waves of the sea, and wealth cannot always be had. Ye servants of the king ! Do not boast of your power derived from wealth and known to all, do not boast of the favour of the king. Is there any permanency in the mirage, in the

color of the kusumbha flowers, in the love of harlots, or in the favour of kings? While the man proud of his wealth ponders on the speedy acquisition of the highest post and the subjugation of his enemies, on the inexhaustableness of his treasury and the obedience of his servants, his adverse fate destroys all these, as if they were but a dream! Jugabhaṭṭa saw Ahmada in the prison to tell him to give up to the king, without delay, whatever more he had of gold. Upon this the minister became angry and said,—"the avaricious king has taken millions from me and is he not yet satisfied? What shall I say? I have ruined the men of my party for the preservation of the kingdom. I abstained from fighting at the time when my crisis came. I brought back and favoured the Saidas who had once fled from the country. But the king became ungrateful, and they too have turned hostile to me. I consolidated the whole kingdom, and if the king again wants to enjoy it let him maintain peace. He will be glad at my death. Let him for whom I have suffered the cares of the state for ten years in this wretched world, rejoice at my destruction." Thus he spoke, and communicated to the king whatever else he had to say. "Fie to me" he said to himself "that I did not listen to the words of that experienced man, Shrī Phiryaḍāmara." He blamed himself every day and said,—"If I be perfectly innocent then let my evil doers, the Mārgesha, Tājibhaṭṭa, and others reap the fruit of their work in a few

days." The people soon came to wonder at seeing the result of all this which the minister had exclaimed in his sorrow, while in the prison.

The Mallika Ahmada had administered wisely, and when he was thus destroyed with his sons, wicked people acquired influence with the king. The avaricious Tājibhaṭṭa and others, and those among the Saidas who held offices, oppressed the people, even as painful diseases oppress the body. On the pretence of taking "flowers of joy" and "Dīnnāra pieces," the Saida officers began to acquire riches at the expense of the subjects. Shrī Jyahāṅgira the Mārgesha, Nosarājānaka, and others, looked graceful in their elegant conveyances like trees with beautiful leaves in spring. Shrī Meyā Hasana got the title of Mallā which had belonged to the Mallika, and likewise obtained the Mallika's village of Nāgrāma and his estates. He divided his new estates among his sons and servants, and gave half of the wealth and estates to Meyā Mahmada. The Saidas became unruly after their triumph, they placed the king under their control, and they sent messengers and brought in the able Saida Nāsira. When he arrived at Pāñchāladeva by the Sūrapura road he was attacked with fever, and in that state he entered the capital. He gave audience to all,—his grand-daughter, son-in-law, wife's brother, kindred, and the ministers,—all the people whom he would not live to see again; for he arrived almost in a dying state, as if only to see

them. He passed two days in fever and died in his house. The imprisoned Mallika, alarmed at the banishment of his son, was overpowered by grief, and he fell ill and died. Though the chief minister died in prison, the people gave vent to their sorrow in cries and loud lamentations when they heard of his death.

When great men who have done good deeds die, insignificant men come forward to take their places, even as lamps serve the purposes of men when the sun which lighted the world has set. It was owing to the good luck of their daughter [the queen] that the Saidas obtained wealth and greatness; but they regarded the people of Kashmīra, scarcely even as grass. The king, bent on furthering the interests of the Saidas, acquiesced in orders, whatever they were, that were issued by them for their own selfish ends. They were busy in creating factions, the king was forbearing and women came to have great influence; it was apparent that some revolution was at hand. Accepting bribes was considered by the officers of the State as a virtue, oppressing the subjects was regarded as wisdom, and addiction to women was reckoned happiness. All opposition ceased, Meyā Hasana was proud of being able to accomplish whatever his heart desired, and he oppressed the whole kingdom. Gradually he became more and more powerful, and slowly he spread his influence over the king's country; and as Rāhu spreads his shadow, even so did

he extend his authority over all. The Saidas then intended to conquer the little and the great Bhuṭṭa country, and ordered Shrī Jyahāṅgira and Nāsera to march there. The Mārgapati Jyahāṅgira suggested that if both of them marched together they would be able to accomplish their work; but the two Saidas did not follow this suggestion. One of the leaders conquered the country and returned with glory to the capital. The other was struck with panic, his course was arrested, and he saved himself by artifice. The Bhuṭṭas fell on the rear of the army and destroyed the soldiers. I have abstained from giving even a brief account of this defeat, in consideration of the present unsuitable time. The Kechilshyas, Baddhārāga and other servants of the old king fell in that Bhuṭṭa war, even as insects fall into the fire. The Saidas remembered the injury done to them before by Nossarājānaka,* and took advantage of this defeat, and prevented him from obtaining an audience from the king. The Mārgapati apprehended mischief from the Saidas, but he was clever in protecting himself. He returned to the king's dominion but artfully avoided coming before the Saidas. Apprehending mischief to himself, he avoided the Saidas, the oppressors of the people, and he artfully appeared before the king.

Once when Jyahāṅgira found the king alone, he thus said :—"These Saidas O king! were once exiled but

* The same person as the Margapati Jyahangira, one of the leaders in the Bhutta war.

have been brought back. You have yourself brought this curse on this peaceful country. As the son of king Shrī Jaina's son, you have a right to the kingdom; but as his daughter's son, Meyā Mahammada has also a similar claim on the country. The Saidas have further been encouraged by the Turushkas with hopes of support. Such are the Saidas, and they should always be feared. They are ever eager for the kingdom as vultures are for meat. It is not fit, O my master! that you who have many ends to accomplish should devote yourself exclusively to one. Who praises the black bee which is attached to one plant only? All your work O king! will be accomplished if you avoid placing yourself under the influence of your wife. Be not, therefore, O master! influenced by your spouse. I am going away for the safety of your kingdom as well as of myself. The country is ruined, and you ought to save yourself somehow." When the king heard this he said "so will it be." But when he went to his wife at night, he was overcome by affection, and he told her all that had been said to him. Whereupon the queen who had espoused the cause of her father's party, became enraged, and like a fearful she-serpent, sought to injure the Mārgapati. Where a woman, who despises men and supersedes her husband, becomes the master, there the goddess of Royal Fortune does not abide long in her anger. Rising from the side of his beloved, the king became anxious to favour her party, and placed the kingdom in their

power, as it once was under the power of Mallika Ahmada.

The Māgesha feared mischief from the Saidas on account of the hostile queen, and he with his troops went away by the Kārkoṭadraṅga road. He took away with him all his relatives and property through Bhāṅgila, and went by inaccessible roads, but did not lose his patience. Jewels lie scattered in the great sea into which the rivers flow, and the waters are agitated by storm; even so there are jewels in this great and prosperous kingdom in which the armies meet, and which is agitated by the mutual quarrel of ministers. When the enemies prosper day by day, and the sovereign becomes infirm in a country, the few who are good follow the only proper course that is left to them,—they leave the country. For to remain quiet would be weakness, to make liberal gifts would reduce wealth, to create factions would be a wicked act, to go to battle would cause death to men. The king repented the destruction of the party of the minister, and the flight of the Māgapati and of others was to him like salt in a wound. Though the king was attended by all the Saidas, yet without the Māgesha he felt like an elephant left alone out of the herd. A few of those who were born of the family of the Māgesha, or of the family of the Pratīhāra, or of the family of Ṭhakkura, or of the treasurer, were still alive. They had been powerful before on account of their family and of their successes;

but they perished by reason of unwise counsel and quarrel among themselves. When the Mārgapati had left the country, the sky suddenly began to scatter snow, and thereby left no doubt in the people's mind that he of all men was the most fortunate. On account of the heavy fall of snow the inhabitants of the country became withered like trees with broken branches. The soldiers of the Mārgapati got into caverns covered with kusha grass, as if they expected that a fall of snow would enable them to lie hidden for a time. He was the delighter of the hearts of all, and the king's court became desolate without him, even as the kumuda flower withers in the absence of the moon.

The king remained indifferent to the doings of his servants, his mind was influenced by his wife and the Saidas, and his own acts became disorderly and reprehensible. Unable to enforce his orders in governing his own country, he disliked ability in others, and liked only to watch the looks of his beloved women. These women were quick in inflicting punishments and bestowing favours on men, and were eager in accepting bribes, and they, not the ministers or the servants, became the intimate friends of the king. The Turuṣhkas Puṣhkala and Āshvāsa, who had given up even the observance of decorum in the enjoyment of pleasures, now gained their own end, not the end of their master. When the people saw the kingdom of their sovereign under the influence of women they felt grieved, and re-

peated the following shloka:—"They perish who have no leader, they too perish whose leader is an infant, and they also perish whose leader is a woman, and those who have many leaders perish likewise." The king remained in bed day and night and mourned for the Mārgapati and others for whom he was grieved, but was unable to bring them back. The Mārgesha had taken shelter in Lohara, he was oppressed with anxiety for his master, and he took this opportunity to send the following words of advice, by means of a letter. "O king! O jewel among men! Your treasury, which used to gratify the hopes of all, has been removed by the Saidas, and they have brought in abject poverty. Like a drop of quicksilver, the Saidas are by nature heavy, restless, and adhere to one another; they do not wish for the company of others. You are, O king! like the green sandal tree the bestower of all felicity, but you are surrounded by a hissing she-serpent. What sensible man will not leave the kingdom, though it be like a jewel, if there abide in it serpents of deadly poison preventing the approach of others? Royal Fortune is like the flame that burns on the funeral ground, frightful to the sight, and he who serves her must not touch the flame, though he sees it burning. Meyā Hassana's mind is under the influence of evil planets, and like Rāvaṇa he keeps away from the right path, though advised by his well wishers to follow it. The woman named Merā, who accepts bribes as plentifully

as she takes meat, is abiding with you for your ruin, even as Tāḍakā did with Rāvaṇa. Let the Saidas remain with you in the kingdom if you so wish it, but I will go from here to the Turuṣhka chief of Karavīnda. There was not one in my family who forgot his devotion to his master, and became a rebel to the king. You are my only shelter, and I shall remain loyal towards you as if I were at your gate. Our conduct has always been proper, and we are opposed to injustice, and if we adopt evil ways no one will have confidence in us. Who can be at ease in this world, even if he lives to the end of kalpa, and acquires wealth, and destroys his enemies? If others be ruined, you should protect them, but if you are ruined, who else is there to protect you?" When Meyā Hassana came to know of this letter, he soon replied in the presence of the king, hissing like a serpent in his anger. "Exiled from his place and deprived of his livelihood, surely the Mārgapati will be withered by our prowess, even like a lotus torn up and taken from the water; and his servants will not stay with him, even as the birds stay not in the tank which is dried up by the heat of summer and in which nothing is left but mud. What can he do to us, remaining where he is, and receiving the fealty only of the people of that place? My followers will be able to overcome him in battle or drive him from thence. Let me go there in person, or he will join with the Turuṣhkas." Then Saida Hasana remembered the previous friendship which had

existed between him and the Mārgapati and said,—"Let his confiscated estates be returned to him, and I will bring him back. During the disturbance created by the ministers we swore friendship to each other, and Fate will be adverse towards us if we now seek each other's harm." Determined in his enmity towards the Mārgapati, Meyā Hassana heard this said before the king, and immediately bestowed the estate of Naushahāra on his relative Ḍaulatayāna. He said that this good servant Ḍaulatayāna, being stationed outside the country, would do his duty well, and he directed that one koṭi of money be given to him in order that he might collect an army. He then sent on Edharājānaka armed and accoutered, but soon caused him to come back, although he had himself supplied him with money.

When Parashurāma and others, of the country of the Madra, heard of all this, they apprehended danger in Kashmīra, and asked the permission of the Saidas to depart. But the Saidas said that they would allow them to go after providing them with the provisions for the road, they were told to stay a few days, and their salary was promised to them. But when the Saidas returned to their houses, they said to one another that these Madra people were hostile like the Turushkas, and that they should not be allowed to depart.

In the meantime the king felt anxious for several of his servants; and the anxiety made his face like the

lotus in the month Paușha. The Saidas were fond of hunting, and in the month of Māgha they took with them the king in that state of mind, in order to destroy animals in the kingdom. Wherever their oppressive army encamped at night, there the cries of the oppressed people resounded on all sides ; and wherever the king's army halted encircling some hill, the people complained bitterly against the uprooting of the vines.

The army, bent on destruction, attacked high and pleasant hills with gentle water-falls, even as wicked men attack the good. On the top of a hill there were some deer whose bodies were covered with snow, they heard the noise and came down in herds in alarm, and the Saidas were glad to see them come with their tongues protruded, and their faces smeared with blood. The animals came to the king with their young ones as if to say "take us who are strong but spare our young ones who are weak." All the people of the place asked the king repeatedly to cease hunting, urging that the gods would be angry at the destruction of the deer of a hill inhabited by holy men ; but the king did not desist from hunting, even as a lustful man does not desist from the company of women. The muni named Vaishravaṇa had his seat on this hill, he came to the king and pleaded that the place was a pen for the deer and kine of the hermitage, and begged that it might be spared. The female deer were struck while crying and weltering

in blood, and were killed by the relentless Saidas ; and the ground was filled with fetuses from their womb. The king was not satiated with killing some animals, he denuded those hills of deer, and, tired in the evening, he ordered the forest beaters to occupy the houses of the villagers. Some of these men, terrible as the servants of death, passed the night in houses where the owner's daughter-in-law and daughter and wife were young and beautiful, and as there were wine and meat and fish. The Turushkas were powerful, and strong in archers ; they seated themselves in the houses of Bráhmaṇas who had devoted themselves to the performances of the six duties ; they ate from the vessels of the Bráhmaṇas the cooked meat of fowls killed as if in sacrificial ceremonies ; and they gave themselves up to the pleasures of drinking. The inhabitants of the place were robbed of their domestic animals and rice and wine and other things ; and some of the avaricious servants of the Saidas killed the people in their own houses. The impotent king heard the people express their wish that he might not come there again, and was grieved on account of the oppression of the people. Hunting is an evil habit, and fie to kings who do not possess the dignity of kings ! Certainly, in the present instance, it was killing men under the pretence of killing beasts. If to tie down and kill hundreds of deer, like beasts of sacrifice, be sport, what then is butcher's work ? The skill in taking aim from horse-back on running animals is to be coveted, but what

praise is due to the practice of tying up animals and shooting them with arrows ? Hunting is the vocation of of the Kṣhatriyas, but since the beasts of game live harmlessly on grass, it is not good that one should be greatly addicted to it ; for excess in everything is bad. Killing and exterpating the deer in this manner, the king at last reached the hill on the side of the Mahā-padma lake. Sin was thus committed which will strike terror into hunters in future times.

After hunting, the king returned to the capital, suffering from diarrhœa. Some said that it was owing to the sin committed in the pursuit of game that the gods were angry, and it was while he was yet in the hunting ground that the disease was first observed. Others said that the Saidas, urged by a desire to obtain independence and the kingdom, and instigated by the Turuṣhkas, did something to the king to cause the illness. Some again observed that owing to the king's separation from his ministers his heart was filled with anxiety and grief, and this gave rise to the illness. No one could ascertain the re-l cause. While the king was in that state of health he went to the district of Sarja on the first day of the new year with the vain desire of killing birds. As he was going in a boat, that day, a serpent from Jainavāṭa vihāra crossed his way, and he killed it with an arrow in order to allay his fear arising of this ill omen. He thus removed the anxiety from his mind but did not remove the illness from his body. A head

wind violently opposed him, as if to warn him against setting out, and to lead him back to prolonged acts of virtue. The disturbed lake trembled with its rising waves, as if in sorrow that the pe ple of this country would come to be oppressed on the death of the king. Surrounded by the Saidas, the king feasted at at the festivity in Sarja, and gave audience to all, as if he would not see them again. He then immediately embarked with his servants on a boat, and during the whole day he killed birds by means of hawks, as if to drive away the anxiety from his mind. The hawks brought down many birds as presents to the king, as if knowing that their master who was sporting with them that day, was not destined to do so again.

The king then returned; he left the Saidas, and went to his bed informing the queen of his illness and telling her that he was not well. The queen herself ministered to his wants, and asked him what he would eat, but the king became void of lustre like the moon during the day time. His chest broad as the leaf of a door; his face fair as molten gold; his waist, thigh, knees, and legs like the petals of a lotus; his two bright eyes, and his forehead adorned with eyebrows;—all became discolored by the disease. Once the king privately told Meyā Hasana that he would not live long, that his infant sons were not fit for the kingdom, that the son of Vahrāmakhāna who was in prison would not allow his sons to remain safe from harm. "Rather"

he said "bring the son of Ādamakhāna by some artifice, and coronate him. Or do as your daughter, the queen, advises." When Saida Hasaṇa heard this, he advised the king to be patient, and said that he would recover; but the Saida was very much grieved and wept. Then the queen Mera Mukhāt when alone with her father thus said to him:—"It is doubtful whether the king will live, what should be done now about the kingdom? Rather coronate the youthful son of Vahrāmakhāna, and make your eldest grandson the heir-apparent. Two or three people whom we hate may be killed, but all need not perish." When Meyā Hasana heard this he rebuked her in anger. The Saidas had no reverence for Brāhmaṇas, and they gave wealth to the mousulas for the benefit of the king in his final rest. All the females who knew the king went to see him, but they prevented others from going to him, and did not allow those who charm away poison to chant mantras. They did not follow the advice of physicians, and themselves prepared pills for the king to take. The king exclaimed that some mischief had been done to him, and when these female doctors found his voice and complexion changed, they brought in Ūyyabhaṭṭa who prided himself as being a physician, a charmer against poison, and a man of experience. But when the attendants asked the king why he was gazing on that skilful man, the king, then on the point of death, replied by ordering the removal of that hypocrite from his sight. All then burst out in

loud lamentation with tears in their eyes and said that the king had seen the buffalo of Yama,* and would go to heaven that very day. The king's voice stopped, his eyes watered and rolled, and on that very night he was on the point of death. In the year 60, on the ninth day of the dark moon, in the month of Vaishākha, the king went to heaven after having reigned for twelve years and five days.

The whole night resounded with the cries of the people, and in the morning all the Saidas with their servants placed the body on a conveyance, and, with umbrella and chāmara, conveyed it to the ancestral burial ground. The people were not so grieved at the death of Shrī Jaina as at the death of this king, for they were now left without protection. The ministers laid the king, with his turban and belt and bright cap, on a stone within the cavern, and covered the body with cloth ; and the people were anxious to see him. They thought of the king, and fancied that he was merely sleeping within the cavern. For seven days the Saidas came there in the morning, and read their own Vedas, mingling their perusal with cries of lamentation. Those who are attached to this world and enjoy youth and prosperity, and who yield themselves to the love of women, to enjoyments and drinking, they all pass away in a few days, bereft of every thing, and grieved and

* An omen of approaching death. Buffalo is the animal on which Yama rides.

sorrowful in mind, even like a lustful man when he leaves the delightful abode of his mistress. A king thinks within himself,—this is my country, this my capital beautified with various designs, this is my treasury, this my youthful wife, and these are my sons and servants;—suddenly Death comes to him, and he leaves them all and departs on his long journey, bearing with him only his virtues and his sins. His dominion does not abide with him after his death, though he had gloried in his beautiful kingdom complete in its seven component parts. Thus the people said and lamented in the burial ground, for those who had been kings before had now only a tomb stone left to them.

Owing to the mlechchha law the queen found it difficult to bestow the kingdom on the son of Vahrāmakhāna, and thought that the step might lead to evil consequences.

This is the account of Hassanashāhi's going to heaven.

Here ends the third book named the account of the reign of Hassanashāhi of Jainarājataraṅgiṇī composed by paṇḍita Shrīvara.

THIRD SERIES.

Book IV.

On the third day the Saidas hastily held a council among themselves and decided to bestow the kingdom on Mahmadakhāna. They wished to place the prince on the throne, and were in haste, and had no time to lose. This prince, beautiful as Gonarda, was aged seven years; he was named Mahmadashāha and was placed on the throne. Various things were placed beside the throne, but the king's hand first lighted on a bow, leaving alone the articles of food; and when those who were near saw this unerring sign, they declared that there would be frequent wars in the kingdom. The beautiful boy-king looked graceful as he sat on the throne and under the umbrella, and diffused gladness to all, like the young watery moon. The Saidas wore white clothes dotted with red, which gave a reddish complexion to their features, as if they were smeared with the blood of the civil war which was to break out like a disease. Hossanakhāna, the king's younger brother, graceful in form, appeared before the boy-king, even as the planet Jupiter appears before the planet Mars. Like the Lokāloka mountains that cause light and darkness to the world, the people on that day felt both grief and joy, owing to the death of the

father and the advent of the son. The Saidas looked handsome and happy at the accession of their daughter's son to the throne, and roamed about like black-bees in spring, laden with the perfumed juice of flowers. The echoes that rose of the festive music seemed like voices, by which all the directions of the sky blessed the king. The Saidas adorned the court-yard of the palace during the festivity, and pleased all the servants of the king with clothes and ornaments.

When nothing but memory was left of one Hassana [who had created a disturbance], the citizens saw two such Hassanas, surrounded by thundering horsemen, come from two directions ; and the presiding goddess of the country, who with the seven elements of royal power resided in the king's palace, came like his injured daughter to complain of her discomfiture by her enemies. The captains and the officers of the king came to their sovereign, they rolled on the ground like dogs, but could not enter into his presence. The Saidas neglected men learned in the vernacular and in Saṃskṛita, and addicted themselves to women inside the house, and to hawks outside it. Haughty in their conduct and cruel in their behaviour, these arrogant men urged by excessive cupidity, oppressed the people, even like the messengers of Death. They were unapproachable on account of their wicked character, and were envious of others ; and the servants and subjects of the king became alienated from them. Though some of the servants of the king received bene-

fits from the Saidas, they did not value their acquaintance, even as the kokilas do not value the acquaintance of crows. Hawks and the servants of the Saidas disturbed the colony of birds on the Satī lake where they had lived in ease and security. These singers whose beautiful voices used to be heard in loud songs now remained dumb before the king, as if in sorrow, even like black-bees in the month of Māgha. The Saidas took the young king with them, with the intention of killing birds, and went by boat to the banks of the Vitastā, and there they let loose their birds (hawks). They carried their food with them; and were blind in their pride, and they did not behave with due courtesy towards the people of Kashmīra. They massacred the birds in such a manner as if they would never come again to kill birds.

Once upon a time, the Saidas assembled their own people and held a council; and when the Kashmīrians and the Madras heard that the Saidas had held a council among themselves in the city, they became alarmed. Parashurāma and others who had been appointed by the Kashmīrians and the Madras met the five active Saidas on that day and thought of hostilities. The Saidas worked privately, and their purpose was hid as if by the darkness of their acts, and was not known to any.

Now Merā, Evil Fortune personified, the beloved daughter of Mera Hassana, came on one occasion to her father and privately asked him to follow her without delay as there was some work of the king to be

accomplished; with this wicked request she led him inside the house. Mera Hassana had dreamt a dream in which he was warned by his father that he would meet with a mishap on Sunday, and he was told not go to the palace. But bewildered by Fate he went there. At the same time Saida Hasana came in from his own house, and told him that his legs would be cut off on account of his rebellion, so that he might not run away. As soon as he had said so, Mera Hassana's legs were cut at the joint, and he fell from his horse on the ground. And it seemed, by the dust that was raised by the Saida horsemen, as if he sighed in sorrow anticipating that the Saidas would not walk in the street again.

Now Jonarājānaka falsely informed the Madras that a letter had arrived that day from Tattārakhāna which would cause them harm; that the Saidas who had spread over the kingdom, but who were afraid of the surviving Madras, had, agreeably to that letter, come to some determination, and that the Madras would be arrested the next morning; they should therefore devise some plan of safety. "We will first destroy them" thought the Madras. They knew that all the Saidas had met in a house named Amṛita, and they repaired thither. Parashurāma and others entered the house armed, directing Tājaka the gate keeper to keep the door safe. Tājaka informed the servants of the Saidas that their masters were engaged in council, and dismissed them

from the place. Tājaka then reported to the Saidas that their servants were plundering articles of food, and on this the Saidas sent away their armed attendants to stop the plunder. At this juncture Jonarājānaka, accompanied by some servants of the king, came hastily from another house by a different route, with the purpose of killing the Saidas. His trusty door keeper Tāja also mounted a horse which was before the house, and went to another part of the house as desired by Jonarājānaka, with the view to kill the Saidas. The Saidas were in a room, divided into four compartments, within the house, and when they saw the Madras they became alarmed. Siṃhadvija saw them approach and angrily asked them why they did not go to their own country when they were allowed to do so; and why they came there into the room. "No passport has been received," they replied, "and why should we go away from you, verily, we shall be revenged on you to-day." Parashu saw that no one else was there, so he went forward under the pretence of asking for travelling expenses, and in his fury he first killed Siṃhabhaṭṭa. At the end of the room, which was divided into four parts, Siṃha (lion) fell like a jackal, besmeared with blood which issued from his body. "What treachery is this? What treachery is this?" cried the Saidas, and rose from their seats in alarm. Then all the Madras combined together and killed the Saidas with their swords. Saida Hassana was beautiful and stout, he was leaving the room

with no other weapon than his fist, and he perished at the door stunned with hundred wounds. When Meya Hasana beheld him in that state, he immediately ran away in fear, trying to climb over a wall, but his two legs were cut off. Thus was Meya Hasana killed by some of the Madras, and with Meya Hasana perished also Gadayāmīna, Yāsīmamallala, and others, with their sons and friends, thirty in number. They raised the cry of 'hāla' 'hāla', but the Madras, their hands wet with blood, were busy killing them, and moved about like the servants of Death. As the Saidas had slaughtered cows in their houses without any compunction for the sin, even so the Madras now felt no mercy in killing the Saidas. As the Saidas used to mutilate deer and other animals, after the termination of a chase, so they were similarly treated in that house by the diminutive Madras. They who were accustomed to lie on costly beds, now lay without any apparel, their clothes being robbed by their enemies; and in their helplessness they became the objects of the people's gaze. Haibhatakhāna and certain other men drew their daggers, hastily scaled the wall, took to their horses and fled. The attendants of the Saidas did not know who were being killed in the thick of the combat, they forgot their pride in their alarm and fled, and none of them drew his weapon in the yard of the house.

Called by the son of Malla Jāda, Meyā Mahammada came from his house and immediately attacked the

king's house. The road keeper Norollāha came to him, but he thought the man to be a rebel, and in his anger he soon caused him to be killed on the king's highway. When Meyā Mahammada saw the newly repaired palace gates closed, and knew that the enemies were within, he reluctantly caused them to be set on fire. The gates thus fell a sacrifice to the fire, as if in gr for the tumult, and for the death of their protecto. Volumes of smoke rose gracefully and reached the white-washed building, and it seemed as if the goddess of Royal Fortune sighed in grief, not knowing where the wicked people were leading her. In the meantime, when the armed rebels saw the fire, they issued out of the house and came to the yard of the palace. The hero Jonarā[illegible]aka came there in his anger, and a certain foot soldier killed two or three in the yard with his sword. Then all the Madras united themselves in a body, mounted the king's horses, and reached the skirts of Mūlakanāga, and there they held a cosultation. "We should remain here" they said "and fight the Saidas; there are only a few of the enemies left, and they will not be able tc save themselves." When Jyalāla Ṭhakkura, well versed in politics, heard this, he said to them :—"This is not the place for fight, let us quickly go by this road and cross the Vitastā, and then let us remain on the other side with our followers. There we will devise plans so that the Saidas may perish of themselves." They appproved of his advice, and the brave people crossed the Vitastā by

the Juhilāmaṭha road. In the meantime Meyā Mahammada having obtained time, killed the doorkeepers, the brothers Tāja and Pājaka in his anger. They were pulled by the Chaṇḍālas from the yard of the palace by a rope tied to the ankle joint, their limbs were besmeared with unholy wine, and they were devoured by dogs. They were miserly from their birth, and had collected wealth by obtaining bribes from villagers whom they had oppressed. At the time of their death they yielded up all their wealth. All that these avaricious men had hoarded by oppressing villagers and robbing others, all their fine silver and other metals came to the king. People cannot recover from a miser the wealth that once enters his house, like a sepent entering in a hole, it can only be pulled out along with its life One hundred khārīs of rice with sugar cane were taken away from the house of those who did not give even a handful to beggars. Beggars had never received wheat flour from them, enough to make a cake, but now when their houses were robbed, the wheat flour which fell on the road lay like snow.

In the meantime Ālikhāna came from his house and arrived in an exalted state accompanied by soldiers, and first of all he set fire to the houses in the neighbourhood of the Vālikā road in order to occupy it. At this juncture Edarājānaka and others liberated the son of Vahrāmakhāna from imprisonment, and he soon issued through a by-lane. When the son of Vahrāmakhāna saw

the soldiers of the enemies before and the fire behind, he was, like a young deer, unable either to advance or to stay. Ālikhāna knew that the son of Vahrāmakhāna had been released from prison by the enemies in order to do some harm, and he therefore gave the prince an assurance of safety, and then killed him, even as a lion kills a deer. The Saidas blamed Ālikhāna and said that it was by the advice of Pājabhaṭṭa that the queen had set the prince free, in order to give him the kingdom. Others said that the enemies had desired to relieve the prince from bondage, but contrary to their intention, their plan to do him good led to his ruin; for who could out strip the decrees of fate? Instigated by Ālikhāna, the wicked Mīra and others beat the prince until he became unconscious, as the hunters do hares. When Pājabhaṭṭa witnessed the calamity, the murder of the prince, he became as one bewildered. He came in after the prince, and was also killed, even as a Rākṣhasa is killed by the people of his own party. The trees, as if in sorrow at the sight of the murder of the prince, lamented in the voice of the kokila, wondering why the prince, who had never possessed anything in the kingdom, was killed. The plants, moved by the wind, wept, as if in sorrow, pleading against the murder of the prince who had just been released after a long confinement. The trees, moved by the wind, seemed to tremble at those Turuṣhkas who had done the evil deed and committed the heinous crime. The mother of the prince received

the dead body of her son who was aged twenty-four years, and whom she had not seen for a long time; she kept the body for three days out of affection and then performed the funeral rites. This widowed and chaste mother of the prince, lady Sobāṇa, lived on barley meal, and to the end of her life resided in the tomb of her son. As if unable to bear the sight of the murder of the prince and the massacre of the Saidas and of the Dvijas, the sun departed to some other land, red in its anger. The people saw the bodies of those great men lie naked all around the palace, and none could give them a piece of cloth to cover them. The frogs in the tank croaked incessantly all night, as if they lamented for the dead in their sorrow. Those handsome men who had entered the palace, clad in fine garments, causing darkness by the dust raised by their trotting horses, were now sent out of it on two or three carts, clad in torn clothes and bleeding. Thus in the year 60, in the fourteenth day of the moon, in the month of Vaishākha, ruin came upon the Saidas, and it was the cause of future calamities. Surely Yama in the person of Hasana appeared that year before the king's servants, and from him these men received their death. Rather let men be born in the house of a common man where there are many afflictions, than in the house of a king. Several common people sleep on one small piece of coarse cloth, but two kings cannot find room in one extensive kingdom.

Meyā Ālikhāna and others then heard that the rebels who had raised the insurrection had crossed the river, they became angry and followed them. Jyallāla Ṭhakkura and others severed the bridge of boats, and with a view to overcome their enemies, united themselves with the Madras and the people of Kashmīra. The Saidas clad in armour and supplied with the means of conveyance, pitched their tents of cloth at Viṃshaprastha. They had nothing but the capital in their possession, but having made up their quarrel among themselves, they had many horses, armours, and swords. Men who never possessed a cowry before, now became possessed of gold and silver, and moved about finely dressed. They showered riches on all sides so that even mechanics and cart-men took up arms, and the inferior servants of the king rode rare and fine horses from the king's stable. The Saidas then joined Hassana, Rājānaka, and others, and began to devise plans with a view to subdue the people of Kashmīra. But having now got themselves free from all obstacles they gave the management of their work to their servants, Meyāmattanārācha and others.

In the meantime the very intelligent Ṭhakkuras and others who had crossed the river collected an army at Jāladraga. When the people heard that the Madras, mighty in their courage, were collecting an army, they armed themselves and came to the town from all parts of the kingdom. There was a commotion

in the city, and all the people in the city, in village, and in town became excited and ran about with arms. The people of Shamāla, Vaṃgila, and other places, and those who were at Kramarājya, turned Sthāmārtha on the banks of the Kṣhiptikā into a camp. Vaidūryya-bhaṭṭa who was at Sthāma, arrayed himself for battle together with Chakka, Vākka, and others of Darad, and with the valiant warriors of that country. Pammarājānaka and others had collected the people of Nīlāshva, and in order to reach Sthāma near Dugdhāshrama, they crossed over to the other side of the Sindhu. Heaps of paddy were brought by boatmen from all places, and with it the people of Kashmīra paid their expenses of living abroad for want of money. They went by river to two of their own towns but treated them as the enemy's country: some houses they robbed and others they burnt down. In these two towns, situated one on each side of the river, five or seven men died every day in camp by arrows discharged from bows. The Khashas, the petty chiefs on the frontier, men who had a few retainers, they who had no houses, and who had nothing but their name, the Khānas, the strong, the poor afflicted by their poverty, theives who had committed theft, men released from imprisonment for life, the enemies of the king, the wicked who behaved like dogs, those whose possessions had been confiscated, those who had ability, and such people were glad of this commotion in the kingdom.

They who were on the left side of the river collected all the boats, and those from the bridge of boats at Maḍavarājya, and used them for their own benefit. A fowler named Deva was the head of the boatmen; he brought about an engagement of boats on the river and thereby caused the death to many good soldiers. Upon this, the Saidas sent some new fowlers, who lived on the shore of the Dulla lake, with boats, to fight with those who were at Nandapura. But Meyā Vahāka the superintendent of the town believed two or three of those men to be thieves and impaled them; and when the fact was made known by beat of drum from Samudra maṭha, the fear of the people of the town on account of thieves abated.

When the bridge of boats was destroyed, the town became like a fortification unapproachable by the enemies. But the Saidas fearing an attack from the temple of Skanda excavated a moat measuring five cubits in width in the vicinity of the yard of the temple. Another similar moat was excavated near the gate where Rājānaka was besieged, in order to guard against attack from the enemies. The servants of the Saidas plundered the houses of their opponents and robbed them of their riches, and caused a terror among the subjects by killing cows. The houses of the enemies were broken into and plundered, and with the wood obtained from them, as with fuel from Rudravana, they set fire to Diddā maṭha. The Saidas through their

ignorance needlessly demolished the beautiful houses of their enemies for trivial ends, even as cows are destroyed for feeding dogs! Every day the retainers of the Saidas rode on horses and proudly entered the yard of the palace, well armed, and covered with armour. Rājānaka burnt the houses of Mallāmīna, of Chunda the Kāyastha, and of Hassana in his anger. Owing to mutual fear the army of the Saidas and that of the people of Kashmīra lost their firmness at that time, and misjudged each other's motives. The fearless soldiers hastily crossed the river from one side to another, killed people, cut off their heads and fixed them on poles. When the cavalry on both sides had perished, Pirvajakhāna and other Saidas came riding on fleet horses and plundered Padmapura. Jonarājānaka and others heard of this event and crossed the river with their excellent army, and, being angry with the Saidas, they raised a tumult all of a sudden at Uvāṇa and other places. The Saidas became angry with Jonarājānaka on account of the tumult, and set fire to the rows of houses in the village in which he was born. When Jonarājānaka heard of this, he similarly caused fire to be set in the house of Tājibhaṭṭa in the Vaḍavī country. Supported only by his infantry, Jonarājānaka came to Lahara, set fire to the houses and caused the people of Dugdhāshrama, Sthāna, and other villages to flee.

At this time Jyallāla Ṭhakkura and others sent the following letter to Shrī Jyahāṃgira the Māregsha who

was in the fort of Lohara;—"Joined by the Madras we have ventured to attempt the destruction of the chief through fear of whose power you have left the country with your relations; and we have laid our plans accordingly. His sons Meyā Mahammada and others have posted themselves on the right bank of the Vitastā with a view to subdue us, and we on the left. We are trying to secure supremacy and have accordingly spread ourselves over the country of Kashmīra; and the Saidas who have only the capital in their possession have been surrounded. Leave aside, therefore, thoughts of delay, and come speedily; for when you arrive, we shall be victorious, and yours will be the glory. In this country you alone are powerful and loyal to the king, so tarnish not your renown by failing to come. After a battle which was not hotly contested, and in which Ālishāha was captured, Mahammada the Māgesha the only son of Malla, formed a plan for usurping the kingdom. You should therefore come speedily now, and save the life of the boy king, otherwise the Saidas will not leave him alive in the kingdom." The Māgesha took the letter into his consideration without delay, and anxious for his country, soon came by the road to Parṇotsa; and when in two or three days he arrived at Kudmadīnapura, the Saidas trembled in their camp, even like a lamp in the wind. They then held a council, and being struck with fear, they wished to establish peace. They accordingly sent Shikhasahāva and others with the following

letter:—"Ye are the good and principal men in the country; but why have you killed the Saidas? Alas! that you should do a deed that is hated by men. If the son of the late king has been, through the will of fate, established in his place, who among you has lost thereby, and what has he lost, that you have taken measures to destroy all? We are not all against you; make over to us, ye people of Kashmīra, two or three of the foreigners by whom your people have been killed, or drive them out of the kingdom with their followers, and be ye the principal ministers in this country as before. Let each retain the post he had held before, and let all of us enjoy together. Death is destined for the living, and what is decreed by fate must come to pass, no one can prevent it." The Māregsha and the other leaders considered the contents of the letter and they sent the following reply written in the alphabet of the Yavanas. "The king should ever be defended, even like a jewel, but through wickedness, even such a king was not spared! What was the reason for which the prince, the son of Vahrāmakhāna was killed? Who will, after the murder of Noroloha and others can trust in his own safety in the country? The whole wealth of the infant king of this kingdom has also been robbed. There is but an iron gong left in the king's gate, and it seems to proclaim by its sound that it alone has been left by the Saidas! The troublesome Madras should be removed out of the country by various devices, while you remain happy in your grand-fathers' posts!"

When the Saidas heard this, they sent an invitation to the Mārgapati. He, however, did not go but sent a messenger who told the Saidas on his arrival that they should replace in the treasury the wealth of the infant king that had been purloined, that they should without hesitation lay aside their arms before they could be admitted to a conference, that the people of the country should as before be allowed to perform the work of the state, that no harm would thereby befall the country, but that the defects in the administration would be removed. Those who are gone, are gone from this world; the dead do not come back to life again; and mutual enmity has been expiated by slaughter committed by both parties. When the Saidas heard these words of reason, they became arrogant and, as if consumed by anger, they were roused by the following words which Haibhatakhāna uttered.—"King, treasure, arms, and soldiers skilled in war, are all in our hands, what can our opponents do?" They then made up their minds for battle, and made preparations even as the Kauravas did against the Pāṇḍavas.

Then Saiphaḍhāra, Jonarājānaka, and others at once crossed over the bridge of boats and came into the city in order to attack the Saidas. They were eager for battle, and did not pay heed to the advice of the Mārgapati who said that the time was not yet ripe for a battle, and that victory was to be won by strategy. Dāvoda the son of the Mārgesha was puffed up with pride; he

joined the Pratīhāra and others, and soon entered the city. His troops then entered the city by the way leading to Samudra maṭha, and arrived at Loṣhṭa vihāra with a view to destroy the army of the Saidas. But the Ḍombas and other sturdy soldiers, turned aside from battle, and through their avarice, busied themselves in plundering all within the city. These Ḍombas and other valiant warriors raised their weapons against one another and hurt one another, and plundered the principal citizens of their property. The citizens had buried their wealth in their houses, but the soldiers dug up the ground with their spears at every step, and took away the wealth as if it were given to them. When the Saida army was first attacked by the Madras, and the Saidas saw human heads lying scattered about, they despaired of victory that day, and retreated speedily as they had come. But when their troops heard of the doings of the enemy, they entered the city and marched to battle discharging arrows as they went. The Saidas found Padmabhaṭa before them, and they killed him in his own tent, and in order to ensure the success of their arms, they painted their foreheads with his blood. Ālikhāna was there, and alarmed at the approach of the army, set fire to the Labdhabhadva vihāra, in order to obstruct their passage. The flames had spread over the road when the heroic Dāvoda the Mārgapati arrived, and together with Hosana the Pratīhāra he engaged in fight. The former

moved forward along a difficult path over a causeway, but fell into a moat and died while fighting. There the heroes Ahmada the Pratīhāra and others displayed their valour in the field of battle, and won the pleasure of the company of the celestial women by their death. Though Dāvoda is dead, the wives of the citizens still remember his handsome features and declare that they never saw beauty like his. Is it that the gods feared to take so handsome a person to the celestial abode, and therefore left his dead body on earth ?

In the meantime Haibhatakhāna and others arrived by another route from behind and destroyed the valiant soldiers in front of the khānagāha. They obtained the victory, but with their uplifted arms they looked like men possessed by devils ; and in their anger they killed the citizens who had come that day to witness the battle. What more should be said of them ? Impelled by avarice, they killed two or three messengers who had come from foreign countries and had stayed in the house of Brāhmaṇas, saying that these messengers were Madras. Saiphaḍāmara released several persons from imprisonment, and fought with the army of the Saidas, and pierced the shields of the citizens and the Saidas. The soldiers of the Saidas were angry with the learned physician named Yavaneshvara, believing that he helped their enemies, and they killed him in his own house. The Saidas committed barbarous acts ; they cut off the physician's head from his body, smeared the body

with sandal paste, and left the head in the king's highway. Some of these Rākṣhasas entered the city that day, and as they were of a relentless disposition, they killed all without discrimination.

When the citizens saw the head of him whose body was smeared with sandal paste they knew it for certain that the wicked crime had been committed by the Saidas; and who did not blame them? The dead bodies lay in the streets of the city from Mallekapura to Loṣhṭra vihāra, and were like dried grass used as fuel. They who had reposed on luxurious beds of cotton, reclining at ease on pillows, were now seen lying on the ground, naked, and motionless, emitting foul smell, devoured by crows and dogs and wolves, and attacked by worms that fed on fat and flesh.

The Saidas were satisfied with the victory, and they celebrated their triumph with music within Viṃshaprastha. If those who had fled and those who had retreated had been pursued, many of the survivors would have been killed. But the gods of the country had been plundered, and some of them had been burnt; and the angry deities did not inspire the Saidas with the idea to pursue the enemy. The soldiers who were crossing the bridge of boats, all tried to go in first, and the bridge broke under their weight. Thus a hundred men fell that day into the river, and being heavily weighted by their armour, they sank and died in the Vitastā. Surely the goddess Shāradā was angry at their

sins, and in the form of the Vitastā devoured the two armies. The citizens who had come to witness the scene were killed, and in order to prevent a similar mishap, the Saidas placed heaps of the newly severed heads in their front. They fixed several heads on poles, and in order to strike terror into the people, they placed them like rows of lamps on a piece of wood on the banks of the Vitastā. The corpses became swollen in the river and emitted stench, and drifted down into the Mahāpadma lake.

In the meantime the people of Kashmīra collected the surviving soldiers from all directions and again raised an army. Shrī Jyahāṅgira, Jyallāla, Saiphaḍāmara, and others meditated plans to overcome the Saida chiefs. Under instructions received from a saint, Saiphaḍāmara divided his army into sections and placed them both on high and low grounds; and soldiers came to these divisions every day from all sides, well officered, devoted to their chiefs, and protected by shields, and they received supplies of arrows with wooden shafts and fine feathers, sharp and well barbed. There were tumultuous gatherings on both banks of the Vitastā, and on both banks were mounted engines of victory, and the two armies met in the great city of Pravarapura once more, and fought in anger. Horses clad in armour galloped forward, and made the army terrible in appearance, and the soldiers rained fire by their strokes; and the hearts of many

citizens who had come to see the battle were excited with feelings of heroism. The sound of the kettle drum was first heard in the house of the king at night, and then in the camps of the Saidas and of the Kashmīrians. Many of the citizens' wives who had gone to fetch water on both banks of the river, were pierced with arrows from the engines, and killed. Not a day passed in which two or three heroes were not struck with arrows and carried in a dying state from the banks of the river to their own homes. Every day was terrible on account of conflagrations by fire, destruction caused by soldiers, and other calamities. The soldiers used indecent words and gestures, and said what should not be uttered. They talked of mischief arising out of mutual enmity between the king, the Saidas and the Brāhmaṇas and they abused one another, and used languages which should not be used. They were now surrounded on all sides by Daulatasīha and others from Kashṭavāṭa; by the gentle Salhaṇahaṃsa and others, sons of king Shāhibhaṅga; by some chiefs from Pañchagahvara who were related to the king of Sindhu; by the Khashas; the mlechchhas, and other people. The people of Kashmīra, on account of disunion among themselves, had called in armies from several quarters, but as they did not know the ulterior motives which these armies had in view, and they became very much alarmed. At this time a shouting star with many heads was seen conspicuously one evening in the sky, darting in a flame from north

to south. When the two armies beheld this wonderful object, they apprehended some calamity in battle, and were beside themselves in terror.

In the meantime Tattārakhāna, influenced by a letter from the Saidas, sent a powerful Turushka army in order to obtain possession of the country. When these wicked Turushkas arrived at Shastragalasthāna they were met by Habhābhoḍanarāja and others, even as insects are opposed by snows. Surely the goddess Kālī in the guise of the river Kālīdhārā devoured them in anger, for the benefit of the virtuous country. The son of Ādāmakhāna was sent with the news of defeat to Tattārakhāna, but he was prevented by the Turushka chief from going, and was detained by him. The inhabitants of the place took possession of the horses and the effects of the Turushka, and obtained riches such as are rarely obtained, and looked like Kuvera. And when the people of Kashmīra heard of the destruction of the Turushkas they celebrated the event by music, and the faces of the Saidas became sad. Among the survivors of the wicked army which had met with this disaster, two thousand lay dead. The rear of the army of the Kashmīrians was such as could be relied upon, and so the Kashmīrians felt no fear. They became haughty on obtaining an addition to their strength, and with a glad heart determined on battle. They arranged to station the Mārgesha and others in the centre, outside the capital, and the Rājānaka and

the Madras on either side, near Sthāmastha. As the number of the Kashmīrians was small, they thought that if they were defeated on one side they would all be destroyed, so after consultation, they stationed men both below and above, in the neighbourhood of Sthāma. Jonarājānaka then crossed the river by boat and killed five or six men of the Saida army, and caused the rest to flee ; and he robbed them of their clothes, horses, and armours. Every day the Kashmīrians were seen prowling about. What more need be said, the shameless men who were with the Saidas during day time were seen at night in the army of the Kashmīrians. The people went over from side to side unrestricted. What disasters ensued, because the boy king's orders were not obeyed ! The wicked men plundered many houses, and deposited their plunder in large boxes. The country was struck with panic, and the people ceased to walk in the streets. The Saidas and the Kashmīrians did not give up their desire for supremacy, and the struggle on both banks of the river continued for two months. The tree of enmity first grew out of the murder of the Saidas, and gradually unfolded its leaves ; and ultimately it shot forth into a hundred branches. When the people beheld the king's treasury on the right and the army on the left, they felt doubtful as to which party would obtain the victory. Then men could not frequent the roads, women crossed over the river by boats ; and when avaricious and wicked men crossed

the river and robbed the wayfarers, the town roads came to be frequented. Two or three of the men who had crossed the river in order to rob, were daily arrested, and in anger impaled.

Once the councillors of the Kashmīrians sent the following message to the Saida army :—"If you are strong, come and engage in a pitched battle with us, or fix a time within which we shall expect an encounter. For the people are being daily killed by arrows and are in a state of fright. Let him whom Fortune favours obtain the supreme power." When the Saida soldiers heard this, they cut the rope which the men on the left had placed on the river side in the outskirts of the city, to demarcate their limit. The Saidas understood that the enemy wished to cross the river from the place called Kāṣhṭīla, and became anxious ; and they placed Hasanarājānaka and others at Sthāma. After the Saidas had cut the tie of the bridge of boats, they made the city as inaccessible as a fort through fear of the enemy. The people of Kashmīra then spoke to the Saidas who were on the banks of the river :—"Since you have, through fear of us, cut the rope which we had placed, and which held together the bridge of boats, and since you have only the town under your power, come forward now to battle. How long will you consume the plentiful grains and what will you effect in the town ?" When the Saidas heard this, they thus replied in a loud voice through their servants :—"We will

not depart in fear from this place, for want of food and oppressed with hunger. What objections have the Turushkas to their consuming food? We eat the meat of all kinds, and we will stay here as long as there is plenty of beef and the flesh of male beasts. And when we shall come out in battle, who among you will be able to oppose us?" When Jyallāla Mallika and others on the river bank heard this, they were glad, and they all sat down and held a council, and came to the following determination:—"At Sthāma we will divide our army, and will march crossing at three points; the Saidas too will divide their army, and will thereby be wakened. Otherwise if all on the side of the Saidas held together, they would be unconquerable. We will overcome all of them if they be defeated at one point, and be thereby reduced in number. We are strong, and should not delay." When Jonarājānaka and others heard this, they joined with the Madras, and said,—"we will die or conquer." Thus they prepared themselves for battle.

The leaders of the army at Sthāma, pursuing the same plan of operations, crossed the river from the ancient place called Takshaka, and reached a hill. Praulabhaṭṭa and others crossed the river by boat from a place called Hastavālikā; they were in high spirits, and infused that spirit into their soldiers. When the Gakkas and other soldiers, who prided themselves on their valour, witnessed the coolness of the Brāhmaṇa

marching to battle, they praised him. The soldiers of Kashmīra fixed a twig with leaves on their heads, in order to distinguish themselves from their enemies, so that they might not strike each other. Saiphaḍāra and other warriors held spears in their hands, and it seemed as if valour had assumed bodily shape, and was issuing forth from the persons of the warriors in order to destroy the enemies.

When the Saidas heard that the Kashmīrians had crossed the river they became alarmed, and they hastily sent Hāshisa, who was eager for victory, against the enemy. Arrived at Abhivanāyurtha, Hāshisa was proceeding along the banks of the river, when he was seen by those who were on the top of the hill, and they opposed him by throwing stones at him. Hāshisa was alarmed at the shower of stones; he was thrown down from his horse, and escaped on foot with difficulty from the place where the contest was hot. The Kashmīrians captured his horse, like victory incarnate, and the horse was covered with mail with Hāshisa's sword tied to it. When the Saidas saw that Hāshisa was defeated, they sent Pirujakhāna and others with fresh soldiers even during the night. At this moment Meyā Bhākera and others arrived at Dugdhāshrama, and like the thundering clouds of the rainy season they came down to Pūpāmaṭha. At this time also, the Madras, the Ḍāmaras, the Pratīhāra, and other valiant soldiers joined one another and arrived at the frontiers

of the district of Sumanovāṭa. On the side of the Saida army, Saida Hossana with Saida Khāna and other brave warriors arrived that very morning. The swords of the warriors with their dark blades and points looked like serpents which had issued from the nether regions. A severe battle was then fought between the two armies, and the diminutive Madras, armed with sword and shield, were irresistable in the battle. The chief of the Madras, armed with a battle-axe, thus addressed the people of Kashmīra at the commencement of the battle.—"Warriors! Fight now with a glad heart, and do not turn back. If the relentless Saidas be victorious, they will destroy all of us; but if you win the victory, there is joy for you if you live, and if you die, you will obtain pleasures in heaven by your virtues." First of all, Pirvajakhāna came in front of the battle, he felt proud in joining the combat. Piruja the Pratīhāra went against him, even as Parashurāma went against Rāma. When the Madras saw that the Pratīhāra was not skilled in fight, they instantly sent soldiers to cut off the hoofs of his horse. The horse reared when its hoofs were cut, and the rider was disconcerted. He held up his spear, but the Gakkas struck him with vigour. His servants, the Shāhibhaṅgīyas, came with their swords, like black-bees with stings, and they pierced the Gakkas in their anger. When the people of Kashmīra saw the Pratīhāra fall in the field of battle, they were rejoiced, and exclaimed;—"we win the victory to-day!" The Shāhibhaṅgīya guards

were attacked by the Kashmīrian soldiers and the Madras, and the guards behaved with their accustomed valour. The soldiers called out to one another saying "come," "stand here," "where do you go," "you are mine." The setting sun behind the Kashmīrians shone on the points of their swords, as if to assure them of victory. Eager for fame, the warriors moved in the field of battle, each trying to go first ; even like bees in a garden, eager for flowers. Soldiers showed the movements of their bodies by their various postures, even as actors do in a dance on the stage. Jyahāṅgira and others engaged themselves in the front of the battle with their guards, and died fighting like heroes. Arrows poured forth like rain from the cloud-like army whose arms flashed like lightning, and whose sound was like the sound of thunder. Bhākara distinguished himself by his valour ; he stood in the front of the battle sword in hand ; the sun shone on his face, and he made himself conspicuous among the Saidas. He rode a spirited horse, and by the movements of his body displayed the postures of a dance as on a stage. Though attacked by all, and wounded, it was not till after a long time that he fell from his mail clad horse. Possessed of valour, he cast his look on all around, killed two or three soldiers, and then lay on the bed of heroes, and his blood trickled on to his outer garment. Of what use are those worthless men who do not appreciate the valour of heroes determined to die in the field of battle ? When Saida Hosana and

other chiefs and the Kashmīrians who were on the side of the Saidas saw Bhākara and others killed, they left the battle and fled. The leader of the Kashmīrian army then smote the followers of the Saidas, even as young birds are smitten on issuing from their nests, when the river-side tree is thrown down by storm. They fled with all their might, and neither swordsmen, nor horsemen, neither bowmen nor spearsmen could see them. The Kashmīrians went on plundering and destroying, and even killed those who had taken shelter on trees; and in this way they entered the city.

The dead bodies lay naked on the road, like heaps of white grass, from Samudra maṭha to the east of the city. Some were drowned in the canal, and some were killed in the field of battle, while some were robbed and left naked, and they fled across the country in their terror. The earth was strewn with the severed limbs of warriors, and seemed like the kitchen of Death about to devour those remains. But none alas! gives up the love of his own person even after witnessing that men who had lived a luxurious life and had been like Indra in their enjoyments, and like kings in their wealth, now lay naked on the ground, emitting foul smell. "Rather" said Habhebhamera "would I this day meet death in battle, leading to the enjoyment of heaven, than endure the shame of begging a living from my new masters;" and he went to battle riding a steady horse, and calmly met his glorious death.

Rājānaka Hassana, too, saw that his enemies were before him, and the men of his party were running away, but he still was intent on fighting, and never thought of flight. Seated on his horse, and accompanied by his followers, he maintained the combat for a time at Sthāma at the outskrits of the city, on the bank of the Mārī canal, though his finger was cut off. At last he was killed by Serāṅgamera and others. His head, and his hand from which a finger had been severed, were taken by the soldiers and shown to the Māregsha and others, in the hope that the sight would please them. But the Māregsha cried,—"what is the use of insulting the body of the dead, give it its last rites," and he caused the funeral rites to be performed. He who had for a long time been the chief among all the ministers of the palace, and had held high posts, and whose charity and greatness had been proportionate to his wealth, even he came in the end to a pitiable plight, like ordinary men. Fie to the lust of worldly pleasures which is never satiated with enjoyment! He had received injuries, but had he borne them quietly and remained in his house, all the ministers would have courted him. But longing for wealth, he again took the side of the Saidas; and not knowing what was in store for him in the future, he asked that the lordship of Kampana might be bestowed on him at some future time, and thus he became the object of laughter of the people. Or it may be that when death is near, one's

intellect is perverted. Those who are blinded by pride and have lost their judgment, insult the dead bodies of their enemies in battle. They soon come by a similar end, and people say, they deserve to descend to hell.

Fie to Haibhatakhāna, who, though he considered himself to be a warrior, withdrew himself from the battle, and went to Phakhuvā country in fear. He left his stately horse and wandered about the country in fear, unarmed and bereft of his servants, and he hid himself dressed like an ordinary person. But the soldiers of the Mārgapati were angry with him because he had killed Dāvoda Mārgesha, and they killed him inside a house, even as one kills a thief, and took away his head. The soldiers cut off his head, and in their anger they waved the head before the corpse of Dāvoda, even as a lamp is waved before an image of a god. This was the consequence of his flight. Had he gone that night to the camp of the Saidas his life would have been saved ; but how can a sinful man keep his judgment clear ? The servants of the Saidas had robbed the country and killed cows in the city, and it was for the sins of their servants, I think, that the Saidas came to such a plight. Though Haibhatakhāna was the son of a king's daughter, and was born in the family of warriors, it was through the sin his servants that his heart became devoid of courage. Thousands of Brāhmaṇas, Rajputs, Saidas, Kashmīrians, and others perished that day in battle. It was not

possible to take out the body of any particular man from amidst the heap of dead warriors and soldiers. Those who had been handsome and stout, and had lived in the enjoyment of prosperity and pleasures in the kingdom, now emitted a foul smell in the sun, and became the food of dogs and crows. There lay like the red flowers of the cotton tree, the dagger, the knife, the spear, the club, and the mace, all smeared in blood,—weapons which had once graced the soldiers in battle. The Māргapat remembered that the Saidas had burnt Rudra vihāra, andi in his anger he caused Alāvapura to be set on fire. The fire issued from houses in dreadful flame, and with intolerable heat, and reduced the town to the condition of a burnt forest. The fire, which rose from the house of the illustrious Saida Hamādānakhāna, was like the flame of anger for the injury done to the king and to the subjects. When Bhākara and other chiefs had been killed, and the others had fled, their Chaṇḍāla servants began to plunder the city; and in the confusion which ensued, those who had been poor from their birth now became rich, and those who had always been rich became poor. Some searched dead bodies wherever they lay, and found valuable articles on them, and became happy even like the mendicants who rejoice in carrying skulls. Fights took place among those who robbed and stored the ill-gotten wealth in their houses, even like the fights of dogs for flesh and bone. What one man had first purloined was again robbed from him by another, and

that was once more robbed from him by a third ; and thus they behaved like fish. The current of victory which had flowed alternately in one direction and in another, now steadily flowed on one side only, and up-rooted the trees [the Saidas]. The rich citizens, among whom were many Brāhmaṇas and merchants, who had been in enjoyment of ease before, were now robbed by the soldiers, and reduced to poverty. The houses of the citizens were consumed by fire, and their minds by constant misery, and many things were burnt down. Low and wicked men violated the virtuous daughters and wives of good families and defiled them. Kotis of wealth had been spent in rearing houses, in the hope that they would endure to the end of time, but they were burnt down and became dust and ashes. On the right side of the river the plunderers, emboldened by success, behaved like drunkards, some assailed the people, some yelled aloud, and some plundered property. Those who had not a vessel before to drink wine from, now brought, during the season of festivity, thousands of vessels filled with water from the city. Some were sorrowful for the death of friends, and some for the loss of their hoarded wealth ; some grieved over insults which they suffered, as they belonged to the defeated party, and others for lands taken away from them. Many such persons wandered about in grief, only one per cent of the population was happy. Two thousand men died, great and low, including those

who perished in battle or of their wounds, and those who died in their homes. Thus it happened that in the year 60, on the first day of the moon, in the month of Shrāvaṇa, many people died on account of this decisive victory. The first shoot of that tree of mutual enmity which gradually brought forth leaves and bore fruits on that day made its first appearance when the Saidas were murdered. The soldiers pillaged the citizens every day of their hoarded wealth, and all the inhabitants were robbed of the fruits of agriculture, and were reduced to misery. In that contest with the Saidas, a destructive fire arose on all sides at Pravarapura, in the houses, the gardens, and among the fruit trees.

In the meantime when Ālikhāna and other Saidas, who had been defeated by the Kashmīrians, heard of this disaster, they remained attended by only a few menial servants. Meyā Mahammada killed two or three persons in the city, but returned to his tent as there was no bridge. But when the Saidas heard that Bhākara and others had been killed, they killed two or three men, and determined to fight again, though they were in a state of alarm. Tājabhaṭṭa believed that the Mārgesha would cross over from behind and kill them, and so he proposed to give him battle there where they were. This threw the Saidas into disorder. Meanwhile Rāvatra crossed over from the other side of the river, skilfully took the Saidas and sent them to their own homes.

The ministers held a council in the presence of the boy king, who was now freed from the Saidas, as the sun is freed from clouds; and the ministers were agreeable to the citizens, as the breezes are agreeable to men. The Saidas relied on sinful warriors and were attached to sin; they were violently against virtue and the caste system, and were bent on war; and they had held the kingdom by wicked measures, and did harm. The Saidas were like the sons of Kuru who depended on Duryyadhana and were joined by Shalla, who were violently against Yudhiṣhṭhira and were aided by Karṇa bent on fomenting quarrels, and who grieved Dhṛitarāṣhṭra by their evil acts. And like the sons of Kuru the Saidas did not win victory in battle. The ministers removed the king's new residence from Padmapura and repaired the burnt houses of the Khānas in Shrīnagara. The house of Bhābhasaida Hamādāma was erected on the bank of the river, and it seemed as if the unsullied virtues of the ministers towered in the form of that building. Then the ministers confiscated all that had belonged to the Saidas, and exiled Ālikhāna and other Saidas, with their families, from the kingdom. The ministers of Kashmīra were of one mind, and Parashurāma and others received honors, and returned to their country. The leading men among the Saidas had hoped that by bestowing the kingdom on a boy they would enjoy prosperity, and they had accordingly acted in further-

ance of their own interests. But now that they were destroyed, others obtained by force the posts of ministers which the Saidas had held so long. Fate is powerful in this world, not man.

Jyallāla Ṭhakkura took possession of Nāgrāma and the other possessions of Meyā Hassana; and his son took Lohara and others places. Srī Jyahāṅgira took Vāṅgila which had once been his own, and then he took Makhūya and other places. Saiphaḍāmara became master of Mākṣhāshrama and other places, and gave other villages to his brothers, befitting them. Jonarājānaka was in command of troops, and had become strong and independent, and did not rely on the help of any one else; and he made himself master of Parihāsapura. The powerful Ebhrāhima the Mārgapati took to himself the possessions of the Dvārapāla, and gave protection to the servants of the Saidas. The ministers, like the elements which compose all the substances of this world, created new things in government. One Ṭhakkura was of the party of the Mārgapati, and another Ḍāmara was of the party of the Rājānaka, they both became conspicuous like fire. The boy king, who was like a soul without action, was merely a witness to the administration which was conducted by the ministers. They divided the country among themselves as they liked, and made the king write the three letters of sanction on the documents. Oppressive towards others, disliked by the subjects, and sinful

through the actions of their servants, they felt themselves happy; they were bent on doing mischief, and they acted as they liked. Clever in holding their own party together and in defeating the purposes of their enemies, they were like debaters well versed in discussion. They were exempted from the payment of the king's taxes, and oppressed the country, even as the twelve suns oppress the world with their excessive heat at the end of a kalpa. By the plaintive barking of dogs, by the fire of meteors, and by frequent earthquakes, the trembling people understood that their calamities had again returned.

The king being a boy, his officers oppressed the people, even as diseases harass the body in the feebleness of old age. A prosperous king is soon ruined when his officers, his chief supporters, quarrel among themselves through jealousy, even as the body is destroyed by its disordered components. Men who were sharp like thorns, and adept in seeking flaws in others, became the favourites of the royal officers, even as prickly vegetables are liked by young elephants. Such intriguers moved among the officers, and by their deceit created disunion among them every day, and increased their enmity towards one another. They fabricated out of their own imagination, words, which were never uttered by any one, and such false words of their servants were pleasing to the officers even like poetry. Thus the pure minds of the ministers, which

had reflected one another like mirrors, were dimmed by the deceitful breath of their servants.

The other ministers were unable to brook the high position of the Mārgapati which had descended to him from his ancestors, even as Chakravāka is unable to bear the high position of the moon. The Mārgapati heard his attendants say that while he had fled through fear of the Saidas, his attendants had killed them, but nevertheless he had now become the principal personage in the king's court, and boastful. On hearing such remarks, the Mārgapati became indifferent to the affairs of the king through anger and disgust. Jonarājānaka had rendered himself an object of the peoples' curse for having plucked out the eyes of Vahrāmakhāna and on account of the supremacy which he exerted by the strength of arms. And this cruel man became among the ministers even as Rāhu is among the planets by his injustice in bestowing rewards and inflicting punishments. He plundered, unopposed, the villages in Chhundānaka and in other tracts, robbed the people and took possession of their lands, and made himself master of those places. During the time of the mutual disunion among the Saidas, he had robbed the people and obtained various articles from different places, and had filled the granaries of his house. This avaricious man forcibly took away the riches which the people had earned and saved by their own labour, as if they

were given to him by Brahmā. He was not satisfied with destroying men by bringing together his troops; but like the submarine fire, the fire of his oppression was not quenched by the collected waters of the rivers. When he oppressed men in town or in village either through jealousy, or without any cause whatever, no one could save the oppressed from his power. If any one undertook to protect the oppressed out of humanity, he was punished in the king's court by more powerful men than he. Other avaricious officers oppressed innocent men in their homes, even as diseases oppress the body. What evils do not speedily overtake the country where the king is a boy, and his old supporters are independent and jealous of one another and break down the administration of the kingdom?

Edarājānaka and Ṭhakkura Ahmada who had been sent to countries outside Kashmīra returned to the city on the plea of seeing the Mārgesha. But the Mārgesha had heard certain rumours from his spies about these ministers and had become alarmed; he did not go into the city, but went to his house in fear along with Saipha Ḍāmara, and passed the night in fear on account of the foreign soldiers that had been called in. When the soldiers of whom the Mārgesha was afraid reached his house, Ahmada Ṭhakkura killed Jonarājānaka in the morning by the advice of the Mārgesha. Who did not [illegible] in fear when he saw the dead body in the house

of the Mārgesha,—the blood issuing from the wound caused by the weapon and moistening the ground? Some people remarked that Jonarājānaka had bestowed his daughter on the Mārgesha and had come to his house under sworn assurance of safety. But nevertheless he was killed. Fie to the lust of enjoyment! Some again said that ministers perish by violence because they are unable to tolerate difference in opinions. Others said that Jonarājānaka with the Madra chiefs had killed the Saidas, and it was for that crime that he was killed by his enemies within a year. Vainly were guards employed! Not one of the thousands whom he maintained, could save his life at the time of his death. Enemies rob us of all objects in the same way in which we acquire them. Wealth wrongly obtained does not remain long in the house, and when fate becomes adverse, the officers of the king do not distinguish between virtue and vice, strength and weakness, between friend and foe, or between praise and blame. His son had once advised him to give up the post of commander of the army, as he could gain no advantage by means of foreign soldiers; but good fortune had left him, and he did not accept the advice. When destruction comes to a luckless man, he loses a proper regard for his son, and reposes confidence in his enemy. Thus, Jonarājānaka had always considered foreign soldiers as his countrymen, and had believed the heroic soldiers of this country to be

cowards and foes. That chief among heroes, Saipha Ḍāmara, had at one time been afraid of the prowess of Jonarājānaka, and had yielded up his arms. Even heroism fails at times. Jyallāla Ṭhakkura was shut up by his own door keepers within the court-yard of the palace. What means are left when fate becomes adverse? Even the sun in the sky undergoes changes day by day, becoming obscure sometimes and bright at other times. What stability then can there be in the strength of man who is subject to perplexities? Strange are the vicissitudes of his power! Masoda Ḍāmara and others, who had destroyed the bridge of boats, collected an army as before at Jāladragaḍa. Sāliya and other Ṭhakkuras were not attached to Shṛiṅgārasīpha; they went to him separately, but were thrown into prison. No man's prosperity is stable! Jerāka a bold servant of Shṛiṅgārasīpha robbed Ṭhakkura Āhlāda of his horses inside the city, and went to Rājāpurī. Thus the crime of Jonarājānaka's murder was aggravated by the imprisonment of his warriors, even as one's unbearable sufferings from a disease in the throat are aggravated if his foot is burnt.

By the time a man gets over one anxiety, fate creates another for him; when the moon has passed through its period of wane and arrives at fulness, eclipse comes in and destroys its beauty! When the Mārgesha had become free from anxiety and without

a rival, he heard of the arrival of the son of Ādamakhāna. I will narrate the account of this Khāna from his boyhood, how he arrived into the kingdom, and how he took it. When his father Shrī Jaina died, the helpless Ādamakhāna went to the Madra kingdom. While he was living there, his son was born on the Shivarātrī night at a moment which indicated his future royalty and wealth. When the boy's father perished in the battle with the Turuṣhkas, he was brought up in the house of his mother's father, even as the moon is reared in the sea of milk. In time, Tāttārakhāna gave him his protection; and subsequently he went of his own accord to the shrine of Jālandhara, and spent there a few years. When Jyanāṃgira the Māргesha was living outside Kashmīra out of fear of the Saidas, he asked the son of Ādamakhāna in an artful letter to accept his ancestral kingdom. When Tāttārakhāna died, his son gave protection for a time to the son of Ādamakhāna. The latter was courageous enough to undertake bold deeds; he deluded the Turuṣhkas, and came to Grahaṇa country with numerous retainers. On the other hand, messengers had been sent from Kashmīra by the Māргesha, when Shṛiṅgārasīha, brought him to Rājapurī. The lord of Rājapurī bore ill will towards the Māргesha, and with a view to secure a protector he caused Phatāhakhāna to be brought to him. Now owing to the murder of Jonarājānaka, the Ḍāmaras and Edharājānaka,

Ṭhakkura Daulata and others had departed from Kashmīra, and had been living at Rājapurī. They now took shelter under the Khāna, as the black-bees take shelter in a tree, and the Khāna obtained great reputation, even as the son of Vupyedeva had obtained before. Masodanāyaka had the charge of defending the road, and though he was related by marriage to the Mārgesha, he went over to the side of the Khāna. The message of the arrival of the son of Ādamakhāna was to the poor villagers, oppressed by many masters, like salt sprinkled on a wound. The guilty, the debtors reduced to servitude, the thieves, the wicked, and the destitute were glad to hear the news about the Khāna. Who did not in village and in town leave his home and kindred and come to him, fixing his hope on his kingly-fortune? The wealthy Khāna received many men who had come from the country, and obtained fame, and wished to rival the king. The people from all the kingdoms took shelter with him, discarding others, and they exclaimed that he was a worthy grandson of king Shrī Jaina. When the thieves and others, who had remained concealed, heard of him, they jumped out in gladness as the fishes do in large tanks. But even as a tree is afflicted by insects so was the king afflicted by the thought that he had not a large army, that when one foe had been conquered there still existed another mighty antagonist, that the country was besieged by powerful enemies who had won over the servants and spies of

the state, that the state horse was unfit for work, and that the officers of the kingdom took no interest in the king's affairs.

Jyahāṅgira who had sent an artful letter to the son of Ādamakhāna was now glad of his approach, but when he found out the views of the Khāna he became anxious. Jyahāṅgira had accumulated great wealth in the country by destroying his enemies, and had wished to enjoy ease, but his ease was disturbed by the tumult that was now created. The people trembled at the news of the approach of the Khāna, who was daily coming nearer, even as trees in the woods tremble in the storm. The Khāna was bent on conquering the country, and his crafty and scheming councellors sent a messenger to the Mārgapati with the following letter :— "O Mārgapati ! You have in your pride overcome the valour of all within Kashmīra, and are, like a god, enjoying fair fame. This Khāna O ! Mārgapati is the chief of his dynasty whom you have invited by letter from the country of the Turushkas. Why are you neglecting him now? Why are you repenting of what you yourself have done? Others are enjoying the power of the state by placing a boy on the throne. Why should this person, whose conduct is worthy of his position and whose character is pure, be kept waiting outside the country? Or if you give him his father's share of the kingdom, then let him stay without and let the king remain within the realm. But what is

the use of saying many words if you are not going to acknowledge him? The sin of the death of the soldiers who fall in battle on both sides will be on you." When the Mārgapati had heard this letter which was shown to him by the messenger of the Khāna, he gave the messenger a letter in reply to the following effect:—"O! protectors of the kingdom and enjoyers of kingly fortune, doers of all beneficial acts! Consider what is said in the Purāṇa, that Kashmīra is Pārvatī, and know that its king is born of a part of Shiva. Even if the king be wicked he should not be slighted by those who strive for good. Sovereignty is obtained in this country by religious penance, not by valour. Why else did Ādamakhāna and others of lenial descent fail to obtain it? Why did they speedily reap the punishment of their unworthy acts? The present king has come to the throne by inheritance, and how can the Khāna, who intends to usurp the king's power, be allowed during the life time of the king to enter the country in order to create a disturbance. This boy was coronated by others, and was not set up by me, but who can destroy him at present while I am near? The Khāna will be honored in every way, if he wishes to follow our views; the rising sun receives due honor when he follows the Dawn. Fortune obtained by ingratitude does not last long for the enjoyment of men. The pleasure derived by eating bad food causes illness. What more should be said, the way

by which the king has been released from the hands of the Saidas, will be open to him again, for coming out of the hand of the Khāna. This is the will of fate."

Jyahāṅgira despatched this letter. He was angry with Masoda on account of his leaning towards the Khāna, and took away from him the post of warder of the road. He entrusted the duty of defending the road to Vahrāmanāyaka and others, and sent Shṛiṅgārarājānaka and others without delay to Sthāma. The troublesome Masodanāyaka was enraged at being deprived of his charge of the road, and he arrived at Sūrapura following the Khāna. Masoda's followers, the Khashas, and the Ḍombas, who had been deserted by him, created a tumult in the Maḍava country at every step. On the other hand the king's army harassed the army of the Khāna, and the two armies looked like the two rows of teeth of all devouring Death. The tumult created by the Khāna was greater than that caused by the Saidas; it was like a painful disease of the throat, aggravated by the burning of the foot. Travellers were attacked by robbers, the weak were destroyed by the strong, and the country was reduced to a miserable plight, as if it had no king. The inhabitants of that part of the country left their houses in fear, taking with them their kine and wealth, and went to Dakṣhiṇapāra and other villages. The two armies then entered the kingdom of Kṣherī which with its woodlands was deserted by the inhabitants, and

was devastated by the two armies as by a great fire. On one occasion, Jeraka and others came to know through their spies that the soldiers of the king were asleep, and they attacked their camp. The king's soldiers did not keep themselves awake, nor employed spies, nor had learnt to wield their weapons, they fled like beasts in fear from the camp. Some relatives of the commander of the king's army were alienated from the king's cause by the enemy. They left the king's army, took shelter with the enemy, and rebelled against the king. When differences arise among the strong and powerful in Kashmīra and the government is paralysed, then the Khashas who live beyond Kashmīra begin to rejoice; the people suffer from plunder and conflagration, thieves accumulate wealth, the enemy seeks for riches, and the soldiers, heroic and enduring, desert their cause. When the commander of the army saw those people rebel, and found that the zeal of his troops had relaxed, he was struck with fear and fled from the army; but he was killed by soldiers who came up from behind. The Khāna was glad of this first victory by which he obtained everything. It was by the advice of Subhāgasīha that the Khāna had come unopposed from the Turushka country, but Subhāgasīha was killed by some unknown person as he was going away from before the presence of the Khāna.

Now the Khāna, happy and exulting in his victory, encamped at a place called Mallashilā and collected his

army with a view to subjugate his enemy. At Karâla his soldiers destroyed the powerful soldiers of the king, and robbed and killed the helpless inhabitants. At this time, the Mârgapati took the boy king with him and went out of the city accompanied with troops, in order to overcome the enemy. During the disturbance caused by the Saidas, the people had been frequently plundered of their property; and they were therefore now filled with alarm, and they sent away their women from the city to villages. The city was without a king, and its wealth had been taken away from it, and it did not look imposing; it was like a beautiful woman who had been robbed. The Mârgapati encamped in a garden at Gusikoḍḍâra, and his troops cried out against the insolence of the foreign soldiers. But when he heard that the Khâna was at Kalyâṇapura, he left the king at Gusikoḍḍâra, divided his army into three divisions, and came out for battle. When he arrived at the extreme boundary of the village of Drâbha in Sakhânamaruga, he found himself in the neighbourhood of the Khâna, and he remained there in great anxiety. Vaidûryyabhaṭṭa, whose power was irresistible at Chakravâṭa and other places in Kramarâjya, stationed himself on the mountain road on the west. The sons of Gakkarâja and others, with Pirvaja the Pratîhâra, came forward and maneuvered as on a chess board. On one side the sons of Masodanâyaka, accompanied by the Kashmîrian and the foreign soldiers, came out of

their ranks in order to fight. The soldiers, armed with sword and shield, approached with shouts, and moved in array, as the swans do across the sky. Ahlāda Ṭhakkura's phalanx engaged them as they advanced to the front, but his troops were defeated. Armed men shouted like thunder, and their arms flashed like lightning, and they came out with shields for battle. The field of battle was uneven and muddy, and the roads leading to it were difficult to traverse, but the soldiers came to it as if it were their own home. When the army of Ahlāda Ṭhakkura saw the foreign troops, and the waving of their shields, they lost heart, and like sparrows fled afar. Ahlāda Ṭhakkura could not stay the broken and the fleeing army, which was like a river that had broken its embankment. Some of them ran crying 'I will flee,' 'I will flee', and died of the wounds they received; and thus they paid with their life the wages they had received. Their bodies were besmeared with blood, and lay on the field of the sāli crop, and looked like beasts that had been sacrificed on fields during some religious ceremony. The army of the Khāna which came from the south-west and broke the king's force, even as the wind breaks the trees, was like a tempest that destroyed men: Some Kashmīrians perished by the flame like arms of the foreign soldiers, as if they sacrificed their persons in fire. What is the use of mentioning the names of those who fled to save themselves, when they saw the array of troops reduced

to the condition of a herd of animals by fear? The owners of estates, who had figured in the royal court, were now struck with fear such as they had never felt before, even like men who had never used arms. Only * * * * obtained praise by dying like a hero. Three or four of his followers who wished to go to heaven fell in battle and went there before him. The great army of the Khāna having routed the survivors returned, and appeared before the Mārgapati mistaking him to be of their own party. Hassana Mīra and other heroes who were determined to conquer sought Masodakhāna and were recognised by the soldiers of the Mārgapati. Nauruja and others, the five attendants of his wife's brother, together with Gaurabhaṭṭa, were killed in the presence of the Mārgapati.

Fate, that had been long adverse to the Kashmīrian army, now became favourable to it, owing to the prowess of the king or to the commendable firmness of the Mārgesha in this battle. He remained fixed with his troops like a strong and immovable column of victory. Had he retreated but one step from the place, nothing of this Kashmīrian army would have remained. As the skill of a physician is observed in a serious disease, even so the skill of Shrī Jyahāṅgira was observed in bringing to order the disordered state. In battle, the goddess of victory comes pleased to him who in the hour of danger possesses indestructible energy, genius, skill in devising

* There is a blank here in the text.

plans, and fearlessness. He circulated the false rumour that the Khāna had fallen into his hands, and thus by an artifice he brought back those who had fled from the battle. The soldiers returned to the battle field with shouts in the presence of the Māargesha, and joined their party ; even as in spring, the black-bees come to a garden, humming, on their beautiful wings. Gakka and others, flushed with victory, killed many men, and plundered the camp of the Khāna of articles left there by the Khāna after what he had taken away. Evarāhima Māargesha was in the front of the battle with his attendants ; he threatened Masodanāyaka and others and caused them to retreat. Shṛingārasīha and others saw the formidable army and fled without delay from Meḍīvana and reached their own country. All the soldiers of Rājapurī were surrounded by the Kashmīrian troops, but Gakka, like Gaṇesha, gave them assurance, and protected them in the battle. The foreigners left all the amunitions of war behind, and fled, pursued by the Kashmīrian soldiers. They were plundered by the Khashas and the Ḍombas who hung on their rear and greatly harassed them. Some of them lived by eating the leaves of trees in the wood, and they gave back all that they had extorted from the villagers, as if the things had been only deposited with them. Hundreds of foreigners and Kashmīrians died, some oppressed with cold and fever, some faint with hunger. Fate is beyond our comprehension ; and though it is not

really the cause, yet it is considered the strange cause of events. It casts down, all of a sudden, some person in high position, and prospers some who should be cast down, even as the wind does with the trees. The Khāna's intention was good, and if his soldiers had been like him, what results might not have ensued? For victory follows virtue.

Thus in the year 61, in the month Shrāvaṇa, when Phataha Khāna arrived in Kashmīra, many natives of the country and foreigners perished, as in the preceding year, by the meeting of the two armies near Kalyāṇapura. Astrologers found three reasons for this destruction of men in the country, the presence of Saturn in the seventeenth mansion of the moon, the conjunction Saturn with Jupiter, and the year being presided over by Mars. In the reign of king Shrī Jaina, the subjects were devoted to the study of the six schools of philosophy and were attached to their own religion, they were fearless and did not suffer from the six calamities.* But the customs of the country were injuriously affected by the base acts of the subjects when that king went to heaven, and so the destruction of men came to pass. This is my opinion. Some merchants, for instance, discarding the custom which befits Hindus, killed a cow within the city and ate its meat. Sons are now fond of the

* They are excess of rain, drought, destruction of crop by rats, locusts, and birds, and the approach of a foreign king.

Mausulas, and are ashamed to follow the shāstra which was followed by their fathers and grand-fathers. Men of the four castes had graced the kingdom in former days, but latterly the people had gradually adopted blameable practices, and the ceremonies prescribed for special days in the Purāṇas came to be forgotten year by year. Why should not the people whose custom is bad suffer calamities?

The Māregsha heard a false rumour that the king had been attacked by the enemy, and he became anxious. He placed Tājabhaṭṭa and others in his post, and went to his own tent. If he had pursued the fleeing and powerless soldiers of the Khāna, not one of the retreating army would have survived. But the Māregsha was unacquainted with the road, and all his men had accepted payment from both sides, and intending to promote their own interest in this world and wishing misery of their relatives, they induced the Māregsha to retire from the battle, and they themselves dispersed. The victorious Jyahāṅgira then took the king and the army with him, and elated with victory went to Jyamālamaruga. Tājabhaṭṭa thought that the people who had been left behind by the Māregsha had joined the Khāna, and he set fire to the villages of Maṅgalya-nādaga. The smoke which arose from the flames of the burning houses covered the sky and looked like clouds in the rainy season streaked by lightnings. Conflagration and robbery were now witnessed in

Kashmīra, such as the people of this country had inflicted on other countries, when they had made foreign conquests. Kashmīrian invaders in foreign lands had seen the poor and the naked, as well as helpless new born babes, but had not supplied them with clothes. And when the poor of those lands saw their silver and baser metals, their kine and beasts taken away by the Kashmīrians, they filled all sides with sighs and lamentations and exclaimed that as the Kashmīrians had robbed them of every thing without any provocation, so they too would, in their turn, be similarly robbed by their enemies. When Phatāhashāha obtained the kingdom, the great sin bore fruit in the sufferings of three persons at the time of their death.

As commotions rose in the country the Mārgesha returned to his place, listening, as he passed, to these and other animadversions. It was owing to the sins of the people that he refused to conclude a peace. He reached the city, accompanied by the king, and began to celebrate a festival on account of his victory; and he punished the partisans of the Khāna, both high and low. But he did not oppress the relations of those who had gone over to the side of the Khāna, as a disease oppresses the body. Auspicious Fate sometimes bestows happiness which is enjoyed by all, and sometimes, in its displeasure, it afflicts people with the six calamities.*

* See foot note at page 319.

Curious alas ! is the course of Fate in this world, like the course of a planet, it brings on good as well as evil on the people.

For a time the Khāna was struck with panic and was without any help, and he remained useless like a cloud in the season of drought. At this time he was at Bhairavagala, and he received some accession of strength from the Nāyaka, so that he again thought of entering Kashmīra. After two months, he marched towards that country, and arrived there supported by excellent soldiers. When he had reached Shūrapura, Jyahāṅgira issued out of the city without delay accompanied by the king ; he had numerous troops under him, and much wealth. As before, he remained at Sagusikā, but he heard that the son of Gakkarāja had fled. When the Mārgesha was about to mount his horse, the animal took fright. The Mārgesha understood omens, but had become impatient in his anger, and would not wait for a moment. The son of Gakkarāja had accepted a large sum of money from him, and if he fled, who else would stay with him ? This thought made the Mārgesha anxious, and he returned. He again issued out of his camp in an auspicious moment, and thought of creating a division in the army of the Khāna. In the meantime Jeraka and other great chiefs came from Shūrapura and entered the city at night and liberated those who were in prison. Thus Saiphaḍāmara and others issued from the prison, as from the door of death, and came to Vijayeshvara. On a pre-

vious occasion, when in prison, Saiphaḍāmara had dreamt that some one had severed his two legs by a weapon at night. To keep a great chief, the head of a strong party, in confinement, is like covering a fire with a cloth. And so it happened. Why was he brought from the fort of Jayāpīḍapura and kept imprisoned in the city? This imprisonment of Saiphaḍāmara caused harm to the Mārgapati.

Ebbrāhima the Mārgesha came up from the rear and killed Shaṃshanāyaka and many other people. Ṭhakkura Ahmada, Jeraka, the Pratīhāra Anvaya, and others had marched over sixty kroshas, and displayed acts of courage. Some people suffer in times of danger, only to achieve a royal station, even as the gold is melted in fire and beaten by a hammer, in order that it may be formed into a diadem which adorns the head of a king. Set free from the bondage of a prison, like a bird from a cage, the Ḍāmara thought as if he was born again. Once before when he had been imprisoned along with Hodara in the fort of Jayapura, he had scaled the walls of the prison by means of a rope, and had come out alone. But he was captured again when asleep, and was kept in the prison of the capital, and his friends felt certain that he would be killed within two or three days. From such a danger he was now set free. In time he came to the Khāna and remained with the ministers as was expected. Such was Saiphaḍāmara, and he obtained the fame due to a great man. Had

not Rāma been decoyed out of his dwelling into the forest by Rāvaṇa, and had not Vāli aroused the anger of Sugrīva, how could Rāma have won his victories, marching to Laṅkā and destroying his enemies? Fate ordains both pleasure and pain for the good of man. The Khāna had aspired after the kingdom but was driven from the country; but now he obtained the support of great warriors on his side, and became addicted to pleasures. The Mārgapati was angry with Saiphaḍāmara, but he came to be ruined and was deprived of his post. How could the Khāna have entered Kashmīra and obtained it, if he and the Ḍāmara had not mutually, and of their own accord, come to each other's help. It is by the help of many chiefs that the king obtains glory, and the chiefs obtain it by depending on the king; their union is indispensible, and looks graceful like the golden ornaments on a young woman. The court of the Khāna was adorned by the fortunate leaders who joined him, even as the person of a woman is adorned by necklaces of pearls.

The Mārgapati became alarmed by the union of the Khāna with the leaders, and he sent Khāna Shikhavāhārddha Mukha who was desirous of establishing peace. Edha Rājānaka, Riga Ḍāmara, and Keshavabudha brought the king of Rājapurī to the king of Kashmīra with a view to establisn peace. At this time the Mārgapati gave wealth and assurances of safety to

Shringārastha, and alienated him from Gadāyarāvatra Mukha. The king of Rājapurī took with him the son of the Mārgapati, and desiring to establish peace, prevented the calamity of a battle between the two armies. Others at this time resolved to get hold of the son of the Mārgesha, to whom the king of Rājapurī had not paid any special attention, and the ministers became alarmed. When fate becomes adverse to the king and his subjects, the distress that befals their party cannot be removed even by a hundred remedies. When one is oppressed by mental anxiety, how can then the disease which has got a firm hold on him be removed by the skill of physicians? The partisans of the Khāna alienated the king of Rājapurī from the party of the Mārgapati, and when that king left the side of the Mārgapati, a tumult arose which alarmed both the armies. Gakka, Shringārastha, and others were alarmed and went to Rājapurī; and the Khāna with his army was struck with fear, and retired as before, without effecting anything. Jerāka, Mera, and others, who, owing to their love for Jyallāla Ṭhakkura, had resolved to remain neutral, went to the Mārgesha. The confusion which thus arose made the army of the Khāna tremble; and it broke up into thousand parts, even like a river whose embankment is destroyed.

When the Mārgapati heard of this, he pursued the Khāna, and arrived with his army at Sūrapura. But his anxiety became great, when he learnt from his spies that

disorder had broken out at Kramarājya, and that some troops had arrived at Shāhibhaṅga. Leaving the king, he went to Svayyapura, and there, by an artifice, he threw Naurujakhāna into prison. This was a wise measure, as Nauruja had intended to plunder Shrīnagara on that very day with the help of wicked men, and it was owing to the virtues of the citizens that his cruel intention was not fulfilled. He had expected the arrival of the Mārgapati from Kramarājya, and he set fire to much property, and reduced it to ashes in his anger. Wealth which is obtained day by day by wicked means and is not given in charity, which is hoarded in pits, and only causes sorrow to the miser, finds its way at last either to the king or to fire, to enemy or to robbers. Jyahāṅgira arrived in the city with Nauruja, and graced it by his triumph over him. Though the Saidas had been exiled from the country, and though they had killed his son, yet Jyahāṅgira wrote to them and brought them back because they were worthy men.

In the meantime the Khāna stationed himself in his exalted position of strength at Janmavāṭa, and distressed the Khashas even as the lion distresses the deer ; and as he had harassed the twenty-seven districts of Kashmīra in his prowess, so did he now harass Sindhurī. His army was strong in good soldiers, and was joined by the Malha chiefs, and he plundered the country of the Madras, and alarmed the Turushkas. He conquered the country of the Madras, and gave it to the king of

Rājapurī. Having thus secured a victory, and joined by the king of Rājapurī, he arrived in the house of Masodanāyaka in the month of Chaitra. The Nāyaka received the Khāna in his house as if he were a god; and owing to the Khāna's virtues, the Nāyaka's devotion to him was never shaken. The sea may over leap its shores, the sun may rise in the west, but a Kṣhattriya never swerves from his duty towards one who asks his protection. The Khāna had now collected an army and was joined by the Chhayilla soldiers, and, with a view to overcome his enemies, he stationed himself on the top of a hill. The soldiers were like diseases, and destroyed everything in the houses, and the people remained in them with difficulty, even as life remains in a body prostrated by illness. Jerāka, who was in prison with his back fastened to a door, was killed by the Mārgapati out of fear, within the city. When the officers of the king heard of this they all became displeased and spoke ill of the Māregesha, for the Māregesha had violated the assurance of safety he had given to Jerāka. In the month of Jyaiṣhṭha the cruel Māregesha heard the evil news, and being distressed, remained at Mallashila with the king. As the draṅga road was blocked, those who had received pay from both parties despaired of reaching the two armies. At that time, the people of this country had to eat their food without salt, and who did not hear of this ludicrous Māregesha curry? It was with difficulty then that the people in the city bought one and a half pala of rock-salt for twenty-five dīnāras.

In the year 62 the Margapati heard that the Khana was anxious to come into Kashmira, and he adopted a wicked policy. He appointed Eskandharakhana, son of the daughter of Hajyakhana, to the post of the lord of Kampana, and sent him to Sthama; and in order to protect himself, he gave the possessions of Masodanayaka to Yashsharājānaka, and sent him out with an army. When the snow decreased, and with it the happiness of the country decreased also, the Khana came with his army from Rājapurī. When the Mārgesha heard that the Khāna had come within Bhairavagala, he went to Sūrapura with the king, with the view to obstruct the Khāna's way. Now the Khāna who was in a high pass was obstructed from entering the country, even as Rāhu is prevented for fear of the chakra from coming in contact with its lifeless trunk. So the Khāna went by the Pashupādishṭa road as in the previous year, and after surmounting a hill issued by the Kāchagala in the month of Shrāvaṇa. But the soldiers of Tājabhaṭṭa and others came like a storm and agitated the sea like army of the Khāna in the field of Gusikoḍḍāra. The Khāna and his army spread alarm on all sides by the din of the sounding kettle-drums, and agitated the city with panic. The Mārgapati was astonished when he heard of this, and was struck as if the Khāna had come on his wings, and he hastened with his army and the king to offer him battle. The Ḍāmara named Yāga, of high rank, was like the immortal Garuḍa in valour

and beauty ; and in the engagement which ensued he graced the field like the fiery Shiva. In that battle, some of the Saida warriors fought against the powerful soldiers ; they did not retreat, but died on the field, and obtained the pleasure of the company of celestial females. Many fell into chasms, many died of wounds, and heaps of dead bodies lay on the field. Neither in the struggles with the Saidas, nor in the first engagement with the Khāna, did so many soldiers perish as in this battle of Gusikoḍḍāra. The proprietors of lands, although high in their position, remained passive witnesses to the battle, and did not display the heroism befitting their rank. The dead bodies of persons killed in the battle or when fleeing, or of those who died of wounds, lay here and there, like the young ones of birds scattered by the fall of a tree. Those who had injured others before in village or in town, were now harassed by stronger men. Masodanāyaka was killed by a discharge of arrows and the career of his horse was arrested at the same time. Who can escape what must happen ? The Mārgesha sent his people to fight, but he himself retired to a distant place for safety. Shrī Saiphaḍārmara however was there attended by powerful warriors. Shrī Saiphaḍāmara, who was attended by his soldiers, was rejoiced that the very man who should be sought for had come there of himself, and he struck the Mārgapati on the head. Ala, Shira, and Haidhara, like cruel planets, struck him on the face, arm, and forehead,

and made him insensible ; and the Ḍāmara took away the Mārgapati's gold coloured auspicious and indestructible necklace, as if it were the goddess of victory. The Mārgapati lay there, neglected by his own men, but a horse of noble breed, fleeing from the battle, saved him, and his mind was comforted.

When all the ministers direct the helm at the same time, and lean on the same side of the vessel of state, Royal Fortune sinks like a boat though supported on all sides by arms. When the foreign soldiers mutinied at the beginning of the war, Katthavāḍa and others led the Khāna out of the country in the same manner in which he had come. Saiphaḍāmara, skilful in battle, was then disheartened by the false rumour that the Khāna had been captured in battle by the king's soldiers, and he turned away from the engagement. He went away by the Sūrapura road, taking with him good horses and other things, but he afterwards joined the Khāna. Then for the third time the Khāna entered the country; and after having killed many men, he issued out of Maṇḍala and arrived at Parṇotsa. The Mārgesha thought that the time was frought with calamities, and that all were inclined to rebel. He considered that the king was but a young child, the ministers had become insubordinate, his own men were unruly and were wishing to go over to the side of the Khāna, the citizens bore no affection to him, and there was no money in the palace ;

and he himself was an old man, without any life in him and bereft of all strength. He was moreover oppressed with the pain caused by his wounds, and he spent two months in his own house. Let that man go to the sea who desires to acquire valuable jewels and pearls and corals, and can, at the same time, cast away fear, and can overcome the frightful monsters of the deep by his strength.

In the meantime the Khāna came down from the Chaṭikāshāra hill, strengthened by the soldiers who went from Kashmīra. He arrived into the interior of the country, and the hills clad themselves, as in gladness, in the white garment of snow that fell that day. The Mārgesha was alarmed at this news, and saw the villagers fleeing, he left Vāṅgila with his army and came to fight. The Khāna then came to Bahurūpa with a few followers, and joined by the Ḍāmaras, arrived in the field of Dāmodaroḍḍāra. The powerful Mārgapati accompanied by the king, came like a gale from behind, and stationed his troops in the neighbourhood of Sātadaivata. But Saiphaḍāmara, who was there with his army preparing for battle, arose like Vishṇu and routed the army of the Mārgapati at the close of night. It is strange that by his three expeditions, the Khāna, though weak in army, accomplished, through the help of fate, what was not accomplished by Haidarashāha. What else need be said? The Khāna, though he had a small force, killed,

routed, and destroyed the troops of Kashmīra, as a lion destroys herds of elephants. The Mārgapati retired within the city, fearing mischief from Saiphaḍāmara as before, and perceiving that he had lost the regard of others. The bridge was destroyed, as during the previous civil war of the Saidas, and the citizens on both banks of the river were harassed, as if they belonged to two separate kingdoms. Pirvaja the Pratihāra and others came from Maḍavarājya, and they left the side of the king and went over to that of the Ḳhāna.

The Mārgapati found that his army was weakened by mutual dissensions and was at a loss to know what should be done; and like the Saidas he spent two or three nights in the temple of Skanda. At one time he had made Meyā Mahammada head of all the army, and had joined with Nosarājānaka and risen against his master. What could he not have accomplished had his body been as strong as his mind, and had he not pursued only his own interest. But he sought his own interest, and slighted his nephew the king, and rose against him, and these acts became the cause of his destruction. His army fled, he was humbled and afraid, and he sought shelter with his benefactor Jyallala Ṭhakkura who was living at Kharvvāshrama. He was reduced to that state to which his opponents had been reduced by his orders. Fie to the uncertainty of prosperity derived from royal power! As the king Bahrāma had, under the influence of the seven planets,

worn costly and various tinted robes and ornaments seven times, and had then met death like an ordinary mortal, even so it happened with the M rgapati. Fie to Fortune! He arrived at the cavern of a saint, and forgot his king and his former prosperity and his attendants. His brother had taken away the king's wife, and for that sin he became unable to escape, and got into a boat with his wife. The soldiers of the Mārgapati were humbled, they spent their days in the caves of mountains, their complexion turned pale, and their hearts were damped by the rain which fell to their misfortune. Tneir powerful and unrelenting enemies pursued them; they were robbed of their clothes, dragged, and forcibly thrown into prison, and confined like beasts. The wicked enemies, the Khashas, shouted, and plundered the country, and men and women left all their property behind, and went about without clothes in fear of them. The weak people were killed on the road by the Khashas who remembered the injury they had received from the Kashmīrians. The disorder which then prevailed in the kingdom was like that at the end of a kalpa; it was terrible. The condition in the city was miserable; the rich were robbed of everything, the poor became rich, and the rich became poor. The trees which had once been decked with leaves and flowers and fruits, were now withered in winter; the rivers which had once flowed in waves were now dried up; and the kokilas which had sung

before now became mute. What does not come to pass with the reverse of fortune? When the king's party was destroyed, the beautiful women who were dear to the king, lived only in name!

Thus the king Mahmadashāha sat on the throne for two years and seven months, and he was dethroned in the year 62, in the month of Āshvina. He was then brought from Viṃshaprastha, and given up to the enemies by Phiryapāla. The Ḍāmara chiefs who had assembled in the yard of the palace and in the residence of the king gave Mahmadashāha a few attendants and a maintenance allowance, and kept him under their protection. He had hitherto lived under difficulties; and as long as he was a king, he had never enjoyed the ease which he now felt through the favour of the king's ministers.

The city had been plundered during the slaughter at the time of the civil war of the Saidas, but now, when a new king assumed the royal power, the Khashas robbed thrice as much, but they did not burn it down. Some principal merchants were deprived of the millions they had accumulated; they saved their lives, but lived by covering their bodies with grass. The foreigners bribed the ministers, and the ministers allowed them three days to plunder the city. The foreigners plundered in the same way as the Kashmīrians had plundered foreign countries when they had marched against those countries. What does not time bring forth? The industrious

female bee extends the hive by working with her feet; but others come and raise a smoke, deprive her of the hive, and enjoy its sweets. For six months the followers of the Khāna enjoyed at ease what others had saved in their houses with great care. None however plundered the wealth which was hid in the grass and besmeared with blood, mistaking it for the rags of a lying in room left in a dirty place. Listen to the truth which we tell you, O ye rich! Make proper use, by gifts and enjoyment, of the wealth which you have hoarded in your houses depriving others of it. Otherwise, riches are of no value during this period of revolution in the kingdom. Some people scattered broken pots and boxes round their houses, pretending that they had been plundered, and thus deceived the Khashas. Some citizens saved their wealth by emptying their houses, and filling grave-yards beyond the water with their goods. Holes were dug and heaps of riches were thrown into them, and the earth every where became vasundharā (holder of wealth) in reality as its name implies. The people of Rājānavāṭika threw missiles and stones with a view to obstruct the road and did many rash acts. The revolution was to the royal officers what the sound of drum is to the serpent; it was to the old and persecuted servants of the king what the winter is to the lotuses; it was to the king's dominion what the thick smoke is to the hive; and it was to the new court of the king what the spring is

to the trees of the garden. It was owing to a change in manners and customs, or to the unjust acquisition of wealth, or to the oppression of the good, or to the admixture among men of the higher castes, or to the weakness of the boy king, or to the enmity of the ministers, that this calamity befell the people of the kingdom, even like the one in the reign of king Sussala. Let Saipha Mallika, the chief of the Ḍāmaras, the meritorious leader among the ministers, the one without a rival, be victorious! He had before, during the war of the Saidas, liberated in battle those who had been captured; he attained prosperity according to the ways approved by saints; he conquered the enemies and destroyed them and obtained fame; and he gave an extensive kingdom to king Phatiha.

Here ends the fourth book named the acquisition of the kingdom by Phatihashāha of Srī Jainarājataraṅgiṇī composed by Paṇḍita Shrīvara.

This is the end of Shrīvara's Rājataraṅgiṇī.

FOURTH SERIES.

I bow to the Great Being, Mahādeva, who assumes the form of the movable and of the immovable, on whose crown rests the moon, and whose purpose is pure. Let that form, half of Hara and half of Gourī, protect you. At the sight of this form, the king of the serpents twined himself round the bracelet of Gourī, out of excess of devotion. I bow to the sun-like guru, the light of whose favour dispelled the thick darkness of ignorance, even of Shuka,* and expanded the lotus-like heart of Buddhyāshraya.†

A good poet should bow to the truthful words of persons skilled in discussion and deliberation, to the shlokas graced with good rhythm, thick with alliterations, and beneficial, and conveying various meanings and full of sweetness and thought. It is by the beauty of such sentences that a king's fame is brightened on all sides. When the energetic Shrī Jonarāja and the learned Shrīvara saw the Rājataraṅgiṇī written by the Brāhmaṇa, Shrī Kahlaṇa, they, in order to immortalise themselves, composed two beautiful books of kings, bringing the account down to the year 62. Then the poet Shrī Prājyabhaṭṭa, adorned with every good

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* The name of the author.

† The name of the author's father.

quality and fortunate in having bathed at the shrine of Bhagavatī on the Ganges, composed his Rājāvalipatākā in the reign of king Phatiha, giving an account down to the year 89. Then the poet did not write the accounts of kings, owing to the tumults in the kingdom and on account of the fear of the wicked and the avaricious, even as swans do not feed on the moss in the Mānasa lake for fear of the fowlers. I, Shuka, son of Buddhyāshraya, am giving an account of kings in this book form that date. I heard of the admirable deeds of fame of past kings who enjoyed great prosperity; and I write this book not because I felt a desire to become a poet, but to lighten my mind of the mass of accounts of by-gone kings of great prosperity about which I had heard. What a difference there is between the description of former poets and of my own, I who am of little sense! How can a fragment of brass be taken for gold simply because of its colour? My account of kings is like a desert, but let good men hear and understand my words, and favour me by showering amṛita in that desert.

King Phatāha was like a sprout of the dynasty of the great king Jainashāha, and he became the ruler of the country of Kashmīra. The subjects were happy in every way during the time that he ruled; they were given to pious acts, and were graced with the virtues of kindness and simplicity. The king was not addicted to evil habits regarding woman, dice, or wine; and his

chief minister was Somarājānaka, born of the Lunar dynasty. The other chief minister was the Māргesha Ebhrāhema. He was pious and intelligent, and was bent on doing good deeds, and was born in the family which had produced men who attained greatness from the time of Saropala. The third minister was the Pratīhāra Hājyameya of great worth, but he died by the will of the gods, and the king gave his son Malleka Jyaṅgira his ancestral villages and estates, and the usual respects due to him.

Surely the Brāhmaṇas at this time did not do the duties of their castes, and Somachandra was the person to induce them to disregard the performance of their duties. Merasheṣha, the pupil of Shāhkāsima, was born in the country of Irāka; he knew all the sciences, and became Somachandra's guru without giving him religious instructions. According to Merasheṣha's advice, Somachandra arrested men belonging to temples, confiscated lands of the Brāhmaṇas and gave them to Merasheṣha's servants, and thus pleased him. Supha and other followers of Merasheṣha cut down lofty trees on the pretence that they were required for burning incense, but really for the object of obtaining fuel. The gods then deserted their images, for otherwise how could men plunder their temples? All men became alike through the influence of Kali, be they of good or of evil habits, be they the learned or the Bhuṭṭas, or the actors, or the wicked! Now

Abdālaka and the other sons of the Mār sha were unable to bear the honour and the fame whic e son of Somachandra attained, and the sight of the gifts which he gave away. They intrigued against him and alienated Hosarājāna from the Pratīhāra, slighted their father who was related by marriage to Somachandra, and broke down the bridge of Shrī Jainalābhadena which had towered high as if it were the accumulation of the virtue of that king. This bridge for crossing the river was named Jainakadala; it had stood over the Vitastā for a long time adorning it, and a vast amount of Rājāna Somachandra's riches was spent upon it. It was now burnt at night, together with the houses at Mallekapura near Vallāḍhya maṭha, in order to overpower the enemies. The town and the kadala presented the appearance of a forest that was burnt; and the wicked men in their plunder did not spare even people's bathing suits. The heat of the fire lasted for a short time, and so did Somachandra's life. He collected his army and stayed at Jāladraṃgaḍa. Only one per cent of the Brāhmaṇa inhabitants had Brāhmaṇa spirit in them; and one such Brāhmaṇa chastised the Rājāna even as one chastises an enemy. Rājāna Somachandra gave up his person as an offering to the fire of the king's wrath and to the flame of the burning town. The king gave him a passport to go out of the country within a few days, and he was on the way destroyed by the curses of the Brāhmaṇas, even as the moon is

devoured by Rāhu. Malekāla and others, Somachandra's sons, fled in fear from the strife, and the minister Māргesha Ebhrāhima performed the last rites of Somachandra, by the orders of the king, and thus pleased hiṣ own men as well as his enemies. The illustrious Māргesha gave the extensive estate of Siddhādesha to his eldest son Maleka Piruja, and to Abdālaka he gave the authority over the arsenal, and he divided the other estates and gave them to his other sons Malleka Luhara and others. This intriguing Māргesha also gave estates to Hosa Rājāna, Jyaṅgera the Pratīhāra, and to the Ḍāmaras who dwelt outside the kingdom.

When the minister Somachandra died and his power became extinct, the indomitable Shirgabhatṛis and the Vyadāyīs became free from all restraint and began to prowl about. Man holds half of a rope in order to cross a river, but adverse fate breaks his rope. It was to destroy Somachandra that these Ḍāmaras, who had been living outside the country, were brought in by the king's orders; and they now rose against the Māргesha. The Ḍāmaras, the Pratīhāra and others broke the bridge of boats and caused the Māргesha to flee, and thus drove him out to a foreign country. The Ḍāmaras named Utsa Malleka, Daulatya, and others obtained posts in the palace, even like the black-bees in the forest. Then the Ḍāmara chiefs held control over all the business in the court, and

the strong became weak and the weak became strong. The good behaviour of the Shiṅgas did not appear grateful to the Ḍāmara chiefs, even as the light of the earth to owls who are fond of darkness; and the Ḍāmaras threw Ālemera and others, who were the cause of these troubles, into prison at night out of fear of them. But in a few days Jyahāṅgera the Pratīhāra, Hossa Rājānaka, rose rgainst the Ḍāmaras owing to insults that were offered to them.

Now a person named Gadāyamera struck Gājakhāna and Mallekadatta, all of a sudden, with a dagger in their chest, as they were seated in an assembly. When UtsaMalleka heard of this, he departed from the presence of the king, and fought with the enemies for a long time. He was called in by the king and was honored. Loud lamentation however rose within the capital on account of the murder of the two persons, and the citizens wept and blamed the king. The powerful warrior Hossa Malleka the Ḍāmara was in Sūryyabhoga, heard of the death of his kindreds, but did not lose his coolness. This great warrior who was irresistible in battle, fell fighting with his enemies and joined the women of heaven. Then the skilful, the illustrious Khāna Ebh.āhima, born of the family of Shāhābhadena, and a relative of Jyahāṅgira the Pratīhāra, divided the estates of the kingdom within five or six days, and distributed them in the presence of the king among Hosa Rājānaka and others

accordingly as they deserved. He was afraid of Utsa Mallika, who remained with the king, and he led him to an inaccessible house of the Khashas and there confined him. For a month the Ḍāmaras enjoyed wealth as great as that f the city of the Gandharavas, and then, like lov people, they fled from the country out of fear of the Mārgesha. The account of the act of enmity against Utsa Malleka reached his brother Rāvatyadevaka, and he marched out and surrounded the house of the Khashas. The Khashas were alarmed, and they released Utsa Mallika from Gaṅgā maṭha, and the two brothers felt great delight in helping each other. They however felt anxious on the approach of the Mārgesha, and oppressed with the sense of danger, they took shelter of the king, even as those who are oppressed with the powerful rays of the sun take shelter of the strong kalpa tree. Thus were the Rājāna Ḍāmaras destroyed in the year 89, between the bright fortnight of the month of Āṣhāḍha and the month of Āshvina.

In autumn, the Mārgesha crossed the frontier and returned from the outer country. He divided the estates in Kashmīra and gave something to all. To his sons he gave the posts of authority in the kingdom, and for a short time he lived in his native country like a hermit free from fear. Now in the year 90, Utsa Malleka and Rājāna Shṛiṅgāra caused the house of Abdāla Mera to be completely burnt

down, with a view to subdue him. When the Mārgesha heard that his son's house had been burnt and his son captured, he went from Bhāṅgila to Hinduvāṭa by the Kṣhuyya road. Now when the Mārgesea had fled, his fierce enemies took Malleka Abdālaka to the inaccessible house of Ladda the Khasha. Utsa Malleka and Rājāna Shṛiṅgāra came to the king, and at Varāhamūla intended to divide the country of Kashmīra into parts. By the orders of the king, they brought the men who owned lands in Siddhā country, who knew how to divide land and understood the work, and writers, and Kāyasthas named Budha, Kashmīsha, Saṃkhyesha, and Jugaka, and by their help divided the whole country into three divisions. One division was given in writing to Phatāhashāha,* another to Malleka Utsa, and the third to Rājāna Shṛiṅgāra. The country was now divided among these three great men, even as it had once been divided among Hushka, Jushka, and Kanishka. Then the Rājarājāna Ḍāmaras came into the city, but they did not lay aside the deep enmity of their heart,—the enmity such as exists between a mongoose and a serpent.

The king gave Utsa Malleka the post of the chief minister, and to Rājāna Shṛiṅgāra he gave the extensive estate of Siddhā. When Utsa Malleka, the arbiter of

* The reigning king.

all affairs, took his seat in court, people saw the meeting of a jackal and a sheep of which they had only heard before. When the one whose fleece is shorn, the one who howls, met, the king gave his orders under a closed cover in order to see how the meeting would terminate. Then came Ebhrāhema Mārgesha, the chief among the ministers, well dressed, but full of animosity, and accompanied by Masoda Shāhi. His army arrived at Varāhamūla, and the king's forces, with Utsa Malleka at their head, entered Svayyapura, with the intention to fight. When king Phatāhashāha saw the two armies stationed one on each bank of the river, he thus said to Utsa Malleka, the chief minister; "This Mārgesha, O! minister, has robbed us of our Royal Fortune, which is to us even like a wife that is married, because he thinks us to be cowards." When Utsa Malleka heard this, he said to the king;—"O king, what mischief is not this Mārgesha doing, finding me friendless and alone? But O! chief among men, it is but seldom that a man sees a chintāmaṇi jewel or a flower that grows in heaven, but one never sees a man to prosper who is consumed by the prowess of a king. Arise O! king, and fight; fortune is under the influence of fate." When the king's soldiers heard these words they marched out for battle. The Mārgesha marched along the road with his army and came to Bhavatuṅga, while Utsa Malleka with his forces entered Koshanatsa. There the two armies

stayed, but soldiers came out from the main bodies which were stationed on both banks of the river, ascended a hill, posted themselves between the two parties, and discharged showers of arrows against each other. There Shirya son of the Māgesha fought with the enemies, and sacrificed his life, as if thereby he gave a great offering to Padmanāga. When Shirya Mārgapati fell, the victor Utsa Malleka relaxed his exertion out of friendship for the deceased. The great warriors and soldiers of the Mārgesha observed this relaxation and came up by the Sarvvāshrama road, and pursued the powerful Utsa Malleka who was retreating. When Phatāhashāha heard this news from Svayyapura, he took Rājāna Shṛiṅgāra with him and went from Sūrapura to Hinduvāṭa. Utsa Malleka was hemmed in by the pursuing soldiers of the Mārgesha at the skrit of the village of Nyovā, even like a lion hemmed in at the mouth of a cavern.

King Phatāha fled, after having ruled the country for nine years; and Mahmadashāha, who was supported by the Mārgesha, then got possession of the kingdom. In order to please the Mārgesha he made the powerful Seha Eskandara his heir-apparent, though this person had once attempted to murder the king. The Mārgapati again placed his enemies in prison, and once more graced his sons with kingly fortune. Utsa Malleka lay in prison, secure in the idea that the Mārgesha would not kill him, having bestowed his

daughter on him, and he being thus related to the Māregesha by marriage. But the son of the Māregesha was hostile to him, and the powerful Utsa Malleka, whose feet were tied with an iron chain, was fouly murdered by the son within five or six days. Like Utsa Malleka, Bhaṭṭārjuna had fought in the field with the armed enemies; he was now imprisoned, and was the last of the rebels. A deep gloom, like that when the moon is devoured by the powerful Rāhu, spreads even over the face of the sun when men are engaged in mutual hostility. The people loudly lamented for Utsa Malleka as if he were their father. Wicked men walked about at night and began to infest the country, piercing the dense darkness with their eyes. In that year the villagers were doubly unfortunate, the ministers who heard their petitions were both deaf and dumb!

Mahammada reigned for nine months and nine days. Once he went out of the capital, when Phatihashāha, on receiving encouragement, came in. The king bestowed the post of the minister on the Pratīhāra Jyahāṅgīra, and he gave the great estate of the Siddhā country to Rājāna Shṛiṅgāra. He had become king by his own efforts, and he gave Kācha Chakra the authority over the arsenal of his own will. Kācha-Chakra was strong, and his prowess was like the rays of the sun. Surely Kācha Malleka was an incarnation of Indra and of Vishṇu, since throughout his life he was graced with kingly fortune. The heroic Kañchana

was born of Hosana Chakra who was the cause of the battle in Kramarājya, even as Rāma was born of Dasharatha.

The king's mind was turned to virtuous deeds owing to return of virtue in the people, or perhaps because the king knew that he was to remain in the kingdom for a short time only. He kept his actions under control as if he were a servant. He prohibited the execution of the inscriptions on copper plates. He ordered the bones of the Hindus who had been dead to be collected and taken to the Ganges, so that the outrages of the mlechchhas on them might be prevented. The people had deposited the bones in the Ganges and were returning when they were suddenly overtaken by storm and rain on the way, and they perished to the number of ten thousand. But I think that the river Ganges was oppressed with hunger, and as it was after a long time that she had devoured bones, she surely devoured the the men also who had carried the bones. Those who had recourse to their legs escaped with but little of their life left in them; they reached home, but perished through the influence of fate.

In the autumn of the year 91 the Mārgapati again came from Vāṅgila accompanied by Mahmadashāhi. Phatāhashāha with his army stationed himself at the village of Vāṅgila, and his troops marched out to fight with the powerful enemy. The virtuous son of the Mārgesha was the leader of the army, and while fighting

hotly with the enemy in the field, he joined the company of the women of heaven, (died). There exists in this world only one part of virtue, out of four, in the Kali yuga, but the son of the Mārgesha had made that virtue four legged in the shape of the great towers of the masoda. Surely Kārkoṭanāga had devoured the Mārgapati in anger so that the Nāga might go from and return to Karkoṭa hill every year without any obstruction. The plans of Abdāla Malleka, Luhara, and other sons of the Mārgapati were discovered by the king, and they fled to different countries. As by chance the hand comes across a hole in a cloth, and that which was torn but half a cubit before is enlarged, even so misfortunes come upon sinful people. An epidemic which was as it were the wife of Death broke out on all sides, and it caused sickness, tumults, and destruction of men. The number of the dead could not be counted either in villages or in the capital. Men could hardly get a piece of torn cloth at their last moment. Friends did not weep for friends, what of sorrowing for others? Anxious for themselves, some managed to save their lives, for as yet they were destined to live. Now when the epidemic disappeared from the country, through the influence of fate, men heard the news of Mahmadashāha's arrival into Kashmīra. Mahmadashāha set out from Noushāhāra accompanied by Luhara, and obtained a large force from Eskandara, lord of Gaja. He wished to take possession of Kashmīra, and he came bringing with him the sons of the

Mārgesha, and reached the country of Rājapurī.—All this the king heard from his spy, and though he was alarmed at this bad news, his former enemies and all the ministers wished for the arrival of Mahmadashāha. Kācha Chakresha and Rājāna Shṛiṅgāra went to Sūrapura with their troops in order to wait the arrival of the new king. The fate of the reigning sovereign began to waver, and his servant Ālemera took refuge with the enemy. This man was of Shāhibhaṅga country, a foreigner, and had no one to help him, in consideration of these circumstances the king had prospered him, even as his son, by giving him villages, gold, and other gifts. Phatāhashāha set out from the capital in order to give battle, supported by only one minister, the Pratīhāra Jyahāṅgira. When the army of Phatihashāha was encamped at Kroṣhāṇaka, the keen sighted soldiers understood the hostile movements of the enemies, and they went to meet them at Sūrapura and there to fight with them; but they found there the bed of heroes, (died). Phatāhashāha fell from his horse while watching the battle, but he was protected by the ministers, for he was a king, and out of love which they had previously borne towards him. Thus in the month of Āshvina, in the year 92, the king was deprived of his kingdom after having reigned in it for one year and one month. Phatihashāha was then driven by the ministers to the outer country of Lohara across hills of Chaṭikāshāra.

The fortunate Mahmadashāha being victorious felt

greatly elated, and re-entered Kashmīra with the army of the lord of Gaja. As the powerful elephants, the gifts of the lord of Gaja, ascended the mountains on the way, they appeared as moving hills to the soldiers. The people's cry of victory for the king was redoubled by the neighing of horses, the grunting of elephants, by the noise caused by the flapping of the elephants' ears, and by the sound of drums. Victory be to the great and the wise king, who is like Balarāma renowned for the strength of his arm, the beautiful, the merciful, and graceful as the letters of his name. Glorious on account of his powers, prosperous among his countrymen, possessor of extensive territory, his countenance is like the sun, and who by the administration of justice raised the people of Kashmīra, who had before been oppressed by injustice. Let victory always attend Mereja Haidhara Mahammada, who, like Nausharavana, is wise in speech, and who was born on earth to perpetuate the works of former kings which had for a long time lain in a delapidated condition at Satīsara.

The king imprisoned Rājāna Shṛiṅgāra, and thought of turning out Abdāla Mārgapati from his post of minister. The powerful Chakresha Kāñchana accepted the post of the chief minister, by his orders, though Ālemera and others nad asked the king for it. Having appointed ministers for the administration of the kingdom the king felt himself free. He divided the people who lived in forest into different sections, and went out

of the country. Now Luhara Māргapati and Rājāna Nosaka, bent on hostile purpose, collected an army and entered Nāgrāmakoṭa. The whole country trembled at this bad news because the king was absent from the kingdom, men suffered from cold in winter, and the ministers were not known to the people. Not knowing what to do, Chakresha soon brought to his help the great warrior Malleka Jyaṅgira who was honored by a public proclamation. The powerful Luhara and Nosaka remained at Nāgrāmakoṭa for a month, and then went one morning in anger to the city of their enemies in order to fight with them. The soldiers of Kācha Chakresha also marched towards their foes, and they fought with one another at Jāladraṃgaḍa. Luhara Māргapati retired after fighting, but Rājāna Nosaka sacrificed his life in the battle, and enjoyed the company of the women of heaven. Nājoka Māргapati and others cut off Kācha Chakresha's fingers, but they perished like insects in the fire. The great warrior Devarāvatra was retiring from the field when he was killed by Chakra's soldiers on the banks of the Mārī river. Kācha Chakra survived this battle; he was like Karṇa and Arjuna, and all the people knew him as the saviour of the country. This great hero, this minister Kāñchana Chakra, whose fingers were cut off in that battle, looked as beautiful as if he were made of gold.

Now the king satisfied the other kings [who had

helped him to conquer Kashmīra], by gifts and honors, took leave from them, returned to his kingdom, and governed it well. Within a year the Malleka Laddabhaṭṭa and other powerful men were thrown into prison by the minister Chakresha; and when the king had been thoroughly brought under control, Kāka Chakra was pleased with Malleka Jyaṅgira and gave his intelligent son Khāna Ebrāhima the possession of the Siddhā country. This was done in the month of Shrāvaṇa, in the year 94.

Now in times gone by Shiryya a twice-born had planted * * as it were the creeper of his karma. On the approach of winter * * it was watered by the good Brāhmaṇa Shrī Nirmmalakaṇṭha. Then at the time of the mlechchha oppression, Kaṇṭhabhaṭṭa and others held a council and was able to avert the disgrace which such oppression begat. Khujjāmerāhmada, on the other hand, by devoting his life to the service of Kācha Chakra and by giving him wealth, induced him, who was alarmed at the work of Nirmmalakaṇṭha and others, to give him permission to act against them; and actuated by the mlechchhas, caused them to be murdered. * * O! Brāhmaṇas where in this Kali yuga are your Brāhmaṇical spirit and practice? It was for want of these that the sorrowful and the affrighted Nirmmalakaṇṭha and others were killed. The oppression

* There is a blank here in the text.

of the Mausulas which began in the time of the Saidas was made prominent by Somachandra, and was perfected by Kāka Chakra.

Now in the month of Shrāvaṇa, in the year 95, the great king Phatāhashāha, the moon among sovereigns, died in a country outside Kashmīra. Mahmadashāha did not take his meal on the day in which he heard of this event, nor did he sleep, or bathe, but spent his time in thinking of that king. Where could be found a king like him experienced, truthful, patient, a great politician, a lover of men of worth, and one who loved his servants? The king was born in a country outside Kashmīra, and he died there. The work of fate is extraordinary! The corpse was then placed in a litter and was brought here within a few days, by his servants and chiefs, in order to give it its last funeral rites. The king, attended by his ministers, placed the deceased sovereign in the ample burial ground of king Shrī Jainashāha and others, where the crystal grave-stones lay like images; and performed the rites befitting a king, and laid the body under the ground. What exertions does not a king make in order to preserve his kingdom; and to root out from it men of violent temper, powerful persons, and wicked servants; and to support his own ministers? But alas! when fate forsakes him, he is overwhelmed by a tempest of misfortune, and is overthrown; and like a tree he is tossed about, and he falls. Or why did this king kill his own ministers Saiphaḍāmara

and others, and die surrounded with difficulties? Alas! Alas! the vissisitudes of time!

This is the account of Phatāhashāha's going to heaven.

Then came the noble minded Rājāna Shṛiṅgāra, and as if out of affection for the king who had gone to heaven, he followed him. Eskandhara the king of the country outside Kashmīra, the lord of Gaja, also went to heaven about this time in order to see Indra. On the death of Phatāhashāha, Chakra Nāyaka became afraid of Malleka Jyaṅgira, Mera Khujyāhmada, and others; of Ebrāhema Khāna, Shṛiṅgārabhaṭṭa, and others, who were of the party of the late king; they were in the capital; and in the month of Vaishākha, in the year 96, Chakra Nāyaka caused them to be arrested. Chakrapati gave Siddhā and other districts to the noble minded Rājāna Hosana, the favoured of fate; these estates had belonged to the persons who were imprisoned. Unable however to brook the prosperity of Hosa Rājānaka, Chakresha, the chief among the intriguers, threw him into prison within three months, and became free from fear. He pleased his friends Malleka Chakra, Seraṅga, Tājemera, and others, and fully gratified them by publishing a proclamation of their dignity in the kingdom.

In the year 97, in the month of Jaiṣhṭha, Malleka Abdālaka and other sons of the Māregesha joined the people of the country, they took Eskandara Khāna the son of Phatihashāha with them, and came with an army

from country outside Kashmīra. They desired the prosperity of the family to which they belonged. But when the powerful Chakresha Kācha heard of their arrival, he took the king with him and went to Laulapuroḍḍāra, with the view to fight with the Māgapatis. The enemies had a small force with them, and when they saw the large army of Chakra, they fled in fear of their lives at the close of the night to the fort of Nāgrāma which was difficult of access. The army of Chakresha followed the Māgapatis. Chakresha stationed many soldiers on the grounds attached to the fort, and warriors from both the armies came out and shouted in the field of battle, and covered the earth and sky with the discharge of their arrows. At this time Jyahāṅgera Pratīhāra entered Luhara with his army, and accompanied by Gadāyamera and Vahadoramera. When Chakrapati saw the enemy's troops together, and both above and below him, he sent his son Masoda Chakra against Luhara. This heroic Mīr Masoda, accompanied by Tāja Chakra, arrived at the town of Shāhābhadena, with the intention to fight with the enemies. When he came in sight, the soldiers of the other side welcomed him to the field of battle, and they fought with him. The hero Mīra Gadāya avoided the arrows discharged by Masodamera, which were like the banners of his kingly fortune; and when the son of Chakra fought like the son of Arjunna there was no bowman among the enemies who could stand firmly on his ground. One named

Arjuna Rājānaka then thus addressed the soldiers :—"Do not, O! mighty warriors, flee from the battle overcome by enemies and leaving aside the virtue of heroes, but march forward in phalanx." The soldiers marched forward and entered the battle field, even as insects enter the fire. After fighting with these great warriors Masoda was returning with his army, when Gadāyamera received the love of the women of heaven, (died) ; and when these women saw that Puṣhpasāyaka, the son of Chakrī, had been made a leader of the army, they soon snatched him up from the field of battle. When the soldiers who had been following him saw their leader killed, they ran towards Masodamera and wounded him with an arrow in his eye. Pierced in the eye by the arrow, Masodamera, the chief among the bowmen, the son of Chakrī, was killed, and he fell on the ground, and his soldiers dispersed at his death, even as when the central jewel in a necklace is broken the pearls in it are scattered about. Among the enemies, Hosa Rājānaka, Gājamera, and Shṛingārabhaṭṭa were captured in that battle, and were killed by wicked men. The army of the Pratīhāra was destroyed ; it entered the town and stayed there for two days, after which it went out of the country in the same manner as it had come in.

The grief caused by the death of such a heroic son, killed in the battle by the enemies, cast a gloom over the mind of Kācha Chakra. When Tāja Chakra and others of his relatives saw their leader thus sorrow-

ful, they asked him not to be dejected. Kācha Chakra was not quite overcome with grief for his son, and he issued orders to fight with the army of the Māргeshas stationed in the fort on the opposite bank of the river. The soldiers of Kācha Chakra were eager to fight with those of the enemies, but the people of the village in their sorrow did not know how to act. The valour of the Māргeshas was well known; but when they saw that the strength of Chakresha was directed against them, they retreated with the Khāna. When the army had gone away in the manner it had come, the victorious Chakresha, accompanied by the king, but oppressed with sorrow, entered the capital. This powerful minister saw the hero Daulata, patient, possessed of worth, and foremost among warriors, and he felt no fear, but gave him, who was his brother's son and who was skilful in wielding the bow, all his deceased son's villages and estates.

Now in the year 98, the Māргapatis took the prince Habhebha Khāna with them and again came from the Chaṭikāsāra hill. By the time they had stationed their forces at Tāmasīmarugāsthāna, the soldiers of Malleka Kācha Chakra entered Sandhapura. As the Māргapatis had but a handful of soldiers, and as they had once experienced the valour of the Chakrīs, they did not descend from the mountain road into any village. The soldiers of the Māргapatis were less in number than those of Chakresha, and from among them again Eda

Rājāna son of Somarāja came out and took shelter with the army of Chakri. The Mārgapatis very much felt this treachery of their friend when they came to hear of it, and they cast aside the evil spirit of a hope and returned by the same mountain road. Their army divided itself into hundred different parts at the hill named Mitradroha (treachery of friends), and united itself again at Vāhyapalvala, and thence it went away. Habhebha Khāna was taken ill and died in the way. His followers placed the corpse in a litter and brought it to Kashmīra. Last rites were given to it on the burial ground, and the noble minded ministers placed the body in a hollow in the ground by the side of his father.

The enemies who could not have been driven away by means of arms, were thus, on the advent of Kācha Chakra's good fortune, expelled by means of finger nails. Malleka Jyaṅgera, who was to the family of the Pratīhāra as the moon is to the sea, perished by fire in a country outside Kashmīra. Chakrī then brought the Mārgapatis Abdāla, Luhara, and others into the country, and they came for the purpose of forming a marriage alliance. For instance the Mārgapati Luhara gave his daughter to Malleka Kācha Chakra, as if Sachī was given to Indra. Chakresha gave his daughter to Malleka Abdāla, but the father lost his affection for his daughter shortly after the marriage. Tāja Chakra then married the daughter of Mārgapati Abdāla, as if Kandarpa married Rati. Kāñchana Chakra

raised the dignity of the Mārgapatis by frequentlyi ssuing proclamations in the kingdom regarding them, and by giving them laṛge gifts, and bestowing honors on them ; and love between the Mārgeshas and the Chakrīs became stronger every day. But impelled by fate, that love was banished by a friend named Riga Chakra.

It was at this time that king Ebhrāhema of Hastināpurī was overthrown by Vābhora of Kāmbhoja, the king of the Yavanas ; but the expectations of the heroic followers of the lord of Gaja, who was besmeared with dust of battle, were never fulfilled.

The harmony that had existed between the family of the Mārgesha and that of Chakresha was destroyed by Riga Chakra and Ālimera who were tale bearers ; even as a lamp supplied with oil is quenched by water. Chakrī's mind was inflamed with anger, but it was cooled by the arrest of Riga Chakra, even as fire is quenched by water.

In the year 3, the Mārgapatis, their affection now alienated from the Chakrīs and themselves encouraged by Alemera, encamped at Chireḍḍāra. When the king learnt what the Mārgeshas had done, he consulted Chakrapati and placed his own troops at Jāladraṃgaḍa with the view to fight with the enemies. The soldiers of the Mārgeshas were determined to fight, and were not to be brought over by reconciliation, gift, or by any other means, nor could they be brought back from the position they had taken by any person in the army of Chakrī. Chakresha fought with them at Shalasthala,

Pālaḍa, and in other places, and for a hundred days he remained without any fear. But one night the king issued from the army of Chakrī and went to Yāṭikātala in Lahara, and Kācha Chakra left Kashmīra in fear. This dispute between the Mārgapatis and Chakresha was like a desert tract in which the wise Ālemera caused flowers and young plants to grow. When the angry minister Chakresha had gone to Hinduvāṭa, the king reigned in the country surrounded by the Mārgapati ministers. Chakresha had his army with him, and like Shrī Jainashāha, he exacted tribute from petty chiefs with tact. His heroic brothers, Tāja Chakra and others, killed the Muggulas in a fight at Lahara and in other places and performed deeds befitting their youth. Chakresha believed that all this was the effect of the intrigue of the heir-apparent, and like a huge serpent he surrounded Eskandhara on all sides. When the king saw Chakrapati's boldness, he caused him to be brought into Kashmīra in the summer of the year 4.

It is well known in the world that the father, the brother, or the son of a king is his enemy, on account of his desire to take possession of the kingdom. Other enemies can do nothing worse. The Mārgapatis who knew of this danger of kings went with their army to country outside Kashmīra by the Kīchāshrama road. But when Chakrapati arrived, bringing with him Eskandara Khāna, who was like a hawk among his enemies,

the king became glad, for he thought that his kingdom had now become free from danger. Eskandara was not destined to see the world again, he was carried into the palace by the servants of the king, and his lotus-like eyes were put out. Cruel men extracted the eyes of the prince, by the order of the king, even as the hawks do of the deer. And even as the cranes behave towards the deer so did they behave towards the prince. The pain which he then felt could not be described ; but the curse of the prince's parents, or it may be of the prince himself, was realised on the relentless servants of the king who had acted with great cruelty towards the prince.

Chakreksha knew that the Mārgapatis were stationed at Kirtyāshrama, he therefore went from Varāhamūla and entered Shrīnagara. He then crossed the river, and the two armies met, as if to see who gains and who loses the battle in which many men perished. Malleka Daulata, son of Chakrī's brother, arrived at night after crossing the hill, and drove out the chief of the Mārgapatis from the country. Meyā Mera the chief of the Mārgapatis was unable to travel by the road, and some armed soldiers perished in the way. Thus when the Mārgapatis had fled in fear, and were perishing, Mahammada Shāha, surrounded by the Chakrīs, went into the city.

A foolish man feels happy when his enemy is destroyed, even like a fire that is quenched ; but it sometimes happens that a great fire bursts out from his house ! King Mahammada Shāha was to be deprived of

his kingdom by his own son! O strange are the works of fate!

The king had placed his son Ebrāhima Khāna as a hostage in the house of the lord of Gaja. But there scattered by the tempest of a battle with the Turushkas, the soldiers of the prince escaped with their valuable lives, as by a boat in a sea. It was because the prince was destined to obtain a kingdom hereafter, that he escaped with his life from that battle. He grew in the affection of his father and came to Kashmīra. In the meantime Chakrapati intended to usurp the kingdom, and his evil design afflicted the king even like cholera; and as a physician treats a difficult disease by strong measures, even so Chakrapati in anger cast the king's confidential persons Malleka Laddabhaṭṭa and others into prison. Now Ālimera had been confined in the house of Tāja Chakra; but one night Ālimera's followers deceived the guards, took him out of the prison, and removed him to a distance. Chakra became angry with Mahammada Shāha on account of his ill behaviour and harsh and abusive language and set him aside in a few days, even as Rāhu obscures the moon during eclipse. Thus was king Mahammada dethroned after reigning in Kashmīra for eleven years, ten months, and ten days. The pain which the Khāna had endured on his being blinded was now borne by the king on his being deposed. Virtue bears fruit in time, but the effect of plucking out the prince's eyes was seen

without delay. Chakrī then sent the king to a place named Gaggaḍa in the country of the Khashas.

Thus the dethronement of Mahammada Shāha took place.

I bow to Mahādeva who is the cause of the creation, the preservation, and the destruction of the universe; who is the bridge by which to cross over our sea-like worldly existence; and who is in himself Brahmā, Vishṇu, and Rudra;

Kāñchana Chakra then raised the son of Mahammada to the kingdom, and named him Ebrāhima Shāha. He took possession of the money derived from taxes, and with it he undertook to manage the kingdom. He thus raised his post of minister to glory. He gave the estates of Nāgrāma and others, which were worthy of kings, to Tāja Chakresha, Meyyā Mera, and to his other younger brothers.

Now in the country outside Kashmīra, the angry Māргesha Abdāla went in search of service to Merja Vābhora, king of Dillī, and the chief of the Muggulas. This king of the Turushkas observed the external and the mental emotions of the Māргapati, heard what he had to say of his work, and for a short time held down his head in wonder. He understood the worth of that chief minister, and gave him one thousand valiant soldiers. In the month of Vaishākha Chakrapati, who shone in his own valour, heard of this news which had spread itself in the country of Pañchamahāyana. The Chakrīs were in

the enjoyment of the pleasures of heaven on earth when the great Mārgapati warriors Malleka Abdāla, Mārgesha Luhara, and others crossed the mountains, and soon came within Kashmīra from Vāṅgela, accompanied by the Muggulas Shikhāla Bhega, Mahmoda Khāna, and others. They united themselves together, placed Nājoka son of Phatāha Shāha at their head, and halted in the desert of Pratāpapura well prepared for battle. When Chakrapati heard of this, he stationed his soldiers at Nīlāshva, and the warriors came out from the two armies and displayed their devotion to their masters. As birds spread themselves over the sky, even so did the enemies and the mlechchha soldiers cover all sides, so that Chakrapati, though supported by his army, could not move a step. At this time a messenger arrived and conveyed the following message of the Mārgesha to Chakrapati :— "O Chakrapati ! I have for my help brought in these followers of king Mereja Vābhora who by his own valour has made the petty kings in foreign countries his tributaries, and who has killed the illustrious and powerful Ebrāhima the lord of Gaja, surrounded as he was by five hundred thousand soldiers ; now gather up your strength for battle." When the letter carrier had thus said, Chakresha replied as follows :—"Dillī is not your country neither are we the inhabitants of Kashmīra, you will derive no benefit from the country of the powerful Muggulas."

Now the heroes and the strong and powerful

men who wielded bows,—Ebhrāhima Khāna, Seraṅga, Mera Malleka Tājaka; as also Malleka Luhara and others on the side of the Mārgesha; and Riga Chakresha Malleka, and the mlechchhas Shikhi Bhiga, and others were determined to show how the battle of the Kuru-Pāṇḍavas was fought. The heroes proud of the strength of their arm issued out for battle. The great warrior Riga Chakresha hurrled a spear against the enemies but it was broken by Tāja Mera a man of uncommon prowess. Mera Seraṅga struck with his sword, but his enemy Luhara Mera felt it as if it were a blow caused by a flower. Thus the great warriors fought with one another in this great battle; they filled all sides with valour even as musk does with sweet scent. At this time Tāja Chakresha with his soldiers joined the battle, his banner fluttering in the breeze as if challenging the enemies. The battle between the armies of Chakresha and the Mārgesha raged round him, and as the combatants fell, there arose the cries of "come," "kill," "stay." When Mārgapati Luhara saw Tāja Chakra in the midst of the battle, he came up to him and said,—"Fight on, what else can you do, what else can man do than serve his master"? When Malleka Tāja heard this, he fought with the heroes for a long time, and then lay on a hero's bed graced by the women of heaven. When his career had ended, Meyyā Malleka, Seraṅga Mera, and other brothers of Chaḳrí joined the Muggulas. Chakresha saw the destruction of his army,

and, overcome with fear and grief, he went to the house of a Khasha with a few soldiers.

The Mârgapatis Malleka Abdâla and others gave assurance of safety to the people who were overcome with fear, and entered the city. All the Mârgapatis then went to the yard of the king's palace, and there they bestowed the royal insignia adorned with umbrella and châmara on prince Nâjoka Shâha. He then ascended the throne of his father, and all the people, high and low, were filled with joy. The ministers then went to Jamâla Maruga, and at that place a division of land into four parts was made, one for Malleka Abdâlaka, one for Âlemera, one for Mârgesha Luhara, and one for Riga Chakra.

When the kingdom was given to Nâjoka Khâna, Dauluta Chakkaka could not enjoy it, because he assigned it to another. When the people, who used to tremble at the mlechchhas, saw this new king begin his reign, they were as glad as those who trembled in winter always are at the advent of spring. The people began to prosper when Nâjoka Khâna accepted the kingdom, even like the lotuses at the rising of the sun. Those who were quarrelling with one another were reconciled; but on account of the division of villages enmity began to grow slowly among them. Ederaiṇa and other servants of Merja Haidara remained at Sadâshivapura because of their quarrel with the Chakka clan. Chakkaka Dauluta and others arrived at the banks of the Vitastâ

and remained at Samudramaṭha, and thence fought with their enemies by means of fire arms. After fighting for a month with fire arms and arrows, the party of Dauluta Chakka obtained the victory.

Then the great men of the country sent a messenger who verbally delivered to Chakrapati, who was in the house of the Khashas, the following message of the Māgesha:—"O Chakrapati! it was by wicked minister like you that the devotion due from the ministers to the king was withheld, even as the moonbeam is by a cloud. The ministers used to wait with clasped hands before the boy king during his reign in accordance with the duties they owed to government; but why has that king been imprisoned by you? What fool can by a pitcher shade the sun?" When Chakrapati heard these words from the mouth of the messenger, he released the king. Mahammada Shāha then came to Lohara and exacted revenues and other taxes from towns like the former sovereigns of the country. This wise king then consulted the Māgeshas and gave leave to the Muggulas to depart. He honored the Mārgapatis and gave them their posts. The Turushkas passed over Lohara and reached their homes; and Ālimera received Mahammada Shāha, his old master. Here the Mera passed the winter, and then, as advised by the Māgesha, he took the king, who was like the season of spring, to the gardens of Kashmīra. Nājoka, after having reigned for one year, received from king Mahammada Shāha

the post of heir-apparent, in the month of Jaiṣhṭha, on the tenth day of the bright moon. It was in the summer of the year 6 that Mahammada Shāha was released from the house of the Khashas, and was congratulated as being born again, and was crowned by the ministers. At this time Mereja Vābhora went to heaven, leaving his possessions to his two sons Homāya and Kāmarāṇa.

In the year 7, Kācha Chakrapati intended to fight with the Mārgapatis, and he moved out with his army from the village of Maurvvāra to a distant place; and a comet appeared on the west, when he had departed, as if the west had been his wife and had held the comet on her head in anger on being deprived of her love. Mahroma, the general of Kāmarāṇa, came in the bright fortnight of the month of Kārttika, to conquer Kashmīra. He was accompanied by Shikhala Bhiga, Mahmoda Khāna, and other Muggulas; and they filled all sides with their strong and thundering army. When Mahammada Shāha heard of this, he, by means of the Mārgapatis, soon called in Chakrapati with proclamations, for his help, and honored him. The mlechchhas entered the city with thousands of cavalry, and the Kashmīrians placed their soldiers within forts. The citizens went out by different ways to the caverns of mountains in fear, and as the mlechchha soldiers outnumbered the Kashmīrian warriors, the latter were destroyed. The Muggulas who had plundered

Kudvadīna found the beautiful capital emþty, and in anger set fire to the houses and the palace. The warriors now came out of their forts with a view to fight with the Turushkas, and they willingly sold their lives, and they all obtained fame. The cruel Turushkas, the destroyers of the Juluchyas, killed thousands of people in villages, in the capital, and in the kingdom. Then the Kashmīrian warriors,—the Mārgeshas and the Chakrīs, made peace among themselves, and drove the Turshkas away, even as the sun's rays drive away darkness.

Thus the ravages of the Turushkas took place.

The warriors now relieved of their desperate task lived in their own homes. Kācha Chakra was afraid of the coldness shown by the Mārgeshas towards him, and he went out of the country. He came again from Shūrapura, in the summer of the year 8, but finding that his force would meet with resistance, we went out in the same manner as he had come.

In the month of Agrahāyaṇa in autumn, Meroja Haidara and other leaders of Kāskāra* troops of king Shrī Saida Khāna, came to this country with twelve thousand cavalry in order to subdue the people of Kashmíra, even as the hawk comes to prey upon other birds. They came from Koṭa to Gagana hill, and thence they entered the capital. The good people were distressd when they heard of this news; they considered the ravages of the Kāskāras as being of greater magnitude

* The country which his between Chitral and Kaffristhan.

than those of the Turushkas, even as the eclipse of the sun is, than that of the moon. All living creatures left the place, and the rows of houses looked like heaps of corpses, breathless and frightful; and these incendiaries conquered the town of Sekandhara in order to burn it. Hundreds of thousands of low houses were burnt, and the city that had been populous before new became like the ground for burning the dead, fearful to look at with its charred wood. Where will kings get two such capitals in which millions had been spent in lime, wood, brick, and painting? Shrī Jainanagara and Diddāmaṭha, which had stood like images of the virtues of kings, were deserted on account of fire. Surely the Muggulas had evil sprites under their command, for they discovered the hidden treasures of the citizens in their houses. The leader of the Kashmīrian army took shelter in the king's lands which were covered with water, in fear of the mlechchhas. When the people of Chiroḍḍāra, Aṅgakoṭṭa, and Chakradhara in Hājya country heard of the acts of the mlechchhas, they spent three months in fighting with them. The Khasha Dainyarūpa fought, but without any effect, with the Kashmīrians who were stationed near Chakradhara. The Turushkas robbed the crops, killed the villagers in anger, and made Maḍavarājya unapproachable. Those persons, young and old, who reached the level tract of Saṃkhayāshrama, lived at ease, for they had yet a portion of their

destined life to spend. It was owing to the evil deeds o sinful men that calamities had before now visited this country, such as the ravages of the Juluchyas, and the battle of Kajjala.

The Mārgapatis headed by Chakresha joined the king, they came from Chakradhara, crossed over from the left side of the Ledarī, and pitched their tents near Bhīmādevī, with a view to fight. In the battle which there took place Eskandara Khāna, Merja Haidara, and other great warriors united themselves together and went against the Kashmīrians; and Mallekālaka Hosana Mera, Shikhāla, and Kamāla Mera, in the two armies sacrificed their lives at the foot of Mārttāṇḍa. Some Kāskārian warriors made a good use of their lives in the contest with Mallekāla and others, and went to heaven. Ālimera perished in the battle with the Muggula chiefs, in the cause of his country. O fools! look at that death and ever serve your king, and leave aside all fleeting riches of the world. The Kashmīrian soldiers fled like Vidura when Ālimera died, though cheered by Chakresha and the Mārgapati chiefs. The headless dancing goblins, the Yakṣhas, men, sprites, and Rākṣhasas were eager to devour human flesh in this field of battle, which looked like a place crowded with the followers of a bridegroom. The survivors returned to their places of shelter from the field of battle where men had been drunk, as in a garden, with warriors' wine. Then in accordance with the orders of the king,

Chakresha and the Mārgesha, great on account of their valour, held a consultation, and established peace with the Muggulas. The Muggulas took nine pieces of cloth, and a green coloured letter marked with the words 'Katephasohasaglata' in Mausula character and language. They returned from the presence of the king, exulting with joy; they carried some idiotic men and woman in the van of their army, but Hassana Mera took pity on the idiots, released them, and brought them back from the neighbourhood of Pushyat. Then in the year 9, in the month of Jyaishtha, the Muggulas returned to their country, taking with them by force the wealth of the people, and by treaty the daughter of the king. In this way calamity befell the sinful people in the Satīsara country, and a comet was seen continually in the sky on the east and on the west.

Thus the ravages of the Kāskārians took place.

Stars fell from the sky on the fields where the full harvest of rice was ripening, and a comet became again visible. Even as a **Rākshasa** devours a king so did this calamity devoured the grains; and there happened a great famine, the destroyer of food. When Famine entered the kingdom, his powerful soldiers, hunger and thirst, the oppressors of the people, stalked about. One khāri of grain was then bought for ten thousand pieces of nishka,* and none but the rich could get it. Men and women wandered about in hunger in order to save

* A nishka is supposed to be equal to a dinára.

their lives, casting aside their love for husband, for son, and the service due towards their parents. The hungry people ate twice or thrice or four times during day, and yet again wandered about like sprites in quest of food. Abdāla Malleka and others were bent on doing acts of virtue at this time, they cooked a large quantity of grain and fed the people every day. Men died of hunger and thirst in villages, in the city, and in the king's highway, and lay like sprites, and uncounted. Some people saved their lives by selling their stores of silver and baser metals, and by living on herbs, walnuts, and heart-pease. The calamity caused by the famine was greater than the ravages done by the enemies, even as a bad boil is more troublesome than the disease of the throat or of the eye. The famine became more severe at the end of the month of Jyaiṣhṭha, in the year 10, than what it had been in the year 9, and spread itself all over the country. Then a good season, like the minister of king Food, brightened all sides with small seeds as with lamps, and came to struggle with Famine. As wheat grew on stocks and rose from the ground, and looked like a terrace, its grains welcomed, as it were, the survivors. It seemed as if when king Food saw his army overpowered, he came himself to conquer the powerful Famine which was like a mighty Rākṣhasa. He spread out his great army of vegetables and rice and coarse grain, and the walnuts were the stones he shot from his machines. He conquered Famine, and then took his

rest. The lean creatures were nourished by the produce of king Food, and they always thought that they were born again.

Thus the ravages of the famine took place.

Now Kāñchana Chakresha, by the orders of the Mārgapati graced the place of minister before the king, and stayed at Janapura. Called by the Chaṇḍālas, Chakresha went to Maḍavarājya, but there he experienced coldness from the Mārgapatis and he imposed a fine on the land. At this time the men who lived at ease in their houses grievously oppressed this great country, even as a vile disease oppresses the body. It was owing to the sin of these oppressions and through the force of fate that the king Mahammada Shāha fell ill at the latter part of Chaitra in the year 13. When the king found himself attacked by illness, and exhausted, he thus said affectionately to his minister Malleka Laddabhaṭṭa :—"Though our body is nourished according as we acquire virtue or vice from the performance of our kingly duties, yet it is universally true that the body is subject to destruction. Our ancestors, kings Shaṃsadena and others, and Shrī Jainollābhadena were great in our family, and I am born in their dynasty. My mind had always been anxious to know who would be obedient to me and to what extent; and to-day that mind is being consumed by fever." When the king had said this and remained quiet, Mārgesha Abdāla and others who were present saw his condition, and with

tears in their eyes, thus spoke to him :—"It was owing to oppressions caused by us O king! or owing to the misfortune of the subjects, that you are afflicted with this bodily torment, even as the soul is afflicted for the sin of being born." When the king heard their words he said :—"You should always protect our children, we are now going by a road which is remote, from here." When the men heard these words of the king there arose cries of lamentation in the palace. That day the king gave one koti of coin to be spent for religious purposes, for when the month of spring had arrived, the liberal minded king, oppressed with pain, believed that he would die in a dark fortnight. On Thursday, the first of the month of Jyaishtha, in the bright fortnight, this virtuous sun among men set after having reigned a second time for five years.

When the king had ascended to heaven, the people lamented for him, and thus said in their grief ;—"Whose protection should we now seek when thou hast gone to heaven? O beautiful like the moon, and powerful like Kārttikeya! O king! without thee who shall protect us in our times of difficulty? Where wilt thou go O king Mahammada! leaving this earth?" Thus loudly the people lamented as they stood at the gate of the palace, and it seemed as if the tears from their eyes served the last offering of water to the deceased sovereign. The ministers then placed the corpse in a litter, and bore it on their shoulders

to the great grave-yard, and laid it within the ground beside his father. What a difference there is between a king lying on his bed soft as the moon and befitting a sovereign, and one lying in deep darkness within a hole in a gravelly ground? That day the people remained dumb with grief, and their sighs only were perceptible. No smoke was seen rising from their houses, for they did not cook their food that day.

Thus Mahammada Shāha ascended to heaven.

Mahammada Shāha's son whom the Māregesha wished to have as king, was, in the midst of applause of all, crowned by the minister under the name of Shaṃsa Shāha. All the wicked and powerful favourites of the late king were glad to see a young sovereign begin a new reign. Shaṃsa Shāha arrived at the palace, accompanied by his younger brother, and heard the blessings of the people on the way saying;—"Let him remain long in his ancestral kingdom." After the king had seated himself firmly in the kingdom, the powerful Kācha Chakrapati, to whom Riga Chakra had held out some hopes, came to the city from Jainapura. When Mārgesha Hossana saw that hero come, he joined Utsabhaṭṭa and went to the Mārgapati at Kīchāshrama. Kācha Chakra, the destroyer of his enemies, entered the beautiful city, and he was honored by the king with his affection. Kāñchana Chakresha knew that his enemies were at a distance, and in order to subdue them he encamped with his army at Gardhasoḍḍāra. When

the Mārgapatis heard that their powerful enemy lay very near to them, they soon placed their troops in the neighbourhood of Jalagada. Then the noble minded Riga Chakresha went to Kācha Chakra and to the chief of the Mārgapatis, and by despatching messengers tried to establish peace between the parties. "Let Kācha Chakresha" he said "remain in the city, and the Mārgapatis in Kramarājya, and I am equally inclined to both." Thus he established peace between them.

Then the hero Kācha Chakresha brought over to him his friends Jaita Chakresha, Malleka Dauluta, and Ebhrāḥma Khāna from among the army of the Mārgapatis, and triumphantly went up to the city, and lived in the house of Riga Chakra. In the illustrious Kāñchana Chakrapati his name has its full significance, on account of the gifts of gold that he gave, we have actually seen the marks of petals of a lotus in the palm of your hand which indicate your charity. Let your left hand continue to do good to others for a thousand years ! O chief of of the Mārgapatis ! the king of the seasons (spring) has seen your white fame, and with a view to serve you in every way, has joined the lord of the zodiac (sun), celebrating your triumph with garlands of Jasmine and Mañcharī flowers, and of the Karṇikāra buds ; and with the hum of the black-bees and the voice of kokilas. All are happy at every act of yours. Let the season of spring afford you objects pleasent to you !

So long as Kācha Chakra the arbiter in all things

remained with the king, the strength of the powerful was, owing to his prowess, found in the weak. Riga Chakra came and spent a few days with him; but finding that Kācha Chakra loved him but slightly, he returned. He went to the Mārgesha whom he knew to be like a strong malady to Kācha Chakra, and told him of the purposes of Chakresha; and he brought together the officers of the king's vanguard and consulted with them. There were celebrated ministers in the land of Kashmīra, Malleka Shrī Dauluta, Gāja Khāna, Chakresha, and others. They were wise in council, and were like Bhīma, Arjuna, and Droṇa in the field of battle.

Mārgesha Abdāla had invited the Mereja to come to Kashmīra, but in fear of Chakrī he had thought that he would not be able to obtain possession of the country. Now Malleka Kācha Chakresha went to Hinduvāṭa and there died, and the minds of the Kashmīrians who lived outside their country became darkened. The great Mereja Haidhara heard of this event, and he took possession of the kingdom of Kashmīra as if it had come to him from his ancestors. The Muggulas, at the death of Chakresha, spread themselves over the kingdom without fear or dread, like goblins at the shrine of Shāradā; and their people came like bees from foreign countries to Mereja Mashugola* who was in Kashmīra. When their number increased, they, instigated by Mashugola, seized lands from those who had possessed them for years

* The same as Mereja Haidhara?

before either by plunder or by gift. By virtue of writs given in the Mausula character by the Devāna,* the mlechchha leaders of troops took possession of lands in this affrighted kingdom, and thus deprived the people of their income. Thus in the month of Shrāvaṇa of the year 22, the country witnessed the poor people almost dying, and like a chaste woman trembled in fear. But owing to the victory which the people of Kashmīra then obtained, the Muggulas fled from the country, and the people again were eager to get possession of lands in order that they might acquire wealth. It was on account of the association of the people with the Turushkas that they did not give up their fondness for dress, land, and food, the last of which brought in punishment on them, in as much as they had to place themselves hereafter under medical treatment. Even when the wealthy people saw the effects of sumptuous eating, they did not give up their evil desire for food, even as great physicians do not give up their treatment of patients in accordance with the shāstras.

In the month of Āshvina of the year 30, there occurred frequent earthquakes on account of the wicked acts of the king, as if the earth suffered from flatulency. The planet which causes calamity is assuaged by various acts, by gifts of land to independent people, by giving back to men their properties which had been robbed, and by like deeds. Now

* Dewan of the emperor of Delhi?

there occurred an earthquake at the second watch of night when all men were asleep, and it destroyed many people. It caused holes in the ground, and travellers going on their way were misled at every step. Houses fell into these holes at night and the people, anxious to get out from their houses in the morning, issued by breaking through the roof. On this occasion many wooden houses fell into the water of the Vitastā, and when they had floated down for seven kroshas, the people who were in them awoke and came out. The confusion caused by the earthquake in the two towns of Hasainapura and Hosainapura, situated at some distance across the river, can be seen even to this day. Pitiable cries of lamentation of the much afflicted people were then heard calling out "O father!" "O mother!" "O friend!" "O brother!" in different places, which made the heart feel as if it were struck by a thunder bolt. At this time the sky appeared terrible with claps of thunder, the movements of the stars were stopped, and the land was agitated like a gourd on the waves. The mind of the people became troubled with the fear of the earthquake, and they felt no affection for sons or friends or wives or for good men or for kind hearted people or for any object whatever. It was owing to the glory of the holy shrines of Vijayeshvara, Mārtaṇḍa, and Varāhakṣhetra, that fears and apprehensions from earthquake were not felt by the inhabitants of these places. The earthquake

continued for several days, occurring several times every day, and all the people lived under canvas.

When some time had elapsed, and all men had returned to their home, Dauluta Chakkaka governed the whole country with a strong hand. Once he obstructed the passage of water which flowed through a goblin ground with a view of diverting it to a corn field where he lived. For this act, the angry goblins threw stones into his house at night, and heaps of stone thrown by unseen gods lay scattered during night near the palace gate, and the people wondered at them. In their wonder they asked one another who it was that showered stones every day. Now there lived a very wise and a very pious devotee named Abhimanyu in the village of Tūlamūla. Dauluta Chakkaka one day went to his house and asked the saint how this great kingdom could be freed from the alarm. When thus asked, the saint replied :—"Cease, by my order, to levy the annual tax from Brāhmaṇas, and then you will obtain your end." When the saint had thus said, the chief of the mlechchhas replied :—"Listen attentively, O great saint! to what I say. I will even now bestow on you the village of Tūlamūla, but how can I, who am a mlechchha, cease by your order, to levy tax from Brāhmaṇas?" When Dauluta Chakka had said this, Abhimanyu became agitated with rage; and as the tax on the Brāhmaṇas was not forthwith withdrawn by the Chakkaka, the saint in anger cursed him saying that so far as he was concerned

the sun and the moon would fall and sink into the sea. Dauluta Chakkaka, on account of this curse, became bereft of prosperity.

At this time Homāya, whose feet were brushed by the crowns of kings bowing to him, became the emperor of the world. He had quenched the great fire of a civil war, but poverty, like jungle fire, oppressed the hearts of his people, and it was not quenched. This king had an enemy named Ajahomāya who meditated taking shelter in an inaccessible country and he thought of coming to Kashmīra; for here Homāya would not be able to assail him. Now when with this intention king Ajahomāya came to Kashmīra he had to fight a battle with the people of this country on the top of a hill; and the Kashmīrians who dwelt on the mountains totally destroyed his army. This king Ajahomāya was, at the time when Nājoka ruled the country of Kashmīra, like a living fire that surrounded all sides.

Then king Habhebha reigned for one month, when Gāja Khāna, out of cupidity, usurped the throne. Let the great warrior, the victorious Gāja Shāha, the ornament of the world,—he who had distressed the enemies, who had in battle held the sword of death,—the great leader, the life of the world, the giver of good to the humble, the accomplished, who looked graceful in the kingdom, the beaming, the one versed in literature, and the benefactor of the people, be always triumphant!

In the bright fortnight of the summer month of the year 37, Nājoka Shāha joined Kara Bāhudhara the son of king Homāya, the chief of the Muggulas, and the leader of the army of Amvara; and with a view of conquest arrived in the Pāshāṇḍa country. When Gāja Shāha heard of this attempt made in the country outside Kashmīra, he held a council and sent Malleka Hosa Chakresha to the outer country. This high minded Hosa Malleka encamped at Surjala with the chief ministers Laula Malleka, Chakresha Pijya, Haibhata Khāna, Khujyā Phatiha, Merālaka, and others, and with ten thousand warriors and infantry, and innumerable tents. The country outside was covered with the great Muggula army, even like the pure heart of a good man with darkening sin. First the army of the chief of the Muggulas and then the troops of Pāshāṇḍa, who had been neglected before, covered the whole of the Rājapurī country. When the king of Kashmīra heard of this he became angry, and set out with his army from Shūrapura to Hinduvāṭa, in order to overthrow his enemies. When the mlechchhas saw this great and powerful army of Gāja Shāha, they melted away, even as a mass of snow in the rays of the sun. Phatte Malleka and Luhara Malleka soon came up to the powerful army of Gāja Shāha. Now when the way to the fort was closed, Phatiha Khāna and others raised their battle cry and distressed the large army of the Muggulas. The king of Rājapurī in fear of Gāja Shāha made peace with

Khujyahājya, Yosopha Chakra, and others who were with the Muggulas. While Shāha Nājoka stayed at Naushahāra, the Muggulas established a truce, and employed their time in constructing fortifications and other works. King Gāja sent a messenger of rank who went to the assembly held by Kara Bāhudhara and thus said:— "Why all on a sudden O chief of the mlechchas! have you come with a large army, not knowing the prowess of the king, and confiding on whom? Have you forgotten the battle of Shailīshāhi? Yours will be the sin of the destruction of men in the two armies. If you have strength, where is the use of works of fortification? Man enjoys what Fate gives him. Chakri Rājānaka and others will take a portion of this country, what then will become of this land, or of the Muggulas, or of Khujyahājya?" When Shāsanamakura the letter bearer had thus said, Khujyahājya replied as follows:— "I am under the Muggulas. The chief of the Chakras is liberal, and a man of worth; he is the chief among bowmen, and is upright like Nausharovāna; how can we sufficiently praise him? If you give to the mlechchhas a portion of the land which belongs to the Kashmīrians, as a reward, you will gladden the heart of the king of the Muggulas. Or what is the use of dividing the country? All know that heroes perish in battle, and none was seen or heard of or remembered like Gāja Shāha who has now come out of his country to fight." When the king heard these words from the

messenger when he returned to him, he descended in anger and in surprise from the top of the hill, but ascended to the summit of great renown.

The king of Kashmīra encamped near the forces of the enemy. He was graced by the presence of his sons Shrī Shṛingāra Malleka, Ale Malleka, Khāna Ahmada, Yosopha, Ebha Shāha, and by Khāna Shāhibhāja, and by the ministers supported by their armies. He was also attended by thousands of cavalry and swift horses, and by hundreds of thousands of infantry in compact masses furnished with bows, swords, clubs, bearded darts, lances, iron maces, and with weapons named uphākas used in nāgarandhras* and ashmarandhras.* As the two well arranged armies approached nearer and nearer to each other, the troops on both banks of the river began to adorn the field of battle. Surrounded by a thousand infantry, Gāja Shāha commenced the battle; and by the laughter and the sound of kettledrum, by the flapping of the elephants' ears and the neighing of horses, and by the roar of ashmarandhra he terrified the enemy. When some of the Muggulas saw that hero approach, they became disheartened and slowly issued out for battle. The soldiers in the front and before the king out of devotion to their master, severed the heads of the mlechchha warriors in battle, even as the earthen covers are removed from the pots. Haibhata Khāna was wounded with five arrows, and yielded up his life and

* Perhaps cannon is meant by these names.

immediately espoused the women of heaven. The surviving Muggulas reflected on the heroic determination of the soldiers in the front, and on the uncommon valour of the king, and they returned in the same manner as they had come. The chief warriors in the two armies wielded their arms and sacrificed their lives, and they obtained great fame and went to heaven. The king beheld the unparalleled valour of the infantry, and gave them silver and other metals which the troops in the front had acquired from the mlechchhas. The Muggulas saw the reduction of their own army and the increase of that of their enemies, and went away even like the sons of merchants when they are paid. Strong in his valour, Gāja Shāha was accompanied by the king of Rājapurī, and he now made the Pāṣhāṇḍas tributary to him, and returned to his country. As he entered Kashmīra he heard the blessings of the people saying:—"long reign O king! lord of the empire, and always victorious!" Though drenched by the tears of the weeping women of the enemies, the houses of his foes were burnt by the strong fire of his prowess, as by forest fire; and when that fire had consumed the houses, grass began to grow, watered by the tears of the female relatives of his enemies.

The king saw conflagrations in different directions, and there occurred earthquakes, and so he took council of the soothsayers who thus said:—"In this country,

O king! a great battle will be fought, and a river shall flow with rapid current even through the field of battle; or it may be that the distress of the people caused by famine shall everywhere prevail; therefore rule the country wisely."

Now Kara Bhaddora, a servant of Merja Haidara, came again with his army, with the object of conquering the country. When Gāja Shāha heard this news, he set out with his horses, at whose trampling the rocks resounded and were powdered into dust. The king sheltered himself at Rājavira, and ordered the infantry, which was on its way, to fight. The two kings met at Rājavira, and the people, who had been frightened at the very idea of the meeting of two kings, became alarmed. When Kara Bhaddora saw the skill with which the infantry marched into battle, his heart trembled like the wind, and he became alarmed. Then when he saw the Kashmīrians discharge their arrows, he became enraged. He fled from the country at the sight of the infantry, even as darkness flies at the sight of the rising sun; and the people came out of their houses when he had gone. As a family prospers when the serpent leaves the house, even so the glory of the king now increased, and the world glowed in his glory.

The king's prowess increased like the sun's in the summer season. But alas! at this time Chakka and others, whose hearts burnt with rage, entered the city. When the enemies had encamped at Sadāshivapura, the

king stationed himself near Diddāmaṭha with a view to fight with them. At this battle of Hāṭaka, the Vitastā flowed between the two armies stationed at Svāmipura and at Sadāshivapura, as if it forbade the parties to fight. The king crossed the river, fought a great battle, and killed Habhe Chakka in the water of the Sitā river.

After a long time the chief of the Muggulas, instigated by Nosmī Chakka, came with the desire to conquer Kashmīra. His name was known to the world as Shāha Abdolamālī. He entered Kashmīra accompanied by many men and surrounded by a large army. And the king came to Parihāsapura when he heard of his approach; a battle was fought there with various tactics, and the enemy's soldiers were captured, and Shāha Abdolamālī turned back his way. Many Yavanas perished in this battle, and Yama was pleased to receive the souls of men in the semblance of the stream of blood. The heads of the dead men were brought into the town from the field of battle, and the king hung them up in the buildings of the city.

Once upon a time the king became devoid of mercy, and cut off without delay the hand of a boy of seven years of age who had stolen a fruit. A certain thief had once stolen a fish belonging to some villager, and the king forcibly took two hundred pieces of gold coin from him. Within a short time the king killed his youthful and powerful son Haidara because Haidara had intended to kill his own mother's brother; the people lamented

that the wicked king should have acted thus. This heir-apparent had eighteen sons, and like a Rākṣhasa the mad king killed them.

The king robbed even the neighbours of those who had committed a fault, and he killed one hundred men every day. He imposed heavy fines for slight offences, and he robbed many villages for the fault of one. He gave nothing to worthy men, but bestowed his gifts on the unworthy. He ordered his servant Jaitā to kill the prince his son, but that servant, out of affection, did not kill him. The prince was afterwards murdered by Delāvara Khāna. The people became alarmed and they thus exclaimed :—"What will be thy condition in the next world O ! sinful king? Hadst thou no pity even on thy own son ? Why dost thou kill thy servants without any fault ?*

In the course of time the king was attacked with a severe leprosy and was deprived of his beauty, even as the moon is by eclipse. Itching was caused by worms in his body, and pus and blood came out of it; and sights that are seen in hell appeared during his life time. Worms drank of his pus and blood and ate of his flesh, and he suffered pain during his life time greater than that of hell. Who was not grieved to hear him cry out "O father ! O friend ! O son ! my sufferings have

* The portion translated in this para : appears in prose instead of in verse in the text and within square brackets. Perhaps the editors of the text have here given the purport instead of the original lines.

come"? Thus oppressed in body by a severe leprosy that was visible to all, the king was deprived of his life, and with it, his lust for worldly prosperity. Hosaina Khāna, the brother of the deceased king, dug a hole in the earth, and performed the rites due to the dead. The earth at that place was suddenly lighted up by the fire of hell, and smoke rose from it, which astonished the people. The smoke was as it were the breath of the king tortured by Death ; it arose on all sides and was seen by all ; and all men who had gone to that place heard the sound of chastisement with which the servants of Yama tormented the king. The people wondered and said to one another that he was gathering the fruits according as he had sown the seed. Gāja Shāha governed the kingdom darkened by his sin, and died within two years, reduced by leprosy. Alas ! how that king committed sin day and night and was in the course of a short time cut off from many years of his life.

When the king went to heaven, his brother Hosaina Khāna accepted the kingdom, even as when the moon goes down, the sun rises on the eastern hill. After having taken possession of the kingdom, the king relieved the subjects from misgovernment, even as the cloud in summer quenches the fire of the forest. He attained prosperity by always attending to the complaints of the people, and by giving gift to every one who asked for it. His fame spread afar. The king drank new wine, sported with women, and enjoyed pleasures which even

Indra did not enjoy in heaven. Prosperity, as if bound by his merits, did not go elsewhere but remained in his house ; but Fame finding Prosperity so bound went afar, as if in fear. He had come to claim his ancestral property, but when he arrived at his house, his desires were fulfilled to such an extent that he did not claim the property he had come for. People always bowed their heads low at his lotus feet ; they were now devoid of sorrow and they attained great prosperity. When such a king ruled Kashmīra, the land became full with abundant crops of fruits and flowers. The king dispelled the fear from famine, from thief, and from foreign potentate, and the people believed the kingdom of Kashmīra to be equal to heaven. Wherever he sat in judgment, there the occupation of thieves was gone. He did not feel uneasy when he distributed his gifts, his fame therefore spread itself abroad.

One named Khãnojamãna was the minister of the king ; and when once the king went out of the city, the minister sucked the town dry within a short time. But king Hosaina returning immediately destroyed the troopers of the minister, even as the sun destroys darkness in the morning. The subjects wondered at this act of the king who protected them according to laws, and himself enjoyed various kinds of pleasure every day. He plucked out the eyes of Mahmada Khãna and others who were the king's antagonists, and were inimically bent towards him, and had come to subdue the country.

When all the people had met at Shārikāsthāna and the king had arrived at the hill of that place, he held a great festival on the day appointed to celebrate the season of spring. The people besmeared themselves with saffron, aloes, camphor, and sandal wood paste on that day, and looked beautiful. The king fixed a mark so high that it could not be easily seen, and then he gave elephant, horse, and wealth to his servant who succeeded in shooting it. Again on the day of Shrīpañchamī the king saw the people collect on the hill of Jyeṣhṭharudra. Some held bouquets tastefully made of beautiful flowers to their noses ; some were intoxicated and became uneasy when women, strangers to them, smiled ; some drank wine and adorned their persons with flowers ; thus all the people amused themselves on the Shrípañchamí day and then dispersed themselves. Many a time the king witnessed the dances of beautiful women, and looked at their youthful beauties, and heard their songs, and gave them clothes of gold and of silver, and then embarked on a new boat.

Gradually the king was attacked with epilepsy, which was like the stain on the bright moon. Even as the moon is attacked by Rāhu so was Hosaina Shāha attacked by epilepsy, and the people became uneasy in fear of misrule as of darkness. King Hosaina bestowed the kingdom on his brother, and, as if out of curiosity, went to heaven which he had attained by his gifts. He went to heaven after reigning for seven years which had al-

ways been pleasant, as if to see what the heaven was like. The goddess of wealth, though insulted by large expenditures, went with him; and how could his fame remain among men when urgently called away by the goddess of riches.

All the people became happy when Ale Khāna received the kingdom, even as the lotuses are when the sun appears over the eastern hill. They saw the country of Kashmīra well governed by the king, and they were happy; they even slighted heaven which had once been destroyed by the chief of the Daityas. Wicked men disappeared when the king sat in judgment, even as owls do when the sun rises on the eastern hill. Thieves became alarmed and uneasy at that time, and hid themselves like rats in holes at mid-day. Attended by the great council the king judged the people, and the enquiries which he made to ascertain the truth were always effective.

The king showed kindness to the timid, and his subjects amused themselves at their ease. But suddenly the sky became red on all sides, like the fierce fire that will appear at the end of the world; it prognosticated destruction by famine. The world showed symptoms of a calamity and trembled, as if unable to bear the weight of a famine. Heaps of dead bodies lay during famine in rows in every street, like the war-drums of Yama. There was no necessity then for gold or silver, and the vessels for preparing wine became as rare as

the chintāmaṇi jewel. A certain housewife, who had become gaunt, flung aside her affection for her husband, drove away her son to a distance, and used to eat in secret. Though the son remained hungry, the daughter begged for food, and the husband was dying, the woman ate alone. Once an elephant died at the gate of the king's palace, and many hungry people hurried there in haste, to be beforehand, and cut out pieces of meat from the carcase and took them away. A manufacturer of iron utensils killed a barber's boy for food, cooked the human flesh and sold it. The people were anxious to save their lives, and they went out to other countries, leaving behind their houses, their wives and sons. A storm came on at this time which uprooted trees, and the people who experienced it talked about it, and were afraid that the destruction which would happen at the end of the world had then come. The storm raised dust that covered the sun, and midday appeared like midnight. While the storm was yet blowing, a fire arose from the Sadāshiva forest, and it suddenly blew into a flame, as if it had come to meet its friend the storm. The fire followed the direction of the wind, crossed the Vitastā, and burnt the whole town together with Samudramaṭha. The burning town was reflected on the Vitastā, and it looked as if it had plunged itself into the water in order to quench its flame. Though the stars in the sky were hidden by the smoke, the numerous sparks of fire looked like stars, and ap-

peared double in number. It seemed as if the stars which were concealed by the smoke, saw the flaming fire and fled away in fear.

The king went to heaven after having enjoyed pleasures for nine years, as if to convey there the tidings of the troubles which arose from famine. His son then accepted the kingdom, whereupon Abdāla Khāna, the brother of the new king's father, became angry and sent a messenger to his nephew with the message saying that it was the practice of the family that when a brother died a brother took his post, why then should he aspire to the kingdom. After Abdāla Khāna had sent the messenger, he fought a battle with Yosobha Shāha at Sekandarapura, in which he destroyed the army of his enemy, and then went to heaven, as if out of curiosity to see his brother. King Yosobha then took possession of the kingdom, and gave such rich gifts to the people as to make them forget Karṇa and Māndhāt of ancient time.

Then Momāra Khāna came from a distant country to fight, as if invited by a combination of king's misfortunes. Mahmada Khāna, a servant of king Yosobha, fought with him near Diddāmaṭha. The flames from the fire arms flashed amidst the great mass of dark dust and looked like lightnings playing among the clouds. Mahmada Khāna fell, and his men became bereft of glory, like lotuses when the sun sets in the evening. The moving horsemen, reflected on the water of the

Vitastā, seemed as if they were fleeing into the nether world, alarmed at the defeat of Mahmada. The king retreated by the difficult and inaccessible road leading to the country of the Khasha people, after having enjoyed the kingdom for two months and a half.

King Yosobha fled in haste when Momāra Khāna obtained the kingdom, so flies the moon when the sun rises in the morning. He went to obtain a shelter at the feet of king Jyallāladīna [Akbar] who was the ruler of the whole world. Mutual enmity gradually arose among the men of Momāra Khāna, even as the forest fire arises by mutual friction. Momāra Khāna was imprisoned by his opponents, after he had enjoyed the kingdom for one and a fourth of a month; and he lived in a temple.

Chakka Haidara and others defeated Momāra Khāna and set up Lahvara Chakka to the throne. The villagers, during the reign of this king, suffered from the depredations caused by lions on all sides. Men in every village who went out of their house at night were killed by lions which were like devouring goblins.

Now king Yosobha was happy to see the feet of king Jyallāladīna, and returned to Kashmīra after a year. He took shelter in the village of Svayyapura, even as the sun takes his rest on the eastern hill. This village was difficult of access owing to the water of the Vitastā. King Lahvara then issued out of the city, accompanied by many men, even as a lion issues out of the

cavern of a mountain. Haidara Chakka knew that the village of Svayyapura was difficult of access owing to the water of the Vitastā, he therefore marched without delay by another road. King Yosobha learnt of these attempts of his enemy, he crossed over the water of the Vitastā, and fought with Lahvara. Abdāla Mera, the minister of Lahvara, fought a great battle which struck terror to all living creatures, but he perished in that battle. King Lahvara fled, and king Yosobha was joined by his own troops and thus his army increased, even as the ocean is increased by the waters of the rivers. Lahvara took refuge at the feet of Yosobha Khāna, and the latter soon put out the eyes of Lahvara and of his brother. Haidara Chakka learnt of this act of king Yosobha, and, with a view to fight again, he took shelter of a forest tract. A battle took place between king Yosobha and Chakka Haidara in a forest, where a stream of blood quenched the forest fire.

Haidara Chakka went to Jyallāladīna in penury, even as the moon, devoid of rays, approaches the sun. After his departure, king Yosobha ruled the country, even as the sun rules the lotuses when darkness departs. When the king began to rule the country, Indra sent rain in due measure, the breezes that gave pleasure to all blew, and the sun-god shone in person. His fame spread over the world, but his prosperity stayed in his house bound by his merits, and did not stray any where else. The king had many good qualities, but his only

fault was that he sheltered prosperity, which was fickle, in his house, and sent out fame which was steady. The moon is well known to be a foe of the meritorious, and how could he equal the king who was a friend to worthy men? Yosobha ruled Kashmīra, but he felt very angry towards Habhebha and others, and he plucked out their eyes.

The king of Kashmīra sent his son Yākobha to king Jyallāladīna in order to serve him. Yākobha accordingly made his preparations. But when king Jyallāladīna saw the presents given to him by Yākobha, he felt a desire to subdue Kashmīra. And when he felt that desire he gave the necessary orders to Bhagavaddāsa* and other kings. Yākobha came to know of this, and he left the service of the king, and returned unperceived to his own country of Kashmīra from the way. When he came to his father he felt himself free from anxiety, and thus said to him:—"O adorable! the king has sent Bhagavaddāsa against us. If a great man has no strength in him, his greatness becomes useless; the lion kills an elephant huge as a hill." They then settled their plan to defeat the enemy, and ordered all the people of the mountains to turn out under fear of penalty. The king then came forth and the soldiers were arrayed, and the banners which dwarfed the trees looked beautiful. King Yosobha took, shelter

* Bhagwan Das was the father of the celebrated Mansing.

in the shrine of Varāha, and there he remained ; his ministers advanced to the front with a view to fight.

The king then thus addressed the ministers :—"You should not fight, we will take refuge at the lotus feet of Jyallāladīna that we may serve him. How can the weaker of the two have the strength to overcome the mightier ? The storm has not the strength to uproot a mountain." When all the ministers heard this they said to the king :—"Why do you think thus ? One never accomplishes a religious act, he wishes to perform, if he does not obey the good advice of his religious preceptor ; a patient who disregards the advice of the physician never recovers ; an elephant never acquires skill if it does not follow its driver ; and a king who neglects the words of his ministers never attains prosperity." When the king had heard this, he said to those ministers :—"You have not seen the army of king Jyallāladīna ; Indra reigns in the east only, Yama in the south, the god of water in the west, and the god of gold in the north. But why do they feel proud,—they who rule in one direction only ? King Jyallāladīna is the lord of all around. Victory be to him ! No one was so liberal as Akavara, and no one shall be ; he bestows gifts on the learned men even if they be his enemies. Karṇa attained fame by the gift of gold, Bali by that of land ; but this king, by gift of all things. Though Kuvera is rich, he is miserly in many ways ; though the moon is pure, yet it bears a stain from day to day ; though fire is powerful, it is

always darkened by its uprising smoke; but all of these have been surpassed by this king in gift, fame, and power." King Yosobha was bent on serving Jyallāladīna, and the ministers thus made him a fitting reply :—"The life of that man is useless, whose desire it is to serve the feet of his enemy, but he who fights with his foe deserves praise. Stay at a distance and we will accomplish your work; we will take shelter of a forest tract and continue to fight day after day. The powerful sun with its thousand rays cannot destroy the darkness of a cavern, so the emperor, bent on destruction, will not be able to destroy those who would take shelter in a forest." When the king had heard these words spoken by the ministers, he, as if to extinguish their fire, thus addressed them in a nectar-like speech :—"Cast aside your fear, obey my words, I will take refuge at the lotus like feet of Jyallāladīna. He is an ornament among kings, and Cupid is of no use so long his person exists. I bow to him out of my own will, and feel proud of it. How can I act inimically towards the emperor? I will serve him, and there shall be happiness in my country. None ever existed like this king, nor now exists, nor will exist, and in saying this I feel a pride every day and at all times. My ears have become restless at listening to the merits of this emperor, and even Karṇa would run away if he heard of his liberality. Men whose foreheads have been marked for poverty fall at his feet to wipe away the writings of fate. It is rarely that the dust of

his feet can be had even by great men; and that dust befits the heads of kings even as an ornament, and as a charm to secure prosperity. The emperor worships the sun, the real and the visible god; and his difficulties fly away from him owing to his devotion to this luminary. The intelligent emperor Jyallāladīna thought to himself that the different Vedas varied in their views, that the realm of the chief of the gods was once assailed by the Asura chief, that the pride of the Gandharvvas was also humbled. Indra and the other gods were much subject to fear, and Brahmā, Vishṇu, and Shiva turned towards the sun with clasped hands; he therefore bows to the sun, the visible god. How can my troops cope with those of king Akavara when they arrive? How useless is it to try to repel the waves of the sea when they break over the land, by means of winnowing fan? What harm befalls the sun, the visible god, should an owl vilify him?" The king resolved to do what he had said, and went over to Bhagavaddāsa in order to take refuge at the feet of king Jyallāladīna.

Thus having enjoyed prosperity for eight years, king Yosobha went to serve king Jyallāladīna.

When king Yosobha went over to the army of Bhagavaddāsa, his son Yākobha took possession of the extensive kingdom. He pleased all men by spending for military purposes all the treasure which had been acquired by his ancestors and hoarded in the treasury. And when Bhagavaddāsa had departed from the coun-

try with king Yosobha, king Yākobha looked as beautiful as the sun emerging from the clouds.

There are four different doctrines in the mlechchha shāstra; and there arose a quarrel among the people owing to the difference that existed in these doctrines. Shaṃsa Chakka became jealous of the king and constructed a fortification at Sadāshivapura with the intention to fight. King Yākobha then fought a great and tumultuous battle with him near Diddāmaṭha in which Shaṃsha Chakka took with him Alaṃmāshira and Malleka Ālaka. It was by the advice of Malleka Ālaka that Shaṃsha Chakka then went to the village of Svayyapura, situated in the midst of water, and occupied it. As the rising sun speedily destroys the darkness of night by its rays, even so Yākobha sent the soldiers of his enemy to Yama by arrows discharged with his own hand. Alaṃmāshira Khāna fled after he had fought a while, and the king besieged Shaṃsha Chakka within the town. Yākobha obtained the victory, but from that time he always apprehended danger from the king of Madhyadesha.

The desire of king Jyallāladīna, sovereign of Madhyadesha, to conquer Kashmīra prevailed again; and with this view he sent there Kāsema Khāna who was served by Chakka Haidara. Anxious to conquer Kashmīra, the king ordered twenty-two leaders of army to march; and these leaders of great glory promptly issued by his orders from the city of Lāhora. Wells were dried up, tanks

were drained to the mud, and hills were levelled by the march of this army. Lines of tents were adorned with lofty banners, and it seemed as if the tents stretched out their necks to see the hills of Kashmīra. Such a mass of dust was raised by the marching army as to strike terror to the sun in the sky, even as from Rāhu. Their infantry, their cavalry, and their elephants could not be numbered, even as the dust in the road.

The soldiers, covered with dust in their long marches, reached the Chandrabhāgā river in a few days, even as the Chakorī reaches the moon. There the men who had soiled themselves with the mud of tanks, washed their clothes, drank the pure water, and enjoyed themselves as they liked. The horses shied on the banks of the Chandrabhāgā, being afraid to bathe, at which men who were near them became frightened and agitated, while those who were at a distance jested at them. An elephant was loosened for bath, and though placed behind a female elephant became struck with terror and alarmed the men and threw them into confusion. In a few days the army crossed the Chandrabhāgā in its march towards Kashmīra, and reached the neighbourhood of the mountains. The infantry felt greatly exhausted in ascending and descending the hills, which they did on their knees, ankles, and feet. The way over mountains is like the way to Yama; there are waterfalls in some places, and in others water is scarce; in some places exhaustion is caused by puddle, and in others

there is fear of being struck by stones; some places are always cold, and some are always hot being exposed to the rays of the sun. Bullocks, elephants, and horses ate in these mountain tracts the new and tender shoots of grass which was grown by copious rain. These men from Madhyadesha beheld the arrangement of the mountains, made enquiries about the trees they met in villages, and they were greatly filled with wonder. When the troops had ascended the top of a hill, they looked like Yama at the end of a kalpa. They smoothed passages over impassable tracts by means of boulders of stone, they alarmed the elephants which were in groves, they cleared the groves, and made torrents of water flow over table-lands. The inhabitants of these mountains were struck with fear at the prowess of the emperor, and at the sight of his army; and they came to Kāsema Khāna bringing him presents of goats and citrons. As men catch birds by giving them bits of meat, as fish is caught in the water by means of hooks, as skilful men induce animals to come near by throwing corn at them, even so did Kāsema Khāna overcome the inhabitants of the country by distributing wealth among them. His army was in want of a person to show the road to Kashmīra, and Haidara Chakka offered to do this act of enmity towards Yākobha.

At this time Bahrāma Nāyaka was in charge of defending the road to Kashmīra. He felt uneasy on account of fear for Yākobha; he stationed his men in

their places and went alone to the army of Kāsema Khāna. Kāsema Khāna was well versed in work of every kind; he gave dresses, ornaments, and wealth to the Nāyaka, and thereby he greatly honored him. Other people who were at Pañchānila hill had also disregarded Yākobha and had given the kingdom to Hosaina Khāna, and when Hosaina Khāna heard that Kāsema Khāna, a foreigner, had come within his territory, he became angry. Now Yākobha reviled Hosaina Khāna, and marched towards the Pañchānila hill. But the soldiers whom he had sent, turned away from the work of their master, and made peace with Hosaina Khāna on such terms as they liked. When king Yākobha heard that his army had joined Hosaina, he blamed his fickle minded men, such as steal wealth in times of prosperity and act inimically in times of danger; they are difficult to be kept under control, even as the thieves are.

Yākobha released Mera Mahmada and Shaṃsha Chakka from prison, and went to Kāṣhṭhavāṭa. Spoiled of their glory, these two servants did not pay their respects to Yākobha nor serve him; monkeys play with the chintāmaṇi jewel as with a ball! The soldiers disbanded themselves when Yākobha went away, even as the pearls scatter themselves when the string of the necklace is torn into two. Some went to Kāṣhṭhavāṭa, some lived in the city, some went to foreign countries, some came to an agreement with the Muggulas. Shaṃsha Chakka snatched the kingdom from Hosaina Khāna,

but in fear of Kāsema Khāna he retired to the top of a mountain. He heard of the approach of Kāsema Khāna, made up his resolution, and tock to the mountains which were difficult to be approached by men. He was at that time attended by a handful of men, while the other was attended by many. Kāsema Khāna placed Haidara Chakka in front of him, even as Rāma had placed Sugrīva, and fought a great battle. When the Kashmīrian troops saw Chakka Haidara, they all fled away, even as the darkness of night flies at the rising of the sun in the morning. As a great mass of dust is driven away by the slightest wind, even so the Kashmīrian troops were driven away by those of the Muggulas. The former fled, and the latter became victorious; and the women who had husbands and children raised loud lamentations when they heard of this news. They had lived like lotus plants, their hands had trembled like lotuses, and so also their eyes under locks of hair, even like blue water-lilies under the black bees. Then when the calamity came in like darkness, the eyes brightened, like the blue water-lilies, but the lotus like faces shrank. Tear drops fell on the breasts of these women, as if to quench the fire that was burning within their heart. The soldiers entered the city on Sunday, the second lunar day of the bright fortnight of Kārttika, in the Shaka year 1509. The city was full of grapes and walnuts, and was adorned with flowers and saffrons, and the Yavanas who entered it fully confessed that it

was like heaven. All the Muggulas, who received presents of grapes from the cultivators and tasted them, acknowledged that they were superior to the nectar from the lips of their wives. The Muggulas adorned their heads with flowers and saffron, and extolled their valour over their wine.

Even the people of Kashmīra entered the service of Haidara Chakka when they saw Kāsema under his guidance. But when Kāsema found that Haidara Chakka was attended by many men, he became alarmed, and threw the Chakka into prison; whereupon the people of Kashmīra who had followed him retired to a distant forest. They then all united themselves together, reproached themselves, held a council, and resolved to fight. Their army was full of men, but did not look graceful without a king, even like a woman without a husband, or like a night without the moon. Thus thought they who had been defeated by the Yavanas, and they promptly caused Yākobha to be brought. Kāsema Khāna heard that Yākobha had arrived in person, and he sent Momāra Khāna to vanquish him. Now when king Yākobha heard that Momāra Khāna was approaching, he put on his armour in order to fight a great battle; but his ministers asked him who this Momāra Khāna was, a servant of his servant, that he should fight with him. Whereupon the king left Momāra Khāna, who was stationed at Vijayeshvara, alone, and marched towards the city by another road. At this

time the sun, which is full of the knowledge of the three Vedas, set, as if in pity for the destruction of men which was about to take place in the impending battle. As the day declined, twilight lingered for a short time, and then, as if afraid to be alone, went away to obtain the company of the day. When the moon saw Yākobha, terrible in appearance and with two swords in his two hands, and remembered that both he and Yākobha were kings, he went, as if in fear, to the place of setting.

At this time Yākobha, whose army was tired after having marched from a great distance, attacked the city without delay near Sadāshivapura. It was at night, at the time when husbands were kissing and embracing their wives, and when Cupid was cruelly discharging his arrows, that the cry, like the roar of a lion, rose at the place of battle. Yākobha killed many Yavanas in the streets and within houses, and followed by a large army, he set fire to the gate of the palace. Kāsema Khāna lay hid in his own house, like a black-bee enclosed within the petals of a lotus, wishing for the arrival of the morning. Phatiha Khāna, the Muggula, had collected an army, he was well clad in armour, and was at Sekandharapura. The whole city was burnt, to the terror of the Yavanas, and the people of Kashmīra fought by the light of the flame. When Kāsema Khāna saw the troops of Kashmīra, he, in his anger, killed Haidara Chakka who was in prison. Yākobha abstained from his night attack in the morning, and his soldiers departed

after plundering horses, elephants, and clothes. The king had completely chastised the wicked at night during which the sky had displayed its stars, even as a trader displays his jewels; but when the powerful sun forcibly opened the petals of the lotuses in the morning, the sky perspired dews in the effort to hide its jewels in a hurry.

When the morning came, the moon set, and the sun drove away darkness in an instant, all the Muggula people collected together, and king Yākobha became very much alarmed. He then withdrew from the city in the morning, and the Yavanas, whose hearts were inflamed with anger on account of the night attack, plundered the capital. Kāsema Khāna knew that Yākobha had departed, but he saw his own army broken, and still he was anxious to achieve a victory; he therefore marched by the way by which Yākobha had gone. One named Alaṃmāshira Khāna accompanied by many men bowed at the feet of Kāsema Khāna. Alaṃmāshira was an inhabitant of Tailagrāma, and he and his friend Shaṃsha Chakka had once fought with each other. Phateha Khāna, a Muggula, remained at Sekandharapura with a large army for the protection of the city. A fierce battle was then fought between king Yākobha and Kāsema Khāna in which the Kashmīrians hurled stones, arrows, and iron clubs; but a quarrel again arose among themselves, attended with the cry of "I am the king," "I am the king". When king Yākobha learnt of this quarrel, he, at the

advice of his friendly brother, went again to Kāṣhṭhavāṭa. Yosobha Khāna and Mera Mahmada then concluded a peace with Kāsema Khāna, a peace which the latter had sought. Kāsema Khāna then sent Yosobha Khāna and others to the feet of king Jyallāladīna who always honored them by giving them wealth, and they bowed at his feet.

Now the winter season, like another invasion of the Muggulas, came to Kashmīra, and many people suffered on account of the rigour of its cold. Snow fell on the houses of the Yavanas after they had achieved the victory, like showers of flowers from the sky. Then came the season of spring adorning all the roads with abundant flowers, as if to advise the assiduous king Yākobha to begin hostility. He returned from the country of Kāṣhṭhavāṭa accompanied by many men, with the view to overcome the Muggulas. When Kāsema Khāna heard of this, he too, with the object to conquer the enemy, marched out with horses and elephants which made the earth tremble. A great battle was fought between them in the country of Kṣhetra, and the day was clouded with arrows and stones. The Muggulas pressed on king Yākobha, but he, unperceived by them went towards the city, took shelter in an almost inaccessible hill near the paddy fields, and came up suddenly against the Muggulas. The sun reflected on bright swords and armours which lighted the dark caverns in the wood. The turbans were filled with blood issuing from

the bodies of the many who were slain, as if they were the wine cups of Yama. So many were the stones hurled, breaking down trees, that it seemed as if the Kashmīrians were unable to bear the sight of lofty hills. The waters of the fountains were mingled with the blood of the dead. Was it that the sportful Yama played with red powder dissolved in water? Thus the war continued between king Yākobha and Kāsema Khāna; and for a month none of them was either victorious or defeated. Now Ādūla Khāna was sent by Kāsema Khāna, with an army to fight with the Kashmīrians who were stationed on the hills. And when the battle was about to be commenced, the mountains became covered with clouds which brought in a storm, and, as if with it, the last night of kalpa for the mlechchhas. Thunders pealed in the clouds, and the quick succession of lightnings looked like the quivering tongue of Yama, as if he was devouring something. The clouds poured forth torrents of rain as the army of Ādūla Khāna marched and he ascended a hill up the way towards the sky. There was one named Shrīraṅga, a king, a servant of Jyallāladīna; he also went to fight, ascending up the way towards the sky. When the Muggulas had entrenched themselves at Sadāshivapura, the Kashmīrians took shelter on a hill near Jyeṣhṭharudra. Streams of blood flowed in the battle which then took place, and ran into the Vitastā.

Merjā Ādūla, the servant of the emperor, came with

the view to commence hostility, but at that time a battle was being already fought between the followers of Yākobha and of Alaṃshira Khāna, the Kashmīrian. But when Ādūla arrived, the followers of Yākobha saw him and exclaimed :—"Here the Muggulas have come" ; and they left the soldiers of Alaṃshira Khāna, attacked Ādūla, and fought with him. But Alaṃshira Khāna's men helped Ādūla Khāna and fought against Yākobha. Ādūla Khāna was pleased with Alaṃshira Khāna and acknowledged that he had helped the emperor. Shrīraṅga entered into a relationship with Rāya Siṃha. He had with him forty Rajputs, whom, when it began to rain, he ordered saying,—"Retreat O Rajputs! I have become cripple and have not the strength to go." But they replied,—"It will not be so, the habit of running away does not exist in the Rajput tribe, the emperor honors the Rajputs, and we will therefore continue to defend Lankā.* These Rajputs did not retreat.†

Many perished in the battle thus fought, and the men of Kāsema Khāna were struck with panic. The Kashmīrians saw that the Yavanas were defeated and broken, and they rushed on them suddenly.

King Jyallāladīna heard the news of this war and ordered Saida Yosobha to subdue the country. When king

* A village on the Ular lake.

† The portion translated in this para : is in prose and within square brackets in the text.

Yākobha heard of this, he went against Yosobha Khāna, even as a jackal goes against a lion knowing him by his roar. Kāsema Khāna had come to Kashmīra led by avarice; but remained there blockaded by Yākobha, even as a black-bee that comes to a lotus is imprisoned there by the approach of night. He was full of fear and could not stir out. He was however relieved of his fear within a short time by the arrival of the sun-like Yosobha Khāna, and he issued out in triumph. The news about Merjā Yosobha alarmed Shaṃsha Chakka and others who wandered about like pigeons when the hawk is on its wing. Kāsema Khāna was freed from his fear when Yosobha Khāna arrived, even as the chakravāka is freed from its position of separation from its mate on the rising of the sun. Mahmada Mera joined some Kashmīrians and always placed himself at the service of Yosobha Khāna who sent many people of Kashmīra to the feet of king Jyallāladīna.

Now king Yākobha came from Kāṣhṭhavāṭa with the desire to overcome the Muggulas, even as insects come out of madness to a flame; and Merjā Yosobha Khāna sent Hājye Mera with Mahmada to subdue him. The king's and the Muggula armies remained on their grounds unmoved, as if Fate examined their strength by holding both of them in a balance. The Yavanas occupied the land on the south-west, and the Kashmīrians on the top of a hill, and none could advance towards the other. The shouts, like the roar

of a lion, rose from the two armies, as if the noise issued from the teeth of Yama eagerly crushing men. A great and a tumultuous battle was then fought, terrible to the gods and the asuras, and a touch-stone to test the worth of great warriors. The Kashmīrians hurled stones which shook numberless branches of trees, as if the arms of those trees trembled in fear at the sight of the battle. In the never ceasing shouts of the great warriors it seemed as if the hills cried out in fear. The arrows discharged by the warriors covered the trunks of large trees and looked as if their hairs stood upon their bodies at the sight of the tumultuous battle. The Muggula army fought in diverse ways, and felt satisfied; but Yākobha saw his army broken, and became uneasy with fear. He thus said to himself:—"I believe that my soldiers have been devoured by the Yavanas, even as the moon is devoured by Rāhu; how can I alone cope with the mlechchhas in this sea-like battle?" He then retired alone from that place, and came to Kāṣhṭhavāṭa, feeling humiliated day by day.

Now Yosobha Khāna returned to Jyallāladīna in order to serve him, and his brother Merja Barddhaka took possession of Kashmīra. All men felt happy when he sat on his seat of judgment, even as the chakara bird feels happy when the moon ascends the eastern hill. Once upon a time a merchant killed a person in the merchant's house; a piece of the corpse of the murdered man was thereupon tied round the merchant's neck, and he was

taken round with the proclamation that "any person who becomes so devoid of sense as to kill another will surely get similar heavy punishment." Once a Yavana, intoxicated with wine, killed a Kashmīrian without any fault. The murdered man was kept hidden under water, and the Yavana declared that he had murdered none. When Merja Barddhaka was informed of this by the relatives of the murdered man, he at once asked the Yavana why he had killed a Kashmīrian; but he asserted that he had killed none. "If a person is killed" continued the Yavana "where is his headless trunk?" The Yavana said this in a firm tone, whereupon Merja Barddhaka ordered men to look in the tank. When the tank was stirred up, the headless trunk appeared, and the Yavana's guilt for having murdered a man was established. Merja Barddhaka found the Yavana guilty and ordered his punishment as it is laid down in the shāstra.

Asked by Jyallāladīna, Yosobha Khāna, with his head bent down, thus spoke about the countless excellent things of Kashmīra:—"The Creator has created Kashmīra like a second heaven; and even the king of the serpents, with his two thousand tongues, cannot describe the glories of that country. There the amorous men leave aside the grapes whose sweet juice does not last long, and drink the nectar which exudes from the lips of their beloved women. There the faces of the women, with their quick moving eyes of flirtation, look graceful like

the lotuses on which the black-bees move busily about. But there alas! the snow gives constant trouble, and as if pretending to feel cold, the women, with their both hands trembling before their husbands, express their love." The other ministers then thus said to the sovereign of the world:—"O emperor! the glories of Kashmīra are innumerable. There the glorious morning, noon, and evening indicate themselves by the ebb and flow of water*. There is the celebrated god Amareshvara, the living snow which grows and diminishes in the bright and the dark fortnights. There is the glorious living fire which remains always ablaze, which requires no fuel, and leaves no charcoal behind."†

When king Jyallāladīna heard of the excellencies of Kashmīra, he issued from the city of Lāhora in order to see that country; and on the fifth bright lunar day of Āṣhāḍha, arrived with his army in the capital of Kashmīra. On the seventh bright lunar day of that month he pleased the Brāhmaṇa boys with gifts of gold, and they blessed him. He then went to Mārttaṇḍa, and gave cows adorned with pearls and gold to Brāhmaṇas. He was glad to see Kashmīra with its vines, and walnut trees, and high and charming woods of tālī trees. He stood on the banks of the Vitastā and saw the position of the city and was greatly astonished. He saw the tank near

* There is a small water-course near Srinagara in which the depth of the water varies during the different hours of the day.

† Some gas spring like the one at Jwalamukhi.

Jyeshṭharudra adorned with various kinds of flowers, and was greatly surprised. Even Yākobha came to take refuge at the feet of Jyallāladīna, by whose shoes Yākobha's head was hallowed. Yākobha took refuge with the king as he had purposed to do, and the king made him an attendant of Mānasiṃha. Yākobha remained at the feet of Mānasiṃha, he went out of the country, and enjoyed the delights which the emperor bestowed on him. King Jyallāladīna saw the kingdom of Kashmīra, bestowed it on Yosobha Khāna, and went away.

Merja Yosobha Khāna was well skilled in serving the king, he ruled the whole country well according to the king's orders; but Jyallāladīna became angry with him, and gave the possession of Kashmīra to Kāji Āla. When Kāji Āla sent the annual revenue to the king, the servants of Merja Yosobha were deprived of their possessions, and they became like guests in their own homes. The Kāji gave nothing to any one, nor enjoyed anything himself, but collected a large quantity of gold by robbing others, even as mice collect paddy. Menaced by Kāji Āla, Yosobha Khāna's men went about hungry, even like tanks in the hot season. The people of Kashmīra came to rob the heaps of paddy when they saw it amassed by Kāji Āla; and the wealth hoarded by this wicked Kāji caused a quarrel among the Muggulas themselves. Merja Yādgāra, brother of Yosobha Khāna, joined the people of Kashmīra with the

intention to kill Kāji Āla. The Kāji fought several times with him, and then fled. His horse perished in ascending a hill, and he also went to heaven. Hasana Bhiga, a servant of Jyallāladīna, fought heroically and returned alive from the battle. The people said with a loud laugh and without feeling any grief, that the riches which the Kāji had hoarded by dishonest means was consumed by his enemies. Alas! why did he hoard them! Merja Yādgāra gave to his own people all that had been accumulated by depriving the cultivators.

Merja Yādgāra turned aside from serving the feet of king Jyallāladīna, and assumed the sovereignty of Kashmīra. The inhabitants of the country, when they saw this, became apprehensive of another war, and were grieved. When king Jyallāladīna heard of this conduct of Yādgāra he marched without delay, and in his anger, he spread his army on the ridge of a hill, and passed through an almost impassable mountain road. He then sent Shikha Phareda ahead with many men to subdue the Merja. The Shikha ascended the top of a hill called Hastigañja, even as the charioteer of the sun ascends the eastern hill. At this time Merja Yādgāra arrived at the village of Shūrapura, but he was killed by his own servants who rose against him. When the people saw him lying dead, and eaten by jackals and dogs, they spat on the ground and at once said that he was "a rebel against his master", and remarked that he had thought that he should pay his respects, now that the glorious emperor

had come, in more than one way, and so he sacrificed his life, and thus paid his respects, and with them, presents and devotion. Shikha Phareda came within the city after Merja Yādgāra had been killed by his own servants. He governed the city himself, and the thieves could not then go about, even as the owls cannot in the morning.

Now Jyallāladīna came to see the kingdom of Kashmīra adorned with saffron, walnut, fruits, and flowers. The wives of the citizens hastened to see the king. One woman pointed out the king to her beloved female friend who was anxious to see him ; another exclaimed with a flutter that she had seen that leader of the army ; another woman, with threats to her child [who wanted to drink of her milk] covered her breast and went [to have a view of the king]. After the people of Kashmīra had seen the sovereign, a continuous festivity was held in every house.

Formerly, the kings of the house of Chakka used to exact an annual fine from the Brāhmaṇas, owing to their animosity towards the people of that caste. In every house a Brāhmaṇa of good family and character who maintained his own caste, used to pay an annual tribute to the king. For the preservation of his sacred thread a Brāhmaṇa annually paid a tribute of forty paṇas to the king. The good Brāhmaṇas had left the country which was polluted by the mlechchhas ; those of the middle class had become shameless ; and the low Brāhmaṇas had given up their caste. When the mlechchhas remained like clouds

in the country, and obscured it, the Brāhmaṇas went to other countries, even like swans that go to the Mānasa lake. Now when king Jyallāladīna learnt of the condition of the Brāhmaṇas, he repealed the practice of levying fines on them, which had prevailed since the time of the kings of the house of Chakka. He announced that he would without delay reward those who would respect the Brāhmaṇas in Kashmīra; and that he would instantly pull down the houses of those who would take the annual tribute from them. The Brāhmaṇas, versed in the vedas, whose fear of the payment of an annual tribute was removed by this order, blessed the king, saying, that let king Jyallāladīna who had repealed the annual tribute live for 10,000,000,000 years. One thousand cows were used to be killed every day, without any opposition, under the orders of the kings of the house of Chakka, and for them. The Brāhmaṇas had been overpowered by the mlechchhas, even as by darkness. They were unable to see their friends, and like lotuses they mourned at night. The means of their livelihood was consumed by the mlechchhas who were even like the forest fire; they did not remain in the country, even as deer do not stay in the forest which is burnt. As they left the country, they sometimes, like jackals, felt alarm in the way, and sometimes they were the objects of laughter and of reproach.

Rāmadāsa who always served Jyallāladīna was a great benefactor of the Brāhmaṇas. This celebrated person

saw their condition and gave them gifts of gold and silver, and he was like a second Karṇa. The cloud rains nectar, but that benefit is diminished by its thunders; but in the heart of king Rāmadāsa, who always gave gifts, there was no pride. Where art thou now O Māndhātā? Inferior to him in liberality. Stop thy ear O Karṇa! that thou mayest not hear Rāmadāsa's praise. Feelest thou no shame O Jīmūtabāhana? In what art thou strong? Truly O Vikramāditya! I know of no lasting benefit that has been attained by thy fame. Rāmadāsa always distributes his gifts wisely and skilfully.

Rāmadāsa, the servant of Akavara, gave one hundred pieces of silver, and also pieces of gold to every house of a Brāhmaṇa. He distributed fifty thousand pieces of silver among the poor Brāhmaṇas.*

O Rāmadāsa the kalpa tree of the world! I think there exists as much difference between thy gifts and the gifts of others, as there exists between a gift and no gift. Nirmmala and all other Brāhmaṇas versed in the vedas, and the paṇḍitas blessed him and returned to their homes. On another day, Prahlāda, Nirmmala, and all of them were honored by the speech of this king, which was as sweet as nectar. Even the illustrious Jyallāladīna gladdened the Brāhmaṇas who were recommended to him by Rāmadāsa, even as the moon gladdens the chakaras. The emperor bestowed villages on the Brāh-

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* The portion translated in this para: is in prose and within square brackets in the text.

maṇas, and they looked graceful, even as the forest, that had been burnt by fire, does when the clouds begin to rain. Āditya knew well how to serve king Jyallāladīna; he was always employed by the king in distributing lands; but being blind on account of his affection for his relatives, Āditya overlooked such men of merit as were his enemies, and prospered such men without merit as were of his own party. As the nectar rose from the sea churned by a hill, even so the gifts of land issued from the king's palace moved by the words of Rāmadāsa. But alas! Āditya, like Rāhu, disappointed the learned men, and gladdened his wicked daitya-like friends by gifts of land. Jyallāladīna himself was a sea of kindness, and he satisfied the mendicants by his gifts of gold and silver.

The emperor then ordered Shikhāphaija to take one thousand pieces of silver and to distribute them among Brāhmaṇas and beggars who dwelt in villages and in woods and in other places.*

King Jyallāladīna then bestowed the country again on Yosobha Khāna, and went away. The people felt happy when Yosobha Khāna took possession of the kingdom, even as the lotuses are, when the sun ascends the eastern hill. An annual payment was fixed from the cultivators in every village, and soldiers were forbidden from entering it, lest they create disturbances

* The portion transtated in this para: is in prose and within square brackets in the text.

again. Yosobha knew how to distinguish the cultivators from the soldiers, even as a swan knows how to separate milk from water.

Merja Laskara, Yosobha Khāna's son, took possession of the country, when his father had left it in order to serve Jyallāladīna. He was without a blemish, a jewel fit for the head of all men; his person was like nectar, and he looked graceful like the youthful moon. Now one of his Yavana servants went to the banks of the Vitastā, and there harassed the people by ordering them to lift loads of wood. Merja Laskara himself saw the Yavana harassing the people and said to his minister,—"See how he is killing the men. Alas! do my servants oppress the people of Kashmīra? Why do they not fear king Jyallāladīna? How strange it is that there is no robbery, no fear from thieves or from wicked men, that merchants pay no tax either in village or in town, that clouds rain, the earth becomes fruitful, and the cultivators keep their annual gain, and the country suffers no loss when emperor Jyallāladīna rules!" He then ordered the Yavana to be promptly arrested, and the minister immediately hurried to seize him. But the Yavana fled in fear, whereupon the minister reported that the man had run away. Merja Laskara then said:—"Now that the man has fled, do what I say,—take the boats laden with wood into the middle of the Vitastā and burn them in such a manner as to strike terror to the people." The minister did as he was

ordered, and when the Yavanas saw the boats in flame they became almost dead with fear. Any Yavana who would so lose his sense as to oppress the people of Kashmīra would soon obtain the fruit of his guilt.

Now the saffron shoots sprang from the ground, as if the king of the serpents had reared his heads in rows in order to behold the season of autumn. The buds of saffron flowers issued slowly, as if through bashfulness, from the spotless cover of their rinds; and when the people saw the village of Padmapura rich with the beauty of these saffron flowers, and with grapes and walnuts, they deemed even heaven inferior to it. The cultivators, who in the month of Shrāvaṇa had sown one khārī of saffron seed in the ground, now plucked half a khārī of flowers, and they plucked them morning, noon, and evening, and at each time they collected them in the same quantity. From the time that Takṣhaka nāga taught the cultivation of this flower, there had not been such a plentiful crop as now. People had no rest at this time on account of the large crop of saffron. Some were busy in plucking flowers, some were conveying them in carriages, the heads of some were bent with their weight, some were sleeping in boats [laden with saffron,] some were constantly occupied in weighing, and some were guarding the crop.

This is the account of the saffron harvest.

When eight years had passed away, king Jyallāladīna took the country from Yosobha Khāna and bestowed it on

others. On the arrival of Āsāha Khāna, Merja Yosobha's troops were scattered like the dust at the time when the wind prevails. Then the illustrious Jyallāladīna sent his two servants Āhlāda Khāna and Soltān Mahahmada Kula Khāna. Āsāha Khāna knew them to be the servants of Jyallāladīna; he gave them the possession of the country, and went to the feet of his master. These two officers drove away injustice from Kashmīra, even as the sun and the moon drive away darkness from the earth. They ascended a hill near Shārikā in the neighbourhood of Pravarapura, and there, under the orders of king Akavara, built a fort with the inappropriate name of Naganagarī. Men after performing various kinds of religious austerities go to heaven in their second birth after death; but when the people saw this Naganagarī, they did not attempt to ascend to this heaven. At this time the houses in the city were occupied by the king's soldiers, and the inhabitants suffered thereby. The merchants saw this distress of the people and informed the king of it; whereupon the king removed the difficulty by the following arrangement. The king's followers stayed in the new town, and any one of them who harassed the people was made guilty of an offence. The Muggulas, after king Jyallāladīna had thus ordered, lived in the new town. It was whitewashed with lime and was situated on the Shārikā hill, and it looked as if it jeered at the old capital in its neighbourhood. When the Yavanas had gone out of the old city, the people held a festivity; they always

blessed king Jyallāladīna, and were happy. Now all of a sudden, at mid-day, and within a short time, the old town built by Alābhadīna, with its two thousand houses, was in a flame, as if in sorrow for its separation with the Muggulas whom it saw depart in order to live in the new town. This extensive city, adorned with many paintings, and with its houses and buildings, was soon reduced to ashes. When the old city was burnt, the new one looked beautiful, even as when a co-wife dies, the other one feels happy.

Here ends the description of the acquisition of Kashmīra by the emperor Akavara Jyallāladīna.

APPENDIX A.

Now by the direction of some holy men, Shri Malleka Rájána Nujyaka, the celebrated lord of Siddha, related what the people of this country and of other countries suffered from oppression, poverty, and panic. This is what he said :—"When Jaina Sháha went to heaven, the weak came to be oppressed by the strong, and the foreigners were subjected to unjust penalties, and they left the country. Then Shrí Saiphadámarendra, the king's minister, opposed bad laws and protected and cherished the subjects. Thus the people were sometimes nourished or sometimes drained according to the effects of their virtue or vice, or according to the ministers' good or evil disposition. Then Chakrapati Malleka Kánchana rose like the sun, at the order of the king, and graced the assembly of ministers. When this minister sat in the palace, and employed himself in dispensing justice, the weak, on account of his valour, displayed the vigour of the strong. But calamities from the Muggulas, and death, and famine occurred, when, owing to quarrel among the powerful men, and owing to the sin of the subjects, Chakrapati went out of the kingdom."

APPENDIX B.

As one forms from fancy the image of another whom he has not seen, so Fate created a person named Váradama for the creation of the world. He had the skill of performing difficult work, and he built eighteen thousand houses. Then when this wide world had turned round thirty-six times, seven beautiful Pigambaras, like the seven Rishis, were born. The Pigambara Rasulohya, who was the chief and protector of them all, was kind to men ; and though a man, he had, by the will of Mahádeva, conquered the gods. The Himálaya mountain is the best of all the gods' creation in heaven and in earth, and the country of Kashmira, situated in it, is to the world what a necklace is to a woman. This is the holy world of the good, the home of the bowmen, the native place of the various trees and plants, and the place for the enjoyment of all kinds of wealth. Here all

the Pigambaras lived together in the Pigambara house, and prayed to their god to quench the fire of the city consumed by evil deeds, even as by a forest fire, with the water of their good acts.

APPENDIX C.

The good country of Kashmira is adorned by the vedas with their six angas, and the vedántas, and the well arranged siddhántas, by logic and grammar, by the puránas, by the mantras, and by the six schools of philosophy; by the followers of Shiva and of Vishnu, by the worshippers of the sun, by the Buddhists with their paintings and vihåras and mathas; by the vine, and the saffron, the grains, and the sháli rice, and by fragrant flowers; by the puránas, and the shrutis and the tarkashástras; by the Brahmaná worshippers of fire, and by the Bráhmanas devoted to contemplation, austerities, prayers, and anxious for ablution and worship; by kotis of nágas, by Hari and Hara; and by the Gandharvvas and the Vidyádharas. Here the water is cool like the amrita of heaven. In this country there are forty-five images of Mahádeva, sixty of Vishnu, three of Brahmá, and twenty-two of Shaktí which are well known; they have neither beginning nor end; and there are Níla and other serpents seven hundred in number, and fourteen kotis of good men who live in shrines.

The hero Arjjuna, brother of Yudhishthira, was the leader of eighteen armies at Hastinápura. After he had conquered the whole world he feared that his valour would rust, so he went to the nether world. There he soon conquered the cities of the Nágas and desisted from making further wars. He obtained the daughter of the Nága and there spent a year in enjoyment. Long time elapsed after his return from the nether world, and he again set out for the conquest of foreign countries; but was killed in a battle by his own son. When however his wife came to know of this, she soon brought him back to life; he was glad to see the prowess of his son, and he returned with him to Hastinápura. Now in the course of time Arjjuna was taken away from the world, and his two sons Parikshit and Vabruváhana divided the whole kingdom between themselves, and kept posses-

sion of it. After Vabruváhana had lived for one hundred and fifty years, he left, during the performance of a yajna, his eighty-four heroic sons and thousands of their sons, turned a devotee, and went back to the house of his mother's father. . Those he left behind became almost mad with excess of strength, quarrelled among themselves, oppressed the people, and went to excesses. Proud on account of their strength, they were cursed by their father for disobedience, and for their own destruction they oppressed their subjects by means of soldiers.

Now some merciful saint was passing along the sky, he saw the oppression of the people, and soon brought it to the notice of the Great Being. Then the voice of a being without form was heard from the sky, saying:—"There is a person in the midst of the sea, he is like Yama and holds a sword." Then the saint brought that person who was brought up in Roma country. He rode upon a horse, and it was by his sword that the oppression was removed. This personage, this great king, this conqueror of all living things was surrounded by his friends and companions, but was not seen by any. The Creator brings about the births and deaths of those whom he creates for some incomparable and extraordinary end, and in an extraordinary manner. For example, who knows whence the sun, which gives light to the three worlds, rises, or where it sets.

Pártha was born in the family of this person, but having incurred the anger of his father, he went to a distant place and built Gahvarapura in the Panchagahvara country. Kuru Sháha was born in the family of Pártha; he conquered the whole of the north and of the west, and built an auspicious temple named Dhanus. His son Táhirála was graced with three eyes, and had the peculiar virtue of getting whatever he wished for. He was devoid of avarice, and he knew the past, the present, and the future; and was under the influence of good fortune. He was very powerful, kind, and munificent; he always spent his time in devotion, and he knew all the shástras. Kashmira is the kingdom under the protection of this powerful being, though it is governed by others. Whenever therefore a foreign sovereign seeks to do mischief to the kings of Kashmira, Táhirála destroys him. Know that the country of Kashmira is Párvvati, and its

king is born of a part of Hara, and Táhirála had three eyes, as if because this fact may be believed by the people. He had no enemy, and he was enemy to no one. By his religious austerities he removed the evils which proceeded from the gods. Any king who does not bestow a high post to one born in the family of Táhirála must sacrifice his own prosperity. Twice or thrice Táhirála heard a voice from the sky telling him to accept the sovereignty of Kashmira, and to give it to his very wise son Sháhamera, for it is said in the veda that a person's son is his soul.

This is the account of the dynasty of Táhirála.

Printed by S. K. Shaw,
At the Elm Press, 29, Beadon Street, Calcutta.

List of kings of Kashmíra in the work of Jonarája.

Name.	Kali	Saka	Loukika.	A.D.	Period of reign.
					Y. M. D
Jayasiṃha (same as Siṃhadeva of Kahlaṇa)	4228	1049	XXXVII. 3	1127	26-11-27
Paramāṇuka	4255	1076	XXXVII. 30	1154	9-6-10
Varttideva	4265	1086	XXXVII. 40	1164	9-6-0
Vopyadeva	4272	1093	XXXVII. 47	1171	9-4-2
Jassaka	4281	1102	XXXVII. 56	1180	18-0-10
Jagadeva ...	4299	1120	XXXVII. 74	1198	14-6-3
Rājadeva	4314	1135	XXXVII. 89	1213	23-3-27
Saṅgrāmadeva ...	4337	1158	XXXVIII. 12	1236	16-0-10
Rāmadeva	4353	1174	XXXVIII. 28	1252	21-1-13
Lakṣhmaṇadeva ...	4374	1195	XXXVIII. 49	1273	13-3-12
Siṃhadeva	4387	1208	XXXVIII. 62	1286	14-5-27
Sūhadeva *alias* Rāmachandra ...	4402	1223	XXXVIII. 77	1301	19-3-25
Riñchana	4421	1242	XXXVIII. 96	1320	3-1-19
Udayanadeva	4424	1245	XXXVIII. 99	1323	
Koṭā	4439	1260	XXXIX. 14	1338	
Shahamera *alias* Shaṃshadena (Shams-ud-din)...	4440	1261	XXXIX. 15	1339	3-0-5
Jaṃsara (Jumseed) ...	4443	1264	XXXIX. 18	1342	1-10 (?)
Alāvadena (Alla-ud-din)	4444	1265	XXXIX. 19	1343	12-8-13(?)
Shāhāvadina (Sahab-ud-din)...	4455	1276	XXXIX. 30	1354	
Kumbhadīna (Kutub-ud-din)...	4474	1295	XXXIX. 49	1373	
Shekandhara (Sikunder)	4490	1311	XXXIX. 65	1389	
Ālishāha (Alli Shah) ...	4514	1335	XXXIX. 89	1413	

List of kings of Kashmíra in the work of Shrīvara.

Name.	Kali	Saka	Loukika.	A.D.	Period of reign.
					Y. M. D
Book I. Jainollābhadīna (Zein-ul-abid-din) ...	4521	1342	XXXIX. 96	1420	52 0 0*
Book II. Haidara Shāhi (Haider Shah)	4571	1392	XL. 46	1470	1 10 0
Book III. Hassana (Hassan) ...	4573	1394	XL. 48	1472	12 0 5
Book IV. Mahmada Shāha (Mahomed Shah) ...	4585	1406	XL. 60	1484	2 7 0

* By calculation 50 years.



List of kings of Kashmira in the work of Prājyabhaṭṭa and Sukha.

Name.	Kali	Saka	Loukika.	A.D.	Period of reign. Y. M. D.
Phataha Sāha (Phate Shah)	4587	1408	XL. 62	1486	9 0 0*
Mahmada Shāha (2nd time)	4615	1436	XL. 90	1514	0 9 9
Phataha Shāha (2nd time)	4616	1437	XL. 91	1515	1 1 0
Mahmada Shāha (3rd time)	4617	1438	XL. 92	1516	11 10 10
Ebrāhima Shāha (Ibrahim)	4629	1450	XLI. 4	1528	
Nājoka Shāha (Nazuk)	4630	1451	XLI. 5	1529	1 0 0
Mahmada Shāha (4th time)	4631	1452	XLI. 6	1530	5 0 0†
Saṃsha Shāha... ...	4638	1459	XLI. 13	1537	23 0 0
Habbhebha	4661	1482	XLI. 36	1560	0 1 0
Gāja Shāha (Ghazy Shah)	4661	1482	XLI. 36	1560	2 0 0
Hosaina Shāha ...	4663	1484	XLI. 38	1562	7 0 0
Ale Shāha	4670	1491	XLI. 45	1569	9 0 0
Yosobha Shāha (Yosoof)	4679	1500	XLI. 54	1578	
‡Momāra Khāna ...	4679	1500	XLI. 54	1578	0 1 7

* The period of the reign of this king is stated to be 9 years. This appears to be a mistake, for we find him reigning till the year 89. (vide page 343). He must have reigned for 27 years.

† Or 7 years calculated by the date of his ascending the throne and that of his death as given in the text.

‡ **Names marked thus (‡) are those of the governors of Akbar.**

Name.	Kali	Saka	Loukika.	A.D.	Period of reign.
					Y. M. D
Lahvara Chakka ...	4679	1500	XLI. 54	1578	0 11 0
Yosobha (2nd time) ...	4680	1501	XLI. 55	1579	8 0 0
Yākobha	4688	1509	XLI. 63	1587	
‡Saida Yosobha Khāna					
‡Kāji Āla					
‡Merja Yādgāra ...					
‡Yosobha Khāna (2nd time)					
‡Merja Laskara ...					
‡Āsāha Khāna ...					
‡Āhlāda Khāna and Soltan Mahahmada Kula Khāna					

After Kahlana's death, his narrative was continued by four other chroniclers successively and their work constitutes the subject matter of Volume III.

An important feature of the present set of volumes is the inclusion in Volume II of a masterly review of Kahlana's work by R. C. Dutt, analysing its contents and structure, which had originally appeared in the Calcutta Review.

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